2

POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST FEBRUARY 1 · 1964 20c

THE ROW OVER TRADE WITH RUSSIA

THE SPECTACULAR SCENE OF THE WINTER OLYMPICS

HUMOR BY H. ALLEN SMITH

BARBARA LODEN
Sensational new find
for Miller play

Exclusive:

AFTER THE FALL
By ARTHUR MILLER
HIS HOTTEST NEW PLAY SINCE
"DEATH OF A SALESMAN"
Complete in this issue

Must we regulate guns? / The great rhinoceros hunt / How the Lakonia died

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORD GALAXIE 500/XL— 2-DOOR HARDTOP

Nobody goes down to the old Keefer place anymore, unless they're in a Solid, Silent Super Torque FORD. Only Ford takes that old wash-board road like a fresh-paved turnpike. Reason:
The '64 Ford has over 130 pounds more steel in its frame and suspension than any other car in its class.
(Is it true that old man Keefer hid money in his barn?)

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

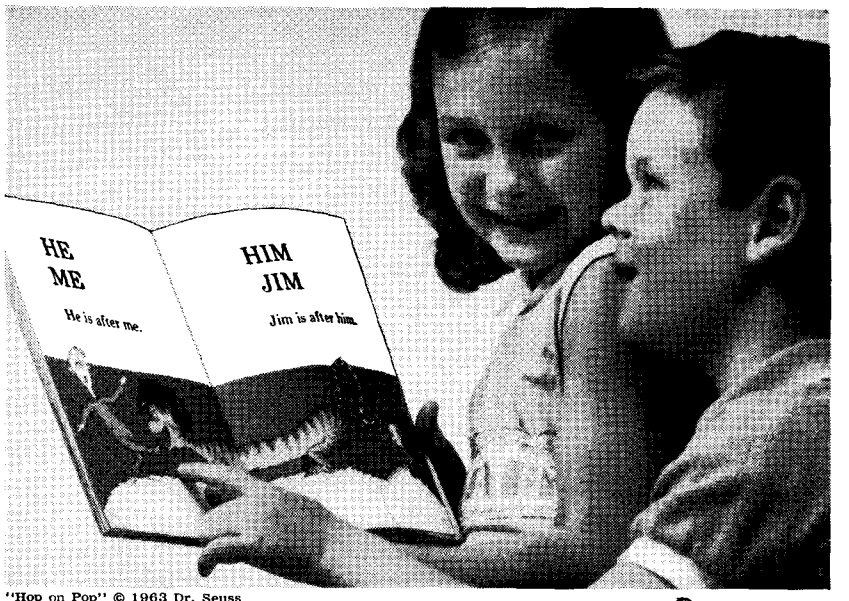
Falcon • Fairlane • Ford • Thunderbird

WINNER OF MOTOR TREND'S CAR OF THE YEAR AWARD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARENTS, TEACHERS, AND TOTS ACROSS THE LAND ARE SAYING:

Thank You, Dr. Seuss!



"Hop on Pop" © 1963 Dr. Seuss

For Giving Us Books That Even Beginners Can Read All By Themselves

Must books written simply enough for beginning readers necessarily be dull? It was always assumed so . . . until the beloved DR. SEUSS created "The Cat in the Hat." The kids loved it, and parents and teachers were thrilled to see their children reading joyously and unaided. Now the idea has been expanded by Dr. Seuss and other gifted writers and artists into a whole program of irresistible BEGINNER BOOKS.

To introduce you and your child to the

Beginning Readers' Program

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

COMMENDED by PARENTS MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WE INVITE YOU TO ACCEPT

These 3 Beginner Books

including the delightful new
DR. SEUSS story, "HOP ON POP"
the "simplest Seuss for youngest use"
The #1 Children's Best Seller—*The New York Times*

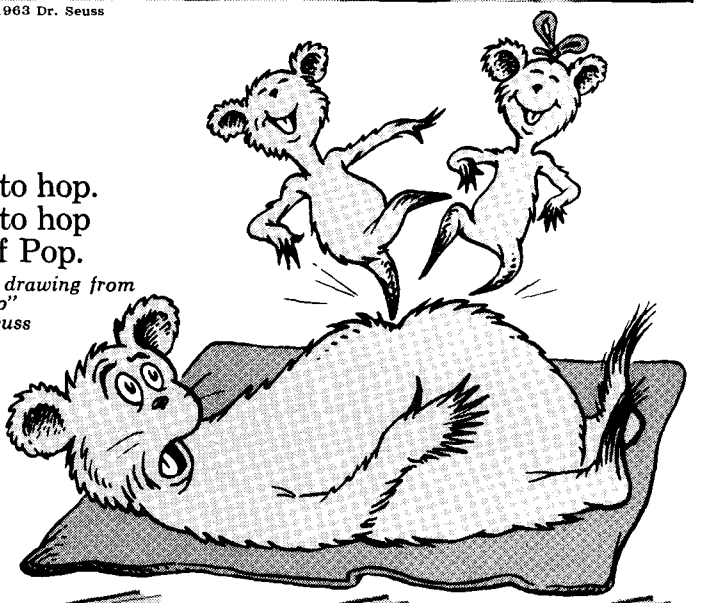
for **$1.49** WITH TRIAL ENROLLMENT

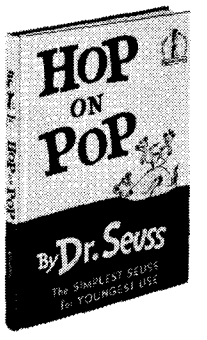
You'll know something special is happening the first time your youngster turns, wide-eyed, from the wonderful cartoon creatures and their hilarious antics to the words that tell the story. Word by word, phrase by phrase, he will follow the print. Excitement grows and grows until the secret can be kept no longer. "Mommy! Daddy! Come and listen. *I can read it myself.*" And so the great adventure begins, moving from page to page, book to book — until the words that were once hard to read become easy — understanding comes more quickly—and vocabulary grows by leaps and bounds. All because he has discovered reading is fun, *when he can do it himself.*

BOOKS OF ADVENTURE, HUMOR, KNOWLEDGE—
WRITTEN IN WORDS HE ALREADY KNOWS OR CAN QUICKLY LEARN

HOP
POP
We like to hop.
We like to hop
on top of Pop.

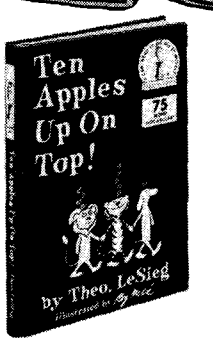
Excerpt and drawing from "Hop on Pop" ©1963 Dr. Seuss





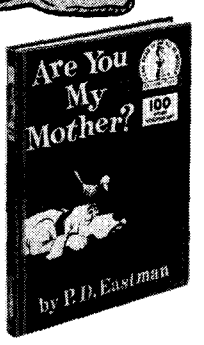
HOP ON POP
by Dr. Seuss

Wonderful nonsense for the youngest readers of all. As The New York Times Book Review says, "Dr. Seuss is bent on removing reading frustrations before they start and he deserves a special fanfare for 'HOP ON POP' . . . Should turn any reading lesson into a ball, especially when the children see the illustrations."



TEN APPLES UP ON TOP!
by Theo. LeSieg
Illustrated by Roy McKie

Take ten apples, some extraordinarily dexterous animals, and an author who can toss words around as deftly as a juggler tosses his clubs. The result: a delightful tale told in rhyme – and a vocabulary of just 75 simple words. Wild and wonderful pictures add to the fun.

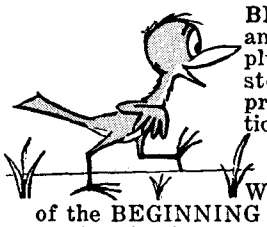


ARE YOU MY MOTHER?
by P. D. Eastman

An odd young bird hatches out of his egg and into a series of feather-raising adventures. At the brink of disaster, fate smiles (and your tot will laugh with pleasure and relief) as our hero is rescued by a snorting steam shovel. All this in funny pictures and a vocabulary of 100 simple words!

The importance of the BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM goes far beyond the glorious illustrations and fascinating stories. Each book makes reading more fun, and easier than ever, because it is written in 50 to 275 basic words your child has already learned, or can quickly pick up. All are written and illustrated by gifted writers and artists who know where a child's heart is. There's a story on whales, the tale of a city boy who becomes a cowboy, a little girl who flew an airplane . . . even a trip to the moon. No wonder TV and comic books soon step aside!

BEGINNER BOOKS are durably designed to live with a small child. Printed in at least three bright colors and in large readable type, they're just long enough for a child's attention span. As a member, your child will receive a BEGINNER BOOK every month and you will be billed only $1.49 plus a small mailing charge, instead of the publisher's catalog price of $1.95. After four selections, you may cancel any time.



Our Introductory Trial Offer

We invite you to prove the benefits of the BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM by accepting the three books shown here – a $5.85 value at the publisher's catalog price – for $1.49. Even this small investment in your child's reading and school progress carries no risk.

Ten days' trial must convince you that the program will stimulate his appetite for reading, or you may return the three introductory books and owe nothing. If we prove our point, have you ever seen a greater bargain? Fill out and return the coupon now, to

THE BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM
A Division of Grolier Enterprises Inc.
845 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM, Dept. SEP-10
A Division of Grolier Enterprises Inc.
845 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022

Please enroll my child in the BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM and send him at once the three BEGINNER BOOKS pictured here, for which you will bill me only $1.49 plus a small mailing charge. If not delighted, I may return these books within 10 days and owe nothing. Otherwise, each month thereafter, you will send my child another BEGINNER BOOK for which I will pay only $1.49 plus a small mailing charge (instead of the publisher's catalog price of $1.95). I may cancel this enrollment any time after purchasing four monthly selections.

Child's Name_____ Age_____
(please print)

Parent's Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code #_____

Canadian residents please send coupon to Beginning Readers' Programme, A Division of The Grolier Society Ltd., 2847 Danforth Ave., Toronto 13, Ont. 42R

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The incomparable LONGINES ADMIRAL ... proves the world's most advanced automatic can be strikingly handsome too!

This Longines **Grand Prize Admiral Automatic**—astonishingly accurate, incredibly reliable—tells the date, too. Its brilliant beauty houses the world's most advanced self-powered wrist watch movement, and is, as are all Longines timepieces, so meticulously crafted it can serve you ... and serve you well ... for an adult lifetime. Every Longines is made to the standards of excellence and elegance which have won 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals—more honors, awards and citations than any other timepiece in the world. Longines is accepted as official for timing all national and international championship sports ... including the U. S. Olympic Trials to be held at the New York World's Fair. And recently Longines shattered all watch accuracy records at Neuchatel Government Observatory, swept all first prizes for wrist and pocket timepieces. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer Franchised Jeweler soon to see **The World's Most Honored Watch.**

LONGINES

The World's Most Honored Watch

10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES · 28 GOLD MEDALS
HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS FOR ACCURACY

The Longines Grand Prize Admiral: Never needs winding, astonishingly accurate, All-Proof®, handsome. Several models to choose from, including calendars. Priced from $105.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

Maker of watches of the highest character for almost a century

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *Chairman and President*
CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editor-in-Chief*
JOHN J. VERONIS, *Director, Magazine Division*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CLAY BLAIR JR. *Editor*

DON A. SCHANCHE *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. *Executive Editor*

Assistant Managing Editors:
OTTO FRIEDRICH *(Articles)*
HANK WALKER *(Photography)*

ASGER JERRILD *Art Director*
FRANK KILKER *Associate Art Director*

ROBERT SHERROD *Editor-at-Large*
STEWART ALSOP *Washington Editor*

ARTICLES

Senior Editors: SANDFORD BROWN *(Business)*; THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. *(Speaking Out)*; WILLIAM EWALD *(Entertainment)*; WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK *(National Affairs)*; ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. *(National Affairs)*; ROGER KAHN *(Sports)*; DON McKINNEY *(General)*; JEANETTE SARKISIAN *(Women)*; STEVEN M. SPENCER *(Science)*.
Associate Editors: FREDRIC C. APPEL, HILLEL BLACK, SALLY A. REUKAUF.
Assistants: GLADYS ANN MÜLLER, KENNETH B. PLATNICK, RICHARD A. RAND, JANE DENIS SMITH.

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, JOHN BIRD, BROCK BROWER, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, BILL DAVIDSON, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, FRANK GRAHAM JR., C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, JOHN KOBLER, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, PETER MAAS, HAROLD H. MARTIN, ROBERT K. MASSIE, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, ROBERT RUARK, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR., WILLIAM TROMBLEY, ROUL TUNLEY.

FICTION and BOOKS

L. RUST HILLS, *Chief*
Senior Editors: JOHN APPLETON, H.E.F. DONOHUE, MacLENNAN FARRELL, DAVID McDOWELL.
Associate Editor: SUSAN STANWOOD.
Assistant: LOUISE DUDLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Senior Editor: MARSHALL LUMSDEN.
Associate Editors: ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, ROBERT MOORE, ROGER VAUGHAN.
Assistants: JUDY GUROVITZ, DAVID MOLLER, HELEN NATHAN.
Contributing Photographers: JOHN BRYSON, BURT GLINN, JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER, JOHN ZIMMERMAN.
Photo Lab: JOHN HARM, *Chief*

COPY

JOHN HUNT, *Chief*
Senior Copy Editors: LESLIE R. FORESTER, RICHARD L. LEHMAN, DAVID A. LYLE.
Associate Editors: JACK HARING, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER.
Assistants: LINDA GRANT, DOROTHY HUMANITZKI, RENEE PROWITT.

LAYOUT

ZEN YONKOVIG, *Chief*
Assistants: JOHN DAXLAND, ROBERT McELRATH

EDITORIAL PRODUCTION

THOMAS R. MARVEL, *Chief*
Associate: FERD D'ESPOSITO. *Assistant:* DAVID BASCH.

RESEARCH

LIA SMITS, *Chief*
JODY O'ROURKE, BARBARA J. POSEN, JEAN A. TAYLOR.

CURTIS EDITORIAL BOARD

Managing Editorial Directors:
HUBBARD H. COBB, WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR., OTTO FRIEDRICH, FREDERICK J. MOFFITT, TED PATRICK, DON A. SCHANCHE, CASKIE STINNETT, DAVIS THOMAS.

ASGER JERRILD *Managing Director, Art*
HANK WALKER *Managing Director, Photography*
L. RUST HILLS *Managing Director, Fiction and Books*
NORMAN RITTER *Managing Director, Curtis Syndicate*
WILLIAM E. BUCKLEY *Vice President, Administration*

C. L. MacNELLY *Publisher*

POST

FEBRUARY 1, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 4

Articles

Too many people have guns (Speaking Out) . . . *by Rep. John V. Lindsay* 12

Affairs of state . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* 16

Should the U. S. trade with enemies? . . . . . *by Robert K. Massie* 19

The sale of $250 million worth of American wheat to Communist nations raises some hard questions. Will our antagonists now use resources that would have gone to solve their own food failures for armaments and the space race? Or will our sale of 4 million tons of grain mean further expansion of East-West trade and prove a major step in ending the Cold War? Contributing writer Robert K. Massie explores the crucial dilemmas that have placed former President Eisenhower and Richard Nixon on opposite sides. He tells, too, the reasons behind the Administration's support of the wheat deal, despite the political risks involved.

Our underdogs at Innsbruck . . . . . *by Frank Graham Jr.* 22

Black death on the living-room floor . . . . . *by H. Allen Smith* 28

Do these Indians really own Florida? . . . . . *by Roy Bongartz* 62

A passion for rhinoceros . . . . . *by Lewis H. Lapham* 66

Last voyage of the *Lakonia* . . . . . *by Pete Hamill and Frank Lee* 70

Fiction

After the fall . . . . . *by Arthur Miller* 32

Departments

Letters 4

Post Scripts 61

Hazel 68

Editorials 76

The authors. Contributing writer **Frank Graham Jr.**, who reports on America's prospects in the upcoming Ninth Olympic Winter Games, has lived in Innsbruck, Austria, where the games will be held . . . . Humorist **H. Allen Smith**'s best-selling novel *Rhubarb* will soon be made into a TV series. . . . Roving contributor **Roy Bongartz**, who writes about the unconquered Miccosukee Indians and their claim to part of Florida, periodically travels around the country with wife, bus and typewriter. . . . **Lewis H. Lapham** is a contributing writer who says that the closest he ever came to a rhinoceros ("and then I couldn't even bear to look") was at the Bronx Zoo. . . . **Pete Hamill** and **Frank Lee**, free-lance writers now based in Europe, were heading for London to interview survivors of the *Lakonia* and got a head start when they found themselves aboard the same train with four of the ship's Greek stewards.

The cover portrait of exciting new actress Barbara Loden was made by photographer Inge Morath, the wife of famed playwright Arthur Miller.

© 1964 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, Chairman and President; J.M. Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Clay Blair Jr., Sr. Vice Pres.; L. Philip Ewald, Sr. Vice Pres.; Marvin D. Kantor, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; John Miles, Sr. Vice Pres.; John J. Veronis, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Roger J. Lederer, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

Changing your address?

Don't forget your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

***POST* Subscription Service, Phila., Pa. 19105.**

Postmaster:
Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Cloaking the dagger

With regard to Sen. Eugene McCarthy's THE CIA IS GETTING OUT OF HAND [Jan. 4–11], I suggest the senator read Stewart Alsop's THE FAILURE OF CONGRESS and your editorial, THE WATERLOGGED CONGRESS, both in your Dec. 7 issue. From all I've been reading about Congress lately, I certainly don't want the Central Intelligence Agency, whose work is so vital to the security of our country, reporting to a congressional committee.

LOUIS WOLF
Cleveland, Ohio

• If we must have someone looking over the CIA's shoulder, let's have it be a statesman, not a group of politicians.

J. C. BUTTERMAN
U.S.S. Jonas Ingram
F.P.O. New York, N.Y.

• Whereas the senator would set up another committee to watch over the CIA, I would have it abolished.

HARRY E. CHRISMAN
Liberal, Kans.

• I think the CIA should answer to the President, and the President only.

LEE POTTER
Loveland, Ohio

• What the senator fails to stress is the extent and intensity of the Russians' worldwide subversive activities. It is my understanding that 500,000 persons are working for the Russians as undercover agents throughout the world. This challenge cannot be met by an intelligence-gathering group that knows all, sees all and does nothing about it. Nor can our operation be secret if we let a congressional committee of 18 people in on everything. We might as well publish the CIA's findings in the newspapers.

F. R. ELDRIDGE, SR.
Washington, D.C.

Migrants

Myron Cope's THE MINISTER WHO FOLLOWS THE MIGRANTS [Jan 4–11] again points up the pitiful living conditions of the migrants. Do you suppose the United States could accept a Peace Corps from, say, England or France to work with our needy? It might help us face up to this serious problem.

MYRTLE H. MORIN
West Yarmouth, Mass.

Voters

Your editorial, EIGHT MILLION DISFRANCHISED AMERICANS [Jan. 4–11], interested me, as I am a case in point. I have been "eligible" to vote for 13 years and have actually been able to vote once. Even that was on an absentee ballot.

MRS. JOHN M. GOOD
Yellowstone National Park, Wyo.

Miscarriage of justice?

The dispensation of justice in the Gareth Martinis case [STRANGE JUSTICE by Milton and Mildred Lewis, Jan. 4–11] must have made the lady with the scales in her hand wince.

DANIEL D. COONS
San Francisco, Calif.

• It's awful to think that if you know the right people you can get away with murder.

MRS. D. L. SHAEFFER
Omaha, Nebr.

• A disgrace.

MRS. FRANK TOTA
Bordentown, N.J.

• Unbelievable.

MRS. FRED KORWALSKE
Detroit, Mich.

Swinging nun

The emergence of Sister Sourire's *Dominique* as a smash hit record [THE SWINGING NUNS by Alfred G. Aronowitz, Jan. 4–11] simply goes to prove what I have long maintained—that if the record-buying public is exposed to good music, it will sell. Unfortunately, most of the pop-music radio stations are so afraid of losing a couple of their adolescent listeners that they seldom deviate from rock 'n' roll day in and day out.

DALE BOOTH
Arcadia, Calif.

• I object to Mr. Aronowitz's inclusion in the piece, even as a quote, of some hipster's reference to Sister Sourire as "this chick." Let's not use the Church's steps toward ecumenicity and liberalization to foster this kind of vulgar familiarity.

KENNETH J. O'BRIEN
Flemington, N. J.

Krebiozen

Thank you for THE FANTASTIC KREBIOZEN STORY [by Robert P. Goldman, Jan. 4–11]. I will not elaborate on my experience with the drug other than to say that it gave my mother a few painless weeks, which is a great deal more than the medical profession did with surgery and X rays.

MRS. BARBARA R. LILLIS
Syracuse, N.Y.

Muscular dystrophy

Congratulations on your objective and reasoned article, NEW WEAPON AGAINST MUSCULAR DYSTROPHY [by Theodore Berland, Dec. 14], on the hopeful new treatment for muscular-dystrophy patients developed by Dr. Robert M. Dowben. This agency welcomes the opportunity to direct patients to the 11 clinics in areas of the country where it is expected the drug trials will begin in April.

RUTH Y. BERINI, *Executive Director*
National Foundation
for Neuromuscular Diseases
250 West 57th Street
New York 19, N.Y.

• Doctor Dowben was quoted as not believing in miracles. Our entire life has been a series of miracles—the greatest probably being that the foundation that we, two victims of muscular dystrophy, founded with lots of heart and integrity but no "easy money" has been able to give research grants, publicity and hope over a period of 14 years.

SALLIE AND NADINE WOODS, *Founders*
Liberty Muscular Dystrophy
Research Foundation
Liberty, Tex.

Hoffa

Whether anyone realizes it or not, Jimmy Hoffa [MY PRIVATE WAR WITH HOFFA by Tom Coffey, Jan. 4–11] is the most powerful man in the United States today. Without a dime of investment, he can tell you how to run your business, whom to hire and how you must get your products to the consumer. The small businessman is doomed, and no one knows it better than Hoffa.

WARREN R. KELLOGG
Rockford, Ill.

• Sure, Coffey was doing well himself before Hoffa interfered, but how well were the workers doing—the ones who made the jack in the first place? All Hoffa asks for his members is a decent paycheck. I'm proud to say I'm a lifelong trucker retired from the best trucking company in the world—a union company—and they make no fuss about paying a decent pension after many fine and happy years in their employ.

JAMES A. KEEL
South Bend, Ind.

Dolphins

It was with great pleasure that I read your dolphin articles [THE INTELLECTUAL MAMMAL by Fredric C. Appel and DOLPHINS: THE STATUS PET, photographs by Elgin Ciampi, Jan. 4–11]. What harebrained idea will be taken up next by Americans? Perhaps the dolphins are more intelligent than a lot of us.

JOHN E. HOOKS
New Hartford, N. Y.

• I am distressed to hear that dolphins are for sale. In time it is inevitable that they will be owned by incapable, irrational human beings who think of them only as cute performers. People mistreat their children, pets and each other—why subject a sensitive dolphin to such treatment? It may be too late to correct some of the wrongs already done on earth, but it isn't too late to protect this lovable fish.

ROXIE HANKER
Defiance, Ohio

Hot-rodding

Regarding your pictorial coverage of the '63 Nationals [SEDANS, RAILS AND GASSERS, photographs by Lawrence J. Schiller, Jan. 4–11], thanks on two counts—one, the pictures are even better than those in the automotive magazines; and two, you have added untold momentum to the auto enthusiasts' movement to rid the nation of the idea that straightaway racing belongs to the black-jacket and bubblegum set. We are proud of the hot-rod associations' outstanding safety records.

HENRY M. BRUCE
Annapolis, Md.

COMING SOON...in The Post

Our new First Lady
A vivid portrait of
Lady Bird Johnson

Let's be realistic about Berlin
A U. S. SENATOR SPEAKS OUT

ARE TV RATINGS ACCURATE?

A new story by JOHN O'HARA

A STRIKE THAT COULD
SAVE THE RAILROADS

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

12–Warman (New York Herald Tribune). • 16–Ollie Atkins; U.P.I. • 22, 23, 24–Jack Fields. • 25–John Bryson. 26–2 by Jack Fields; John Bryson. • 27–John Bryson. • 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 40, 41, 48, 49, 50, 55, 56, 59–Inge Morath. 62, 63–Bill Shrout. • 66, 67–Vytas Valaitis. • 70–London Daily Express (Pictorial Parade). • 73–Pix. • 74–Wide World. • 75–Pix.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5 directions to follow for wise investing

You may want to own stock with the aim of building a second income. Or to give your money a chance to increase as the years fly by. Whatever your goal, here are 5 directions to help you stay on the track:

First, give careful thought to the broker you choose. At a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange you'll have the help of a broker who, when he was registered by the Exchange, had to meet Exchange standards. Though Member Firms may differ in many ways, they're all subject to the Exchange's rules and regulations.

You'll be wise to be candid with him about your resources and ambitions. For the investing route you take depends upon where you hope to go. And you're more likely to get there when your investments snugly fit your goals. His knowledge and training can help you with your decisions—but don't expect to find a crystal ball on his desk.

Second, weigh the risk against the reward. It's true that some companies are far larger today than they were only 25 years ago and that their shareowners have benefited—sometimes handsomely—from their growth. But other companies have found the going rougher, perhaps making no profit, paying no dividends. Keep in mind, too, that stock prices, like other prices, fluctuate for many reasons.

Third, consult your pocketbook. Are your living expenses amply cared for? Have you made proper provision for emergencies? Do you still have funds left over? Then you may be ready to consider making some of your dollars work as hard for you as you worked for them—through investment in good stock.

Fourth, always distinguish between a fact and a rumor. When tips and rumors have no basis in fact, they can cost you dearly. So arm yourself with facts. Ask your Member Firm broker to help you check earnings and dividend records, sales trends and other important information. And inquire about the relative safety and stability of bonds.

Fifth, present yourself with "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." The coupon will bring you, free, this fact-filled guide to common stock investing. You'll find more than 500 stocks that have paid cash dividends each year for 25 years or more. It also tells about the Monthly Investment Plan through which you can start acquiring stock by investing with as little as $40 every three months ($3.08 a week). Send the coupon today.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 4-A, P.O. Box 1070, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, a basic guide for common stock investment."

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll never be late for this meeting if General Electric can help it

Whether you're a commuter or a world traveler—or both—we're trying to get you where you want to go faster, more safely, more comfortably

By 1980, more than half of all Americans will live in 40 great metropolitan centers, and some people have wondered if the nation won't wind up in one huge traffic jam.

It needn't, for many good answers to transportation problems are being found.

General Electric has developed an advanced system that can dispatch rapid-transit trains, run them at pre-programed speeds, and stop them – all automatically. Key metropolitan areas, such as the Bay Area of San Francisco, are already considering systems of this type.

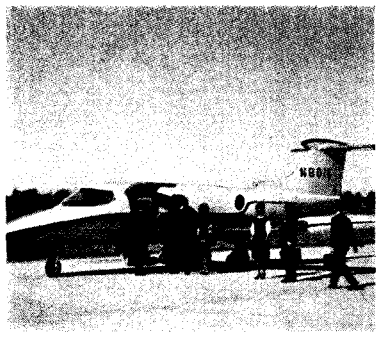
Detroit has installed a General Electric television system that helps move traffic smoothly on its busiest freeway. Airliners with General Electric fan jets cruise at more than 600 miles an hour, and General Electric-powered turbocopters taxi passengers *over* the traffic between airports and downtown areas.

Helping to get you where you want to go safely, comfortably and on time is just one of the ways General Electric is trying to meet the needs of people. *We* all like to get home to the family, too. It's the best meeting of the day.

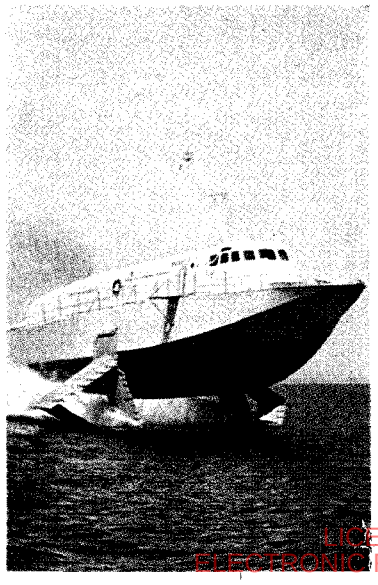
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

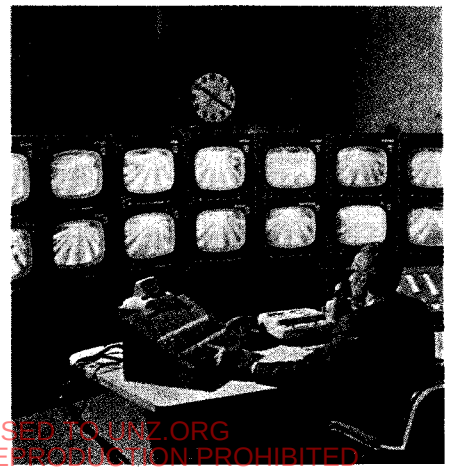
Jet limousines. New planes for executives (this Lear Jet has twin G-E engines) save time-in-air, use shorter, more convenient airfields.



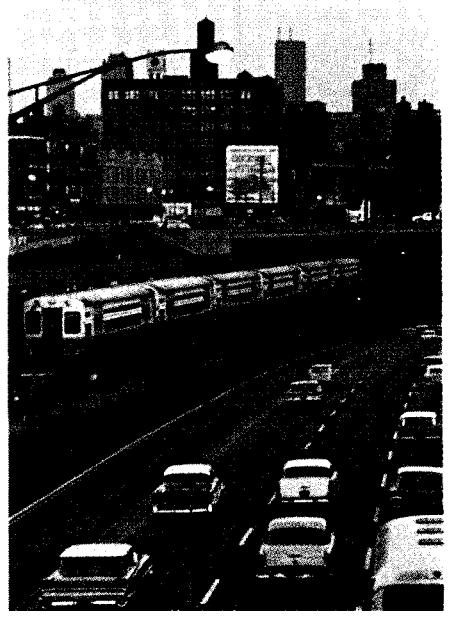
Ships that fly. Ocean-going hydrofoils, powered by General Electric jet engines, may soon be ferrying commuters at speeds up to 40 knots.



Push-button traffic control. By watching 14 TV screens, one man oversees many miles of freeway. He can change speed limits, close lanes, summon service trucks. Monitoring system by General Electric.



Road-rail coordination. Chicago runs rapid transit down the center mall of an 8-lane expressway, reducing congestion. Riders will soon benefit from 180 new cars, using G-E propulsion systems.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great Entertainment for Everyone in COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB'S

1964 Record Festival

Great Stars! Great Hits!

BEST OFFER EVER!

ANY 6

of the records on these two pages—in your choice of

REGULAR or STEREO

FREE

if you begin membership by purchasing any one of these records — and agree to buy as few as six additional selections from over 400 to be offered in the next 12 months

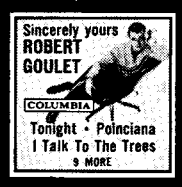
1217. Also: Freight Train Blues, You're No Good, etc.

1136. Cantiga Nova Swing, Coracao Sensival, 10 in all

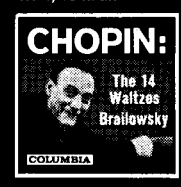
1151. Also: Clair de Lune, Adventure in Paradise, Taboo, etc.

1154. Also: Pride, Are You Sure, Let Me Talk to You, etc.

1068. "Most dazzling technician ever!" Chicago Daily News

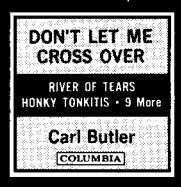


1021. The Moon Was Yellow, You Stepped Out of a Dream, etc.

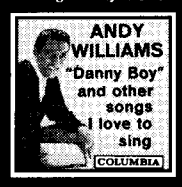


1109. "Virtuosity in the grand style!" Montreal Gazette

1205. Gone with The Wind, The Apartment, Exodus, 12 in all



1134. Also: I know Why, Grief in My Heart, etc.



1128. Secret Love, It Could Happen to You, Misty, Tammy, etc.

1153. Also: Faust, La Boheme, Madame Butterfly, etc.

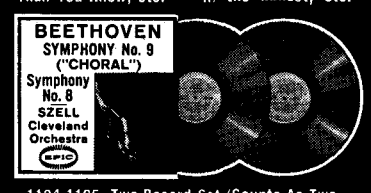
1201. Also: Moonlight Becomes You, More Than You Know, etc.

1028. Where Are You, Coquette, Red Sails in the Sunset, etc.

1125. Also: Side by Side, The Bells of St. Mary's, etc. *

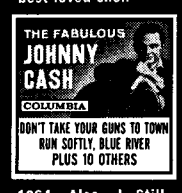
1091. More vital songs from world's best-loved choir

1148. Also: How I Got Over, Just Over The Hill, etc.



1104-1105. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "A militant Ninth and an Eighth with vigor."—High Fidelity

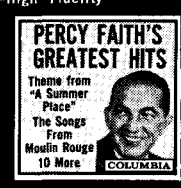
1196. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos."—High Fid.



1064. Also: I Still Miss Someone, One More Ride, etc.

1185. Also: Because of You, Be My Love, I Remember You, etc.

1045. Also: Empty Arms, A Tear Fell, You Send Me, etc.



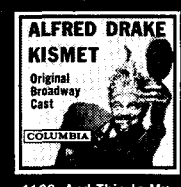
1208. Also: The Rain in Spain, All My Love, Delicado, etc. *

1097. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular compositions

1179. Chances Are, Just Walking in The Rain, 12 in all

1210. Also: Granada, Moonlight Gambler, I Believe, etc. *

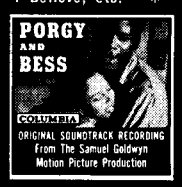
1099. Also: Shalom, Love Letters, Climb Every Mountain, etc.



1129. And This Is My Beloved, Stranger in Paradise, etc. *

1121. Also: My Kind of Girl, Witchcraft, Route 66, Hurt, etc.

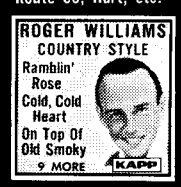
1131. Midnight Sun, Cry Me A River, One Note Samba, 8 others



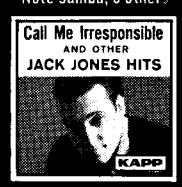
1199. "Superb...all the beauty, nobility captured."—HiFi Rev.

1209. Also: Sleepy Lagoon, Flamingo, Time Was, etc.

1075. The L.A. Percussion Ensemble in a sonic spectacular



1132. Also: Mexicali Rose, Water Boy, Red River Valley, etc.

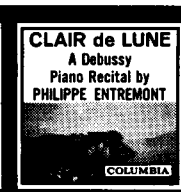


1139. Lollipops and Roses, Love Letters, Julie, seven more

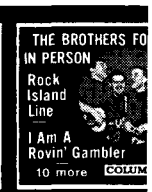
1187. Teens top drum plays for your dancing pleasure

1076. A thundering dialogue of organ and orchestra

1213. Complete score of "another R&H winner!"—Newsweek

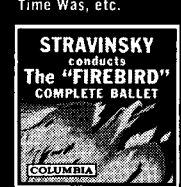


1100. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth." HiFi Rev.



1194. Also: Midni Special; Whoa, Ba Buck; etc.

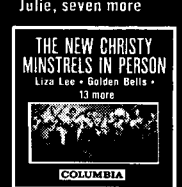
1214. With Barbara Cook. "One of the finest!"—Billboard



1103. "Brilliant performance...lush...rich."—Musical Amer.

1165. Also: Lovely Hula Hands, Pagan Love Song, etc.

1082. "Superb in every way!"—Washington Star



1219. Also: Golden Bells, Louisiana Lou, Fire, etc.

1113. Also: A Guy Is A Guy; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc. *

1207. Hear The Wind Blow, Nine Pound Hammer, 12 in all

1101. "Richness of the harmonies...gorgeous." — HiFi Rev.

1184. Also: Moments to Remember, 3 Coins in The Fountain, etc.

1211. Because of Y Rags to Riches, J in Time, 12 in al

HERE'S A RECORD FESTIVAL TO SUIT EVERY MUSICAL TASTE! Whether you wish to "attend" a concert under the stars, an old-fashioned hoe down, a jam session, or an inspired performance of the great classics . . . you will thrill to America's outstanding recording stars. And, if you act now, you can have ANY SIX of the exciting records described on these two pages — FREE!

Simply write in the numbers of the SIX records you wish to receive FREE on the postage-paid card. Then choose another record as your first selection . . . for which you will be billed only $3.98 (regular high-fidelity) or $4.98 (stereo). In short, you receive seven records for the price of one!

Be sure to indicate whether you want your seven records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Country & Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's music Magazine, which you will receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested, or take any of the wide variety of other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase six additional records from the more than 400 to be offered in the Club Magazine during the coming 12 months... and you may discontinue membership at any time thereafter. If you continue, you need buy only four records a year to r main a member in good standing.

FREE RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you do wish to continue as a member after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will receive — FREE — a record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $3.98 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

MAIL THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY!

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. If you do not now own one, by all means continue to acquire regular high-fidelity records. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo phonograph if you purchase one in the future.

*** Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.**

More than 1,750,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club

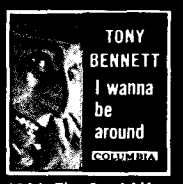
COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

© Columbia Records Distribution Corp., 1964 743/S64

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...I Wanna ...etc. (Not ...able in stereo)

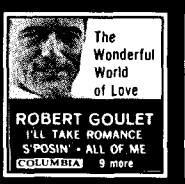


1024. The Good Life, Someone to Love, If I Love Again, 9 more

1046. Also: Fly Me To The Moon, I Remember You, etc.

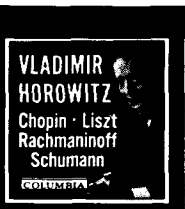
1166. "A brilliant musical score!" — New York Times

1014. Also: Wasn't the Summer Short?, Marianna, etc.



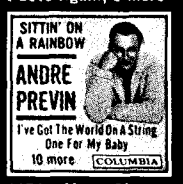
1022. Also: Mean to Me, Then You'll Be Happy, etc.

1155. Also: Home On The Range, Tennessee Waltz, etc.



1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording."—HiFi Rev.

...Also: Baby El- ...t Walk, Peter ... Mr. Lucky, etc.



1174. Also: Stormy Weather, When The Sun Comes Out, etc.

1095. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos

1127. Dansero, One Note Samba, Melodie d'Amour, 12 in all

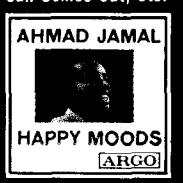
1167. Also: Diamond Head, Magnificent Seven, 12 in all

1138. Also: Scarlet Mist, Quiet Village Bossa Nova, etc.

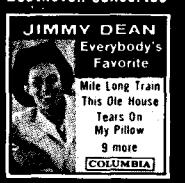
1041. Also: She Once Lived Here, What Am I Worth, etc.

1133. Also: The End of The World, He'll Only Hurt You, etc.

...Also: Laura, ...er and Ever, ...ico, etc.



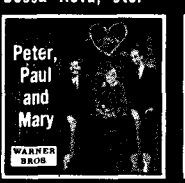
1119. "Delightful... pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire



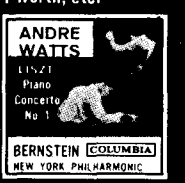
1029. Also: Sweet Georgia Brown, Philosophizin', etc.

1018. Malaguena, My Romance, Lady of Spain, 12 in all

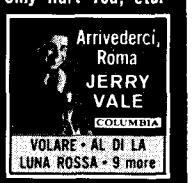
1034. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time



1006. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all



1074. Historic debut of an "astonishing talent."—Time

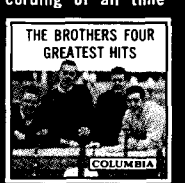


1048. Also: Ciao, Ciao, Bambina; Piscatore; etc.

..."Performances ...really sparkle ...ow."—HighFid.

1008. Also: Green Onions, Red River Rock, Calcutta, etc.

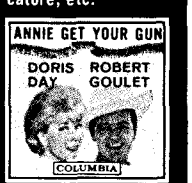
1107-1108. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Zestful . . . a powerful, vital statement!"—Hi Fi Review



1004. Green Leaves of Summer, My Tani, Greenfields, 9 more

1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

1130. Also: All The Love, Come Softly to Me, Hey Baby, etc.



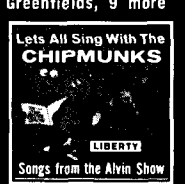
1032. "Rich melodic score...brilliant." — N.Y. Journal-Amer.

...Down to Darby, ... Mule, The Old- ...9 more

1060. Born to Lose, Four Walls, I Walk the Line, 12 in all

1025. "Probably his best recording ever."—Life

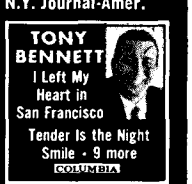
1173. A wide panorama of recorder music past and present



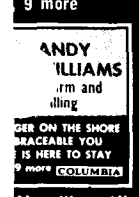
1186. Alvin's Harmonica, Old MacDonald Cha Cha Cha, etc.

1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

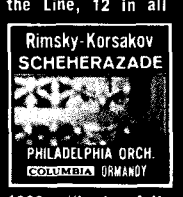
1090. "This is an extraordinary chorus." —New York Times



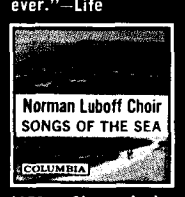
1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.



...Also: Warm All ...More Than You ...etc.



1089. "Lush, full-blown, romantic." — The Atlantic



1055. Shenandoah, Blow the Man Down, A-Roving, 11 more *

1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

1043. Midnight in Moscow, Stranger on the Shore, 12 in all

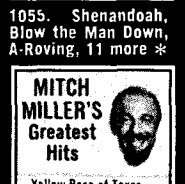
1110. "Recommended . . . overwhelming."—High Fidelity

1013. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come to Me, etc. *

1145. A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall, It's All Right, 12 more

..."A work of ... colossal ..."—High Fid.

1175. Also: Twist and Shout, Playboy. (Not available in stereo)

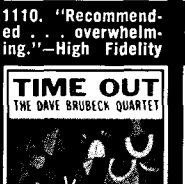


1016. Also: Do-Re-Mi, The Children's Marching Song, etc.*

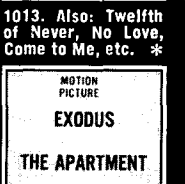
COLUMBIA
FINLANDIA
PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA • MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
EUGENE ORMANDY
plus—Valse Triste • Swedish Rhapsody • Peer Gynt Suite No. 1

1096. "Electrifying performance...overwhelming."-HiFiRev.

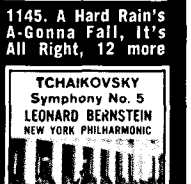
1007. Also: Pretty Lies, My Little Corner of the World, etc.



1123. "It soars and it swings...a breakthrough."—Playboy

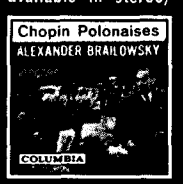


1036. Also: Smile, Some Like It Hot, Magnificent 7, etc.

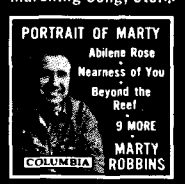


1069. Bold, thrilling interpretation of a superb symphony

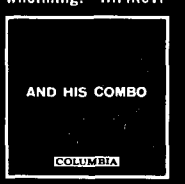
...Also: Swingin' ...l, etc. (Not ...le in stereo)



1092. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N. Y. Times



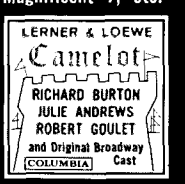
1065. Also: Dusty Winds, I'll Walk Alone, Lolene, etc.



1156. Monkey, One Fine Day, Hot Fudge, twelve in all

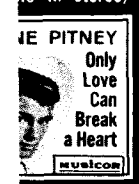
1078. "Performances of rare loveliness."—St. Louis Globe-Dem.

1026. Also: Great Pretender, Enchanted, Magic Touch, etc.

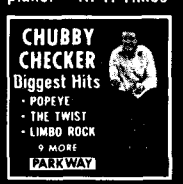


1035. "Most lavish, beautiful musical; a triumph!"—Kilgallen

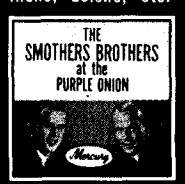
1039. Mr. Lonely, I Can't Help It, True Love, Crying, 8 more



...Cry Your Eyes ...y Heart, Your ...12 in all

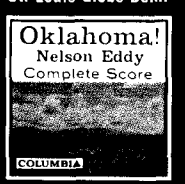


1182. Also: Let's Twist Again. (Not available in stereo)

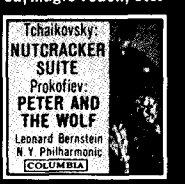


1152. Nine hilarious numbers. "It's great fun!"—Playboy

1115. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all



1116. Complete score of Rodgers & Hammerstein's hit *



1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed."—High Fid.

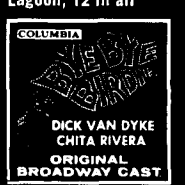
1050. Take This Hammer, Salty Dog Blues, Mama Blues, 10 more

1030. "Music is exuberant . . . splendid tunes."—New Yorker

...Also: King of ... Lili Marlene, ...da, etc.

1052. Also: Lookin' for Love, The Girl Can't Help It, etc.

1122. "Excellent... first-rate performance."—S.F.Chron.*



1181. "Happy, zestful... most captivating."—N.Y. News

1195. The performance is "most beautiful."—The Atlantic

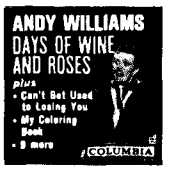
1142. Also: Memphis, Honolulu Lulu, Tallahassee Lassie, etc.

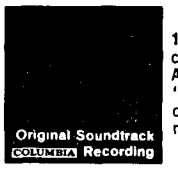
1059. Also: Over the Rainbow, Never on Sunday, etc.

1157. Also: Call Me Irresponsible, I Wanna Be Around, etc.

1163. America's most popular folk singers delight with: Puff, The Magic Dragon; This Land is Your Land; 10 more

1002. Andy sets new standards for old standards such as: When You're Smiling, What Kind of Fool Am I?, etc.





1037. Universally acclaimed winner of 11 Academy Awards. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

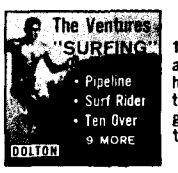
1073. Ormandy conducts a bravura performance with: "lavish color . . . rhythmic verve." —High Fidelity

1061. The most exciting new singer in years! Included are: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.

1012. Johnny Cash's sensational new album. Forty Shades of Green, What Do I Care, Peace in The Valley, etc.

1017. The inimitable Conniff sound is highlighted in: The Wheel of Fortune, Blueberry Hill, Mack The Knife, etc.

1098. Leonard Bernstein plays and conducts with "fierce impact and momentum." — N. Y. World-Telegram



1009. The surf sound at its wildest; a new high for The Ventures, Party in Laguna, Barefoot Venture, others

1010. Rollicking, rousing folk singing. Railroad Bill, Cotton Pickers' Song, I Know Where I'm Goin', etc.

1011. This dazzling duo also plays: Near You, Exodus, Autumn Leaves, Canadian Sunset, Quiet Village, Bewitched, etc.

1054. A sumptuous outpouring of glorious melodies. A Taste of Honey, Fly Me to The Moon, Desafinado, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT *

John V Lindsay, a liberal Republican, represents Manhattan's "Silk Stocking District" in Congress A graduate of Yale University, Lindsay broke into politics in 1955 as an assistant to Attorney General Herbert Brownell, then won a congressional seat in 1958. He has no objections to guns per se; during World War II he served in the Navy as a gunnery officer.

TOO MANY PEOPLE HAVE GUNS

by Rep. John V. Lindsay

The time has come, says this legislator, to make it harder for children, criminals and psychotics to buy deadly firearms.

For many years we have permitted a ridiculous and dangerous gap in our laws. We regulate the use of automobiles, and even the sale of whiskey, and yet we impose virtually no controls whatsoever on firearms. As a result, unscrupulous mail-order houses and fast-buck dealers are selling rifles and pistols to any delinquent adolescent or unbalanced adult who can supply a ten-dollar down payment. Yet even as we mourn a President murdered by a cheap, mail-order rifle, many sportsmen and other gun-lovers still insist that reasonable controls on firearms are unwarranted and unconstitutional. To support their argument, they cite the Second Amendment, which says: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

But this right is not so absolute that it permits infringement of other rights of other people, most especially the right to life. We the people of this country have no more right to the indiscriminate, unregulated acquisition and ownership of guns than we have a right to keep a compact atom bomb over the mantelpiece. The constitutional right to "keep and bear arms" doesn't mean that you or I have a right to walk down the street with a bundle of hand grenades tied to our waist, or to enter a streetcar with a loaded shotgun, or to obtain a high-powered rifle with a telescopic sight by mail order. The right is subject to regulation in the same fashion that the more important and more absolute right of free speech does not permit you to shout "fire" in a crowded theater just to satisfy a whim.

Certainly in framing gun-control laws we must think carefully about the constitutional aspects of the question. Surely, there is no reason why we should prevent responsible persons from owning licensed firearms—for self-protection, hunting, target-shooting or gun collections. But it is also apparent that the unrestricted traffic in death weapons must be stopped.

Since the murder of President Kennedy, we might well pay more attention to the mail-order gun advertising that appears in many pulp magazines. For example:

- "REACH! .38 SPECIAL DERRINGER. BRAND NEW! Powerful! Accurate! Protector! Only $19.95. .38 Special ammunition available everywhere. Send $10.00. Balance C.O.D."

- "Looks like a ball-point pen, writes like a ball-point pen. BUT cleverly built into the end is a .22-caliber pistol."

- "7.92 Machine Rifle. The *Führer* himself ordered these machine rifles for the *Wehrmacht* in the last days of World War II. . . ."

Such ads, which seem designed to lure and excite the reckless and disturbed, have predictable consequences. Last fall, the Senate Commerce Committee, headed by Sen. Thomas Dodd of Connecticut, heard a long series of accounts of wanton, senseless killings with mail-order weapons. James Bennett, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, testified that "the mail-order traffic in guns is particularly serious in its implications for juvenile delinquency." Bennett also told of murder after murder committed by psychotics with handguns bought in pawnshops and even reputable sport shops.

Typical was the case of a 25-year-old with an 11-year record of delinquency. While in prison he was diagnosed as paranoid and given psychiatric treatment. Three months after his release he bought a .38-caliber automatic pistol in a sporting-goods store in a Milwaukee suburb—no questions asked. Then he kidnapped an Iowa doctor and shot him dead.

To anyone concerned with public safety, the almost complete absence of gun-control laws should seem terrifying. No state requires a permit to purchase, or a license to own, a rifle or shotgun. Only seven states require a permit to purchase a pistol or other handgun. Only one state, New York, requires an annual permit to own and carry a handgun. One state, South Carolina, prohibits the sale of handguns. Hawaii is the only state that requires the registration of all types of guns by their owners. Only seven states insist on a waiting period—in which to check on a buyer—between the purchase of a gun and its delivery.

Federal law requires manufacturers and dealers who ship or receive firearms by mail to be licensed. Almost anyone can become a licensed dealer, however, by filling out a form and paying one dollar. Handguns may not be sent by mail, but shipment by railway express or other common carrier is allowed. Therefore, one way or another, federal law permits indiscriminate shipments by any dealer to anyone in the 43 nonlicense states, except to persons whom the dealer knows to be or has reason to believe is an ex-felon, a fugitive from justice or under indictment. Careful dealers will mail out a "certification" form to a would-be mail-order purchaser which "certifies" that the purchaser is not a felon, a fugitive, under indictment or under 21. But as Sgt. K.T. Carpenter, of the Los Angeles Police Department, testified at the Dodd hearings, "Any nine-year-old can fill out the form and secure a gun as long as he has a piggy bank, can draw the numbers 'twenty-one' and can scrawl his name."

In short, in all but a few states anyone at all is free to acquire almost any kind of firearm by mail or otherwise without any examination, before or after the purchase, of his qualifications to own and use a gun. In the states which require a license to purchase, fly-by-night gun dealers use out-of-city or out-of-state mail drops or express offices. In this way the laws of one state, inadequate as they may be, are made a sham by the total absence of laws in another.

Even the most ardent gun collector or avid sportsman must admit that there is neither sense nor safety in the present state of this nation's laws. Responsible sportsmen and gun owners find their sport or hobby degraded by the greedy practices of irresponsible gun sellers and the murderous practices of irresponsible gun buyers. I can't imagine why bona-fide hunters and gun lovers, as thoughtful outdoorsmen and conservationists, would not want to conserve their increasingly constricted and crowded sport and recreation by setting standards and codes of behavior. Nor can I see that the interests of even the gun manufacturers and dealers are served by allowing a national sport to become a national scandal.

One hears the statement that there is no relation between crime and the availability of firearms. Nonsense. All of the testimony from FBI experts and state and local police officials is to the contrary. Senator Dodd, who wants the federal laws strengthened and whose Senate committee has made a careful study of the question, pointed out in a speech last August that "of 7,261 murders committed in 1962, fifty-four percent were committeed by guns in the hands of the mentally ill or criminals. Of the nearly one million robberies and burglaries committed annually, most are committed with the assistance of firearms. Of the more than 20,000 suicides, fully half are committed with the use of firearms, and last year the individuals wielding these guns on their way to suicidal death killed more than 700 defenseless persons without warning before turning the gun on themselves. And, according to the FBI, during the five years between 1955 and 1960, when the juvenile population increased by 25 percent, the number of youngsters arrested for carrying guns went up nearly twice as fast."

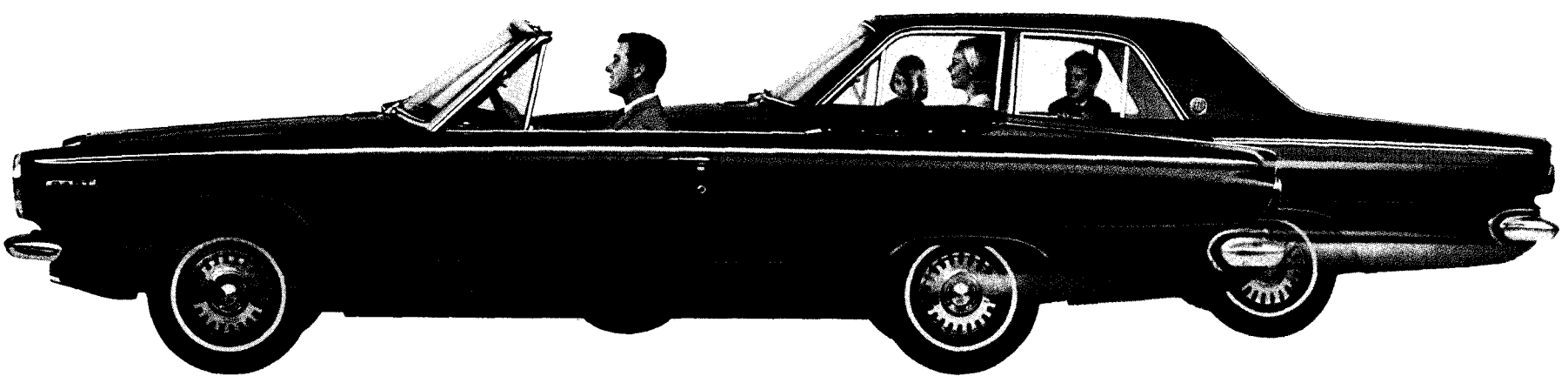
The other argument against gun legislation is that controls on the well-intentioned who acquire guns for legitimate purposes will not keep firearms from persons bent on crime.

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DEPENDABLES: SUCCESS CARS OF '64

You can't beat Dart's Six



except with Dart's new V8

Performance lovers are pretty much in agreement about Dart's optional 225 cu. in. Six engine. They say it has the muscle of an Eight. If you check the facts and figures, you'll have to agree with them: It's a tough engine to beat.

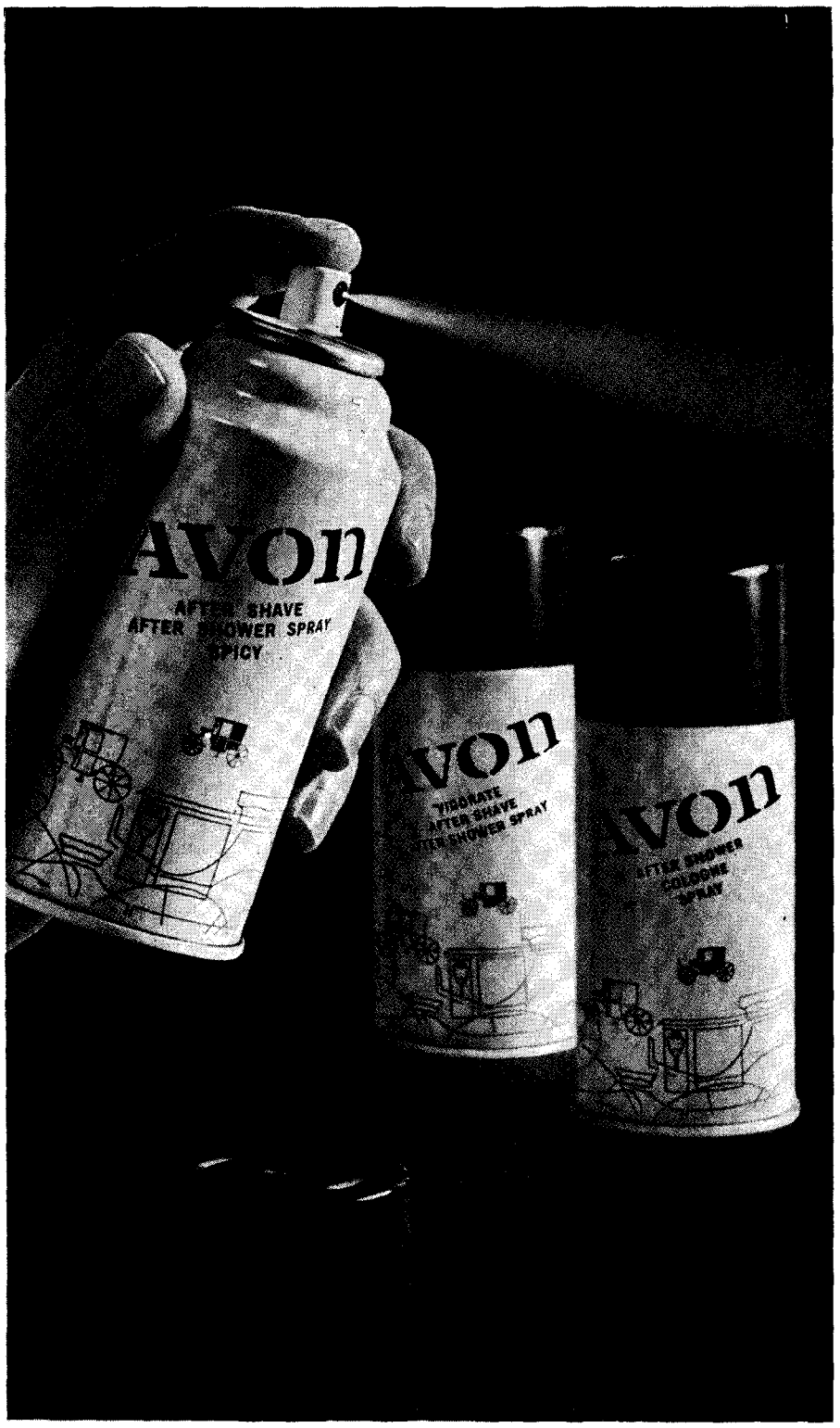
But we've got news for you. You can. Now there's a new engine in the Dart stable . . . a hot new V8 that's 273 cubic-inches strong. This new V8 was specially built for Dart. And that's as it should be. For Dart's the compact specially built for performance. Family-size performance . . . with lots of passenger room in which to enjoy it.

Dart's the large economy size compact—now with giant size power! Try Dart at your dependable Dodge dealers.

Compact Dodge Dart

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Avon Calling"
now has a masculine ring!

AVON FOR MEN

3 NEW, CONVENIENT SPRAYS: After Shave-After Shower, spicy or woody. Cologne with a breezy scent. Avon Spray for Men makes you feel well-groomed, refreshed all day. All part of Avon's complete line of good-grooming products for men who are discovering what women have known for years: Avon is quality.

Avon for Men is so easy to get! Just tell your wife to order one of these Sprays next time her Avon Representative calls.

AVON FOR MEN

©1963 Avon Products, Inc.

SPEAKING OUT

This argument makes even less sense. Gun laws won't keep guns from anyone with a legitimate use for them any more than automobile registration, driver licensing, compulsory liability insurance and rigorous enforcement of speed laws have kept responsible drivers from operating automobiles. A car, like a gun, is a dangerous instrument. It threatens people as well as serves them. The horrors of lack of reasonable regulation will suddenly become very real to you if you are struck by a car—out of control, on the wrong side of the road—from a state that does not require insurance or other protection for innocent victims.

Must we have the same thing in guns? The only difference is that guns are intended for killing, and they are increasingly serving that purpose among humans. That one victim of these circumstances should be the President of the United States ought to give pause. It is at least possible that President Kennedy would be living today if there were sensible laws on the right to bear arms.

I'm for drying up the fly-by-night gun dealers and making the gunslingers present their credentials. I'd like to see some restrictions on acquiring and possessing firearms and some uniformity in state laws. Most important, the mail-order traffic in guns must be ended. Shipments of firearms between properly licensed and regulated dealers should be permitted, but not from a dealer to an individual purchaser. There is no reason why a purchaser should not be required to identify himself to the seller. All would-be purchasers should be licensed.

The Congress, under its power to act in interstate commerce, should amend the National Firearms Act to prohibit the mail-ordering of any firearm except by and between licensed dealers. Senator Dodd has proposed amendments to the act, now in committee and with a good chance for passage, and they are excellent as far as they go. They would permit mail-order purchases by an individual, providing he submits an affidavit attesting to his age (over 18), name, address, criminal record and compliance with state gun laws; his affidavit would need to be authenticated by the highest local law-enforcement authority in his community. The purchase order also would state the name and address of that authority. The dealer, prior to shipping the gun, would be required to advise the local law officer of the shipment and provide a description of the firearm. Another sound provision of the Dodd bill would require packages containing guns to have the identity of the merchandise indicated on the wrapping. License fees for manufacturers would be modestly raised to $50 and for dealers to $10.

I would go further. If the states will not require registration, all firearms shipped in interstate commerce should be registered with the Federal Government. Otherwise, as Sergeant Carpenter of the Los Angeles police testified, at the Dodd hearings, those "in law enforcement are unable to cope with this problem on a state and local level."

States must reexamine their policies on firearms or, if they have no policies, devise sound ones. Game enthusiasts and gun collectors should take the lead in promoting sensible and uniform state laws. The Federal Government should provide national standards, to the extent of its powers under the interstate-commerce clause. Lastly, there must be an educational and preventive program. Parents must be shown how dangerous it is for children to possess guns; youngsters must be made acutely aware of the risks. The television industry, which has done too much to kindle youthful fascination with firearms, should produce programs dramatizing the problem and the danger. The magazine industry, which is the medium for so much gun advertising, has a responsibility to inform the public of the peril and the idiocy of the present state of the law.

I have not forgotten the Second Amendment to the Constitution: "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." I count myself a strict constitutionalist and I give literal meaning to the words of that great charter. But the ability of a Lee Harvey Oswald to buy a Mannlicher-Carcano 6.5 mm rifle by mail has nothing to do with a "well-regulated militia."

In 1787, when the Second Amendment was written, the rifle was the principal weapon of national defense, and it made good sense for every adult male to be able to use one. Transportation and communication were slow; the population was largely rural and remote from the standing army. Thus, in an emergency, the citizen's ready weapon counted for a great deal. Firearms were of such routine and immediate use in those days that abuse was not a problem.

Times have changed

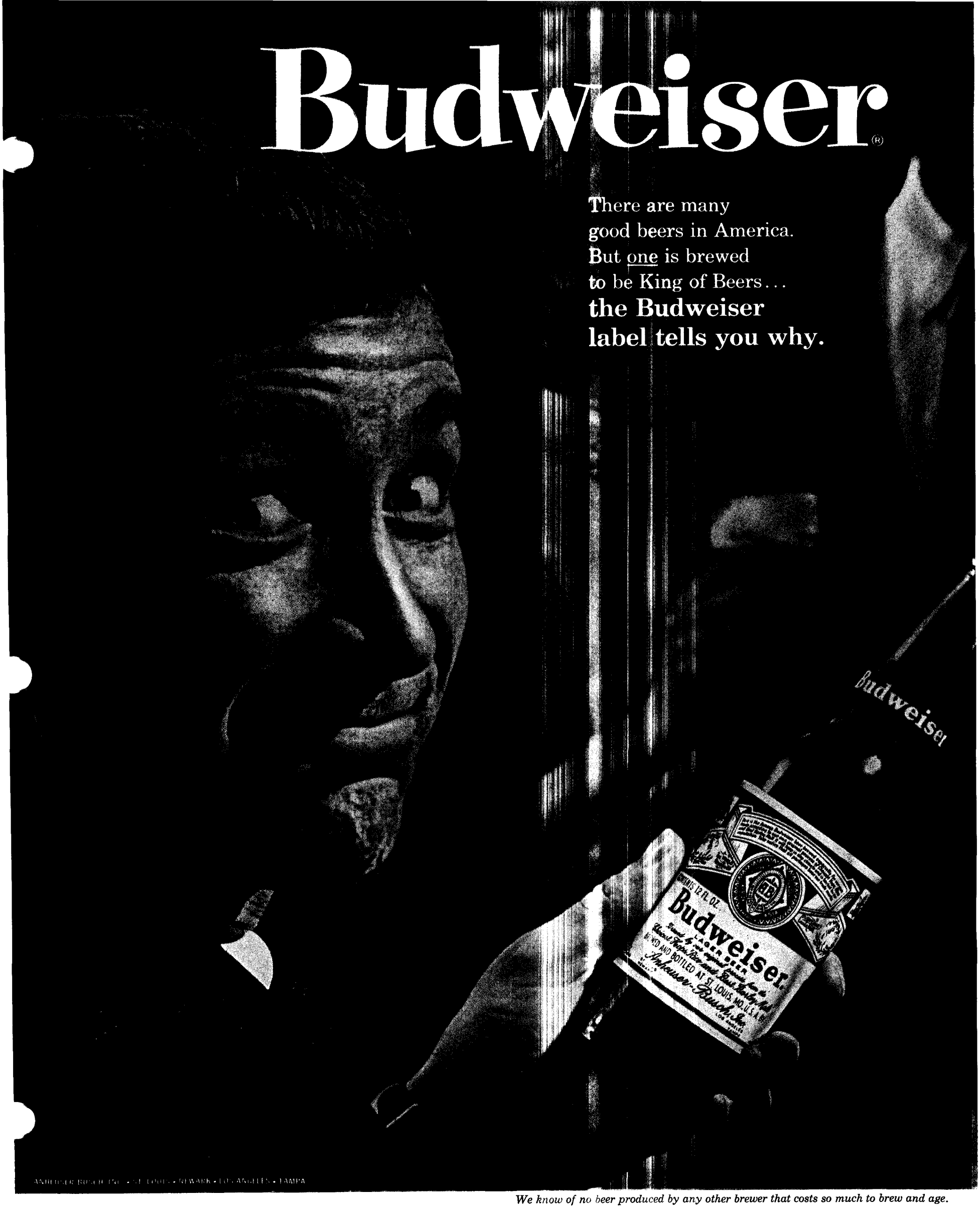
Today all these situations have reversed. The nation, despite the more imaginative assertions of the rifle associations, no longer depends on the citizen's weapon, nor does the citizen himself. And, most significant, the population is now densely packed into urban areas, and it is diverse and mobile. In our changed and complicated society, guns have become more dangerous, and they demand more careful use. The Constitution must be interpreted in the light of the times; protection today means the reasonable regulation of firearms—not the absence of regulation.

There is neither common sense nor legal basis in permitting jungle conditions to exist in our modern and crowded society, nor can we condone any longer the vacuum of law that is so often leading to violence. We hurt and degrade our society if we blindly permit guns to become an unchecked, ungoverned pestilence. The spreading, indiscriminate traffic in firearms in the United States has become an immediate danger to us all. We must look to the business of governing in this area before we suffer more tragedies as appalling, if possible, as the one that struck us on November 22. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Budweiser®

There are many
good beers in America.
But one is brewed
to be King of Beers...
the Budweiser
label tells you why.



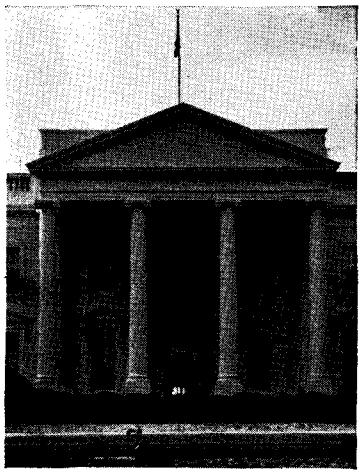
ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

We know of no beer produced by any other brewer that costs so much to brew and age.

that Bud...that's beer!®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Johnson and the polls



The White House: Can the polls really identify the next resident?

WASHINGTON: President Lyndon Johnson's standing in the public-opinion polls is an amazing political phenomenon. Back to George Washington, who had no opponent, the all-time big winner in the presidential sweepstakes was Warren G. Harding (of all people), who won 60.3 percent of the popular vote in 1920. Yet recent polls show Johnson beating Nixon by a 69-to-24-percent margin, and Goldwater by a fantastic lead of 75 to 20 percent.

These margins are in part, of course, a memorial tribute to the late President Kennedy. They are also a tribute to the brilliance and dexterity with which Johnson has handled himself in the period of transition. It has been an extraordinary performance.

For a few weeks Johnson has succeeded in being all things to all men. Labor likes him and so does the Chamber of Commerce. The Southerners like him and so do the Negroes. Conservatives like him and so do Americans for Democratic Action. No doubt it's nice, for a change, to have a President everybody likes, but it can't possibly last much longer.

The reason is obvious. Johnson has been strongly in favor of peace and national unity, and strongly opposed to poverty and to waste in government. On these subjects, as on an early spring and the man-eating shark, there is a certain unanimity of opinion. But during the current congressional session, Johnson will take strong stands on subjects—like civil rights—on which there is no unanimity of opinion at all. He is therefore going to begin making enemies. His standing in the polls is therefore going to come down.

But how far down? With nine months to go, President Johnson has an enormous head start. If any Republican is to come within striking distance of Johnson by next November, the Republicans are going to have to find some now invisible, very compelling issue to use against him—or Johnson is going to have to supply them with such an issue.

The polls themselves will certainly influence the outcome, as they repeatedly have in the past. To cite two examples: Without the polls John F. Kennedy might not have been nominated in 1960, and Robert A. Taft might well have been nominated in 1952. This year the Nixon candidacy has already been greatly helped because the polls have shown him running better against Johnson than any other Republican, by a few percentage points. The final choice of the Republican convention next summer will be influenced as much by the polls as by the primaries.

Because the polls are such an important factor in the political equation, it is important to understand that polling is a useful art, but by no means an exact science. For some 10 years now I have been venturing into the boondocks to ring doorbells and ask questions. Most of my polling has been with professionals like Oliver Quayle and Louis Harris, who taught me the trade. Here, then, is what professional polling is like:

With a clipboard under your arm, and the solemn expression of some minor official—say a sewer inspector—on your face, you walk up to a porch. You ring the doorbell. No answer. You pound on the door. At last a housewife peers dubiously out, smoothing straggly hair.

"Yes?" she says warily. In an expressionless voice you ask her a few questions largely designed to reassure her. Then you come to the heart of the matter. Suppose the election were being held tomorrow, and she had to choose between Johnson and Nixon, how would she vote? Johnson and Goldwater? Johnson and Rockefeller? And so on.

"Well," she says, wary again, "I haven't given that too much thought. He and I haven't talked too much about it." (In this context "he" is not the President but the lady's husband.) But how would she be *inclined* to vote? "Well, now, that Johnson seems to be doing a pretty good job. I guess maybe we'd stick with him." So you put another check mark next to Johnson's name on your form sheet.

But how much does your check mark mean? There are some people whose minds could be changed only by solid proof that their preferred candidate is a murderer, or at least an embezzler. But about half the people a pollster interviews are like the lady with the straggly hair—their minds are not really made up. These people with the unmade minds are one of the imponderables which make polling an art rather than a science. You can't really be sure the lady will vote for Johnson.

You can't really be sure she will vote at all, and that is another imponderable. Almost everybody you interview claims to be a faithful voter—in a democracy voting is a Good Thing. But in every election a third or more of the potential voters don't bother to vote.

A third imponderable is the effect of the "recognition factor." Nine out of 10 people know who Richard Nixon is, but only three out of five are sure who Barry Goldwater is, and less than half know who William Scranton is. Because people favor a name they recognize, the recognition factor influences the results. It certainly accounts, for example, for much of Nixon's current lead over his rivals. The effect is distorting, since by election time anybody who bothers to vote will at least recognize the candidates.

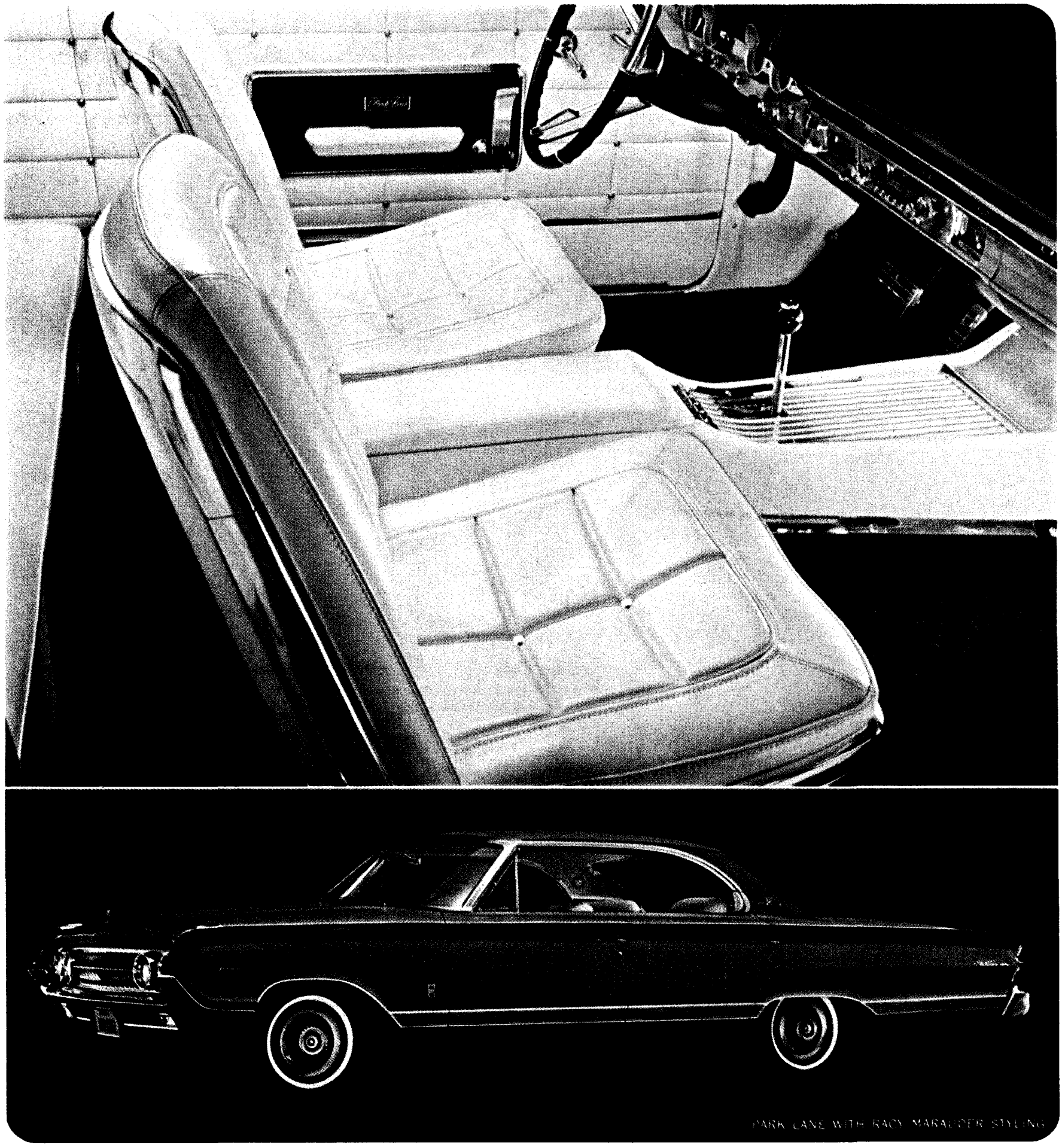
A fourth imponderable is the Undecided vote. The Undecideds accounted in part for the red faces of the pollsters in 1948, when Harry Truman surprised everyone but himself by defeating Thomas Dewey. There are no Undecideds, after all, in the polling booth. There are two schools of thought about how to deal with this problem.

Doctor Gallup simply divides the Undecideds in the same ratio as the Decideds. His chief rival, Louis Harris, has invented a much more sophisticated technique. You need a slide rule to use the Harris method, but the basic idea is to weight the poll according to the way the people interviewed say they voted in the last election. Neither method is foolproof.

The fact is that there are enough imponderables in polling so that a few percentage points either way mean little or nothing. Polling is a very useful art which reflects major trends in public opinion, like Johnson's remarkable surge of popularity. But the ballot box could still contain some surprises in November, despite President Johnson's huge head start, simply because the mind of the imaginary lady with the straggly hair is subject to change.

Stewart Alsop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The way Mercury handles roads is a matter of record

. . . and the record stretches from Pikes Peak to Riverside. Wherever Mercury has run against other competition-modified medium-price cars, it has shown its commanding roadability. Take Pikes Peak, for example, where Mercury set a new world's record on the twisting, tortuous course. You can sample Mercury's great road performance yourself. Slip behind the wheel of a hefty, road-hugging Mercury—perhaps a sporty bucket-seater like the one shown above. Take it out on the road. That's where you'll feel the solid authority of this car. Mercury has up to 319 pounds more muscle and heft than other medium-price cars. And more responsive engines, to go with it—up to a 427 cu. in. V-8. You feel the difference in easier handling, a steadier, smoother ride. You'll notice how Mercury clings to the road even in strong crosswinds, takes mountain roads with sure-footed confidence, responds to your control precisely. Try this beautiful, all-day-comfortable road car. Your Mercury dealer will gladly arrange it for you today.

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford MOTOR COMPANY

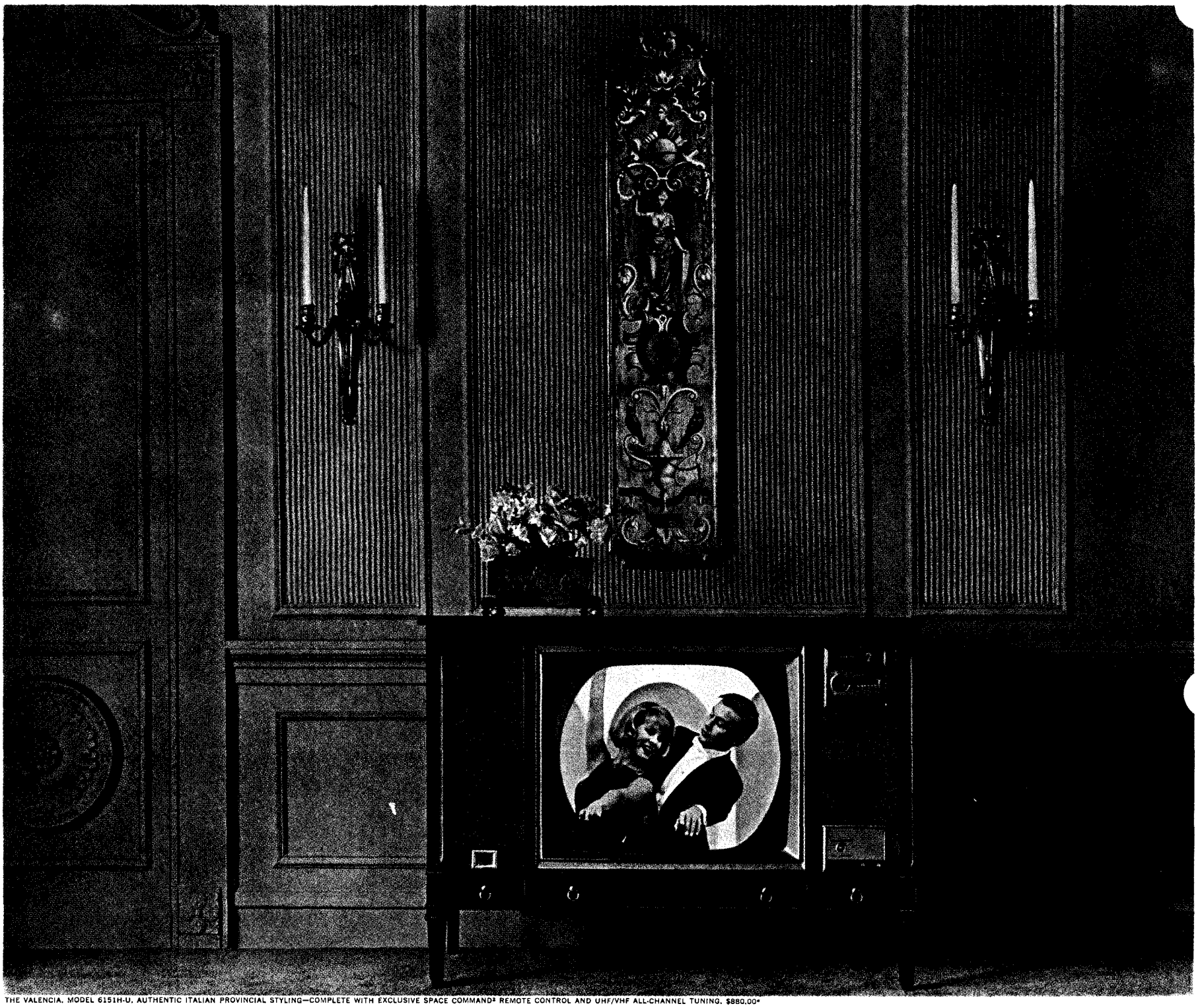
Mercury

No finer car in the medium-price field

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ZENITH COLOR TV

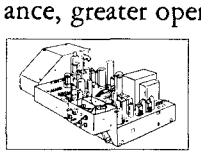
THE HANDCRAFTED COLOR TV



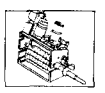
THE VALENCIA. MODEL 6151H-U. AUTHENTIC ITALIAN PROVINCIAL STYLING—COMPLETE WITH EXCLUSIVE SPACE COMMAND‡ REMOTE CONTROL AND UHF/VHF ALL-CHANNEL TUNING. $880.00*

People who know Zenith quality won't settle for less than Zenith Color TV

They know that handcrafted things are made better to last longer. That's why Zenith Handcrafted Color TV gives you finer performance, greater operating dependability, and fewer service problems,



year after year. Every connection in the Zenith Color Chassis is hand-wired with the same special care that makes Zenith America's largest selling Black and White TV. There are no printed circuits! No production short-cuts!



And Zenith's exclusive new Super Gold Video Guard Tuner—with 113 16-carat gold-filled contact points—gives you longer TV life and ultra-sensitive reception. Zenith's patented Electronic Color Demodulator—the "Electronic Brain" of color TV—brings you beautifully clear, true-to-life colors. And Zenith's exclusive Space Command Remote Control lets you tune TV† from across the room—without cords, wires or batteries.

Zenith takes the time to make Color TV right. Be sure to take the time to see it. When you do—you won't settle for less! *Zenith quality Color TV begins at just $449.95.**

ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on

*MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE. SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN VARIOUS WESTERN AND SOUTHERN AREAS. PRICES AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. †REGULAR VHF CHANNELS. REMOTE TUNING FOR UP TO 12 UHF CHANNELS CAN BE ADDED AT SLIGHT ADDITIONAL COST.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOULD THE U.S. TRADE WITH ENEMIES?

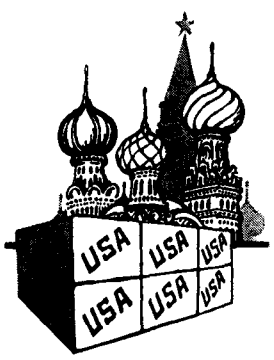
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

To some, our wheat deal with the Soviets was a $250 million blunder. But the Administration believes this—and more deals like it—may be the "next step" toward peace.

By ROBERT K. MASSIE

THE MAN at the lectern was 69 years old and he needed glasses to read his speech, but amid the 5,000 seats in the Kremlin's gleaming Palace of Congresses, people remarked how well he looked. Nikita Khrushchev spoke for four and a half hours that day in December as he opened a week-long meeting of the Communist Party Central Committee. He smiled frequently, and sometimes, to emphasize a point, he shook his stubby forefinger so vigorously that the three ribboned medals pinned to his chest danced like a trio of Cossacks. It was a brave performance, and courage was essential to the occasion. For the news the Soviet Premier had was very bad.

For 46 years the Communist Party had ruled this huge land, for generations the world's chief exporter of wheat—and now Khrushchev was admitting that the Soviet Union would not produce enough bread this year to feed its people. Breadlines were forming in Moscow and Alma-Ata, there was hoarding in Kharkov and Tiflis, and Soviet officials had spent the autumn shopping for Western wheat. From 53 million tons a year ago, this year's Soviet wheat harvest had fallen below 41 million tons. It was possible to blame nature, in part. Summer dust storms had ravaged the vast, new "virgin lands" wheat fields of Kazakhstan and Siberia, and last winter the tender shoots of early wheat poking above the rich, black earth of the Ukraine had been killed by a sudden freeze. Another apparent reason was the failure of Communism to supply Soviet farmers with sufficient incentive. "The Communists simply cannot afford enough policemen to follow the peasant about and make him produce," says Walt W. Rostow, chairman of the U.S. State Department's Policy Planning Council. But the failure which Khrushchev recognized in his speech was a failure of planning and technology. Russia, he said, had too little chemical fertilizer.



He decreed a sweeping remedy. Over the next seven years the Soviet Union would invest a staggering $46 billion in its chemical industry. Two hundred new plants would be built, and 500 old plants would be modernized; by the end of the decade, farm production would be doubled. Khrushchev admitted that this would require outside help. "But we shall not accept political conditions," he said. "Those who expect to make fabulous profits, those who expect the Soviet Union will be compelled to accept any agreement will be bitterly disappointed."

Yet Khrushchev's speech did suggest some great opportunities for the free world, and some great challenges.

Western statesmen believe that preoccupation with domestic problems will divert the Soviets' interest from risky foreign adventures. Western economists point out that funds poured into chemicals must be drained from other parts of the Soviet budget, including the military budget. And Western traders have the prospect of huge new orders. Free-world exports across the Iron Curtain have tripled to $5.2 billion in the last decade, and promise to expand even more rapidly from now on. Russian commercial agents are beating on the doors of every major chemical company in Western Europe; some experts estimate that Russia will need at least $10 billion worth of chemical equipment and processes from the West to reach the new goals. And the Soviets have already paid $600 million in cash for wheat from the West. The Canadians, who signed a $325 million wheat deal with Red China earlier in the year, agreed in mid-September to ship 6.8 million tons (or 228 million bushels) to Russia for $500 million. It was history's biggest wheat sale. A few days later the Soviets bought 1.8 million tons from the Australians for $112 million.

Up to now the United States has had conspicuously little part in the expanding East-West trade. In 1962, for example, we exported a $15 million handful of goods to the Soviet Union, mostly chemicals and machinery. In return, Americans bought $16 million worth of furs, precious metals and caviar from the Russians.

The Soviets proposed the first real break in this pattern, suggesting that the United States be included in the Great Wheat Deal. The U.S. has some 33 million tons of surplus wheat bursting out of warehouses; the supply is bigger than Americans could eat in two years. Understandably, the first reports that the Russians wanted to buy U.S. wheat electrified the Chicago Board of Trade, biggest of American wheat markets. On September 22, Burton M. Joseph, president of the Minneapolis grain firm of I. S. Joseph & Co., led a group of nine private U.S. grain dealers on a mission to Ottawa.

They checked into Ottawa's Chateau Laurier Hotel, where Leonid M. Matveev head of Export Chleb, the Soviet state grain trading agency, was registered. Meetings were secret; Joseph told reporters only that "it is an enormous game with enormous chips." In private, Matveev was candid with the Americans. The Soviet still needed almost three million tons to make up this year's crop shortage, and the only place left to buy it was the United States. In addition, the Americans realized that the Russians had a serious delivery problem. Since most Canadian ports are blocked with ice during the winter, American wheat, which could reach the Soviet Union this winter, could fill a pressing interim need.

Matveev talked terms, asking for 110 million bushels of wheat at the current world prices of $1.74 per bushel. At this point Joseph said that the U.S. Government would have to give its blessing before further negotiations.

For the next two weeks the wheat deal was subjected to a searching examination by the entire top echelon of the U.S. Government. Against the advantage of furthering the improvement in U.S.-Soviet relations begun by the nuclear-test-ban treaty, the Administration weighed the domestic political risks of a massive business deal with Communist Russia. In the end, the late President Kennedy himself decided that the risks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Farmers and bankers approved, but Goldwater changed his mind.

were worth taking and on October 9 he made his decision public:

The Soviet Union, Hungary, Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia would be authorized to buy four million metric tons of U.S. wheat at world market prices, amounting to $250 million, shipments to be completed by April 30, 1964. Private dealers would handle the sales, replenishing their stocks from government surplus. The price of about $1.74 a bushel was 55 cents lower than the subsidized price paid U.S. farmers, but the subsidy, the President pointed out, was going to the farmers, not to Russia. And removal of the wheat from government warehouses would save U.S. taxpayers $200 million in storage costs over the next five years. The sale would be for gold or dollars, and commercial credits would be limited to 18 months. Where available, U.S. ships would carry the wheat.

American farmers, who normally raise outraged cries against anything that smacks of dealing with Communism, favored the deal by four to one. "I'm for selling the Reds anything they can't shoot back," urged a farmer from Illinois.

The American Bankers Association liked the idea of using Russian gold to help cut the United States's two-billion-dollar-a-year balance-of-payments deficit. Former President Eisenhower favored the deal for the same reason. "If they want to buy wheat with gold or something we need or want," said Ike, "then it's a good horse trade." Shipping wheat to hungry Russians also appealed to humanitarian instincts. "If our allies sell wheat to the Russians, maybe we should too," said Sen. Barry Goldwater. "It's in the nature of the American people to help hungry people."

Behind the obvious advantages, however, lay some disturbing questions. How could we justify helping an antagonist with whom we supposedly are locked in mortal struggle? If the Russians needed American wheat, shouldn't we press our advantage and demand political concessions in exchange? Did feeding Russians mean filling other empty bellies—those of the Red Chinese, for example? And were we really feeding Russians, or just bailing them out of an embarrassing inability to meet obligations? This year the Soviets are committed to supply their satellites with five million tons of wheat, including 500,000 tons to Cuba. Despite shortages at home, the Kremlin has promised not to renege.

"We still are dealing with a purposeful, disciplined Russia whose objective remains world domination," argued Democratic Sen. William Proxmire of Wisconsin. Richard Nixon, in disagreement with his old boss, President Eisenhower, declared that "subsidizing Khrushchev . . . will allow him to bring economic pressure on his satellites and divert Russian resources into space and military activities that he otherwise would have to keep in agriculture." Nixon called the deal a worse blunder than "the fouling up of the Bay of Pigs." Senator Goldwater reexamined his position and then confided to a reporter, "The President should have said to Khrushchev, 'We want your goddam Russians out of Cuba and your goddam wall down in Berlin . . . [and then] we'll give you the wheat.'"

Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman disagreed. "I was in the Soviet Union this summer and I found an enormous reservoir of goodwill toward the American people. The wheat sale is a gesture that can reach over the heads of governments and improve that goodwill."

"Nonsense," responded Dr. Robert Strausz-Hupé, director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania. "Wasn't this argument used by those who said we could liberalize Nazi Germany by trade? Khrushchev doesn't consult his people before he acts."

The basic issue was stated this way by Sen. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "It is whether we are to regard the Soviet Union as an implacable enemy for all time and for all purposes or . . . as a powerful and dangerous antagonist whom we can and should influence toward abandoning its aggressive designs."

One of the men who participated in the Administration's discussions tells how the President's decision was reasoned out:

"What do we get out of it?"

"Let's suppose that we had begun by demanding political concessions. The Russians would have laughed at us. The Russian people simply would have been told to tighten their belts. They wouldn't have starved and they would have given Khrushchev credit for trying.

"Now, what do we get out of the deal? We need gold and we'd like to cut down our agricultural surplus. But our main interest is political. Our primary aim is to prevent a nuclear war while preserving freedom. We want the détente to continue. Right now, Khrushchev's in trouble. His crops are bad. He's in a fight with Red China. Instead of slamming the door when he comes asking for wheat, we want to show him that there is a profit in coexistence with the West."

Herein, he explained, lay the difference between trading with Russia and trading with Red China. "The Red Chinese show no interest in peaceful coexistence. Our whole pattern of relations is different. And the Red Chinese have never asked us for wheat or anything else."

For weeks, in fact, it seemed that we would never get together with the Russians either. The Soviets balked at transporting the wheat in American ships, where rates average $10 a ton over those of foreign shippers. "It may happen that we will let you eat your own grain," Khrushchev told some Americans in Moscow. U.S. grain dealers said they were willing to take the higher shipping costs out of their profits, and it developed that there were only enough U.S. ships available to carry 20 percent of the wheat anyway. The House, debating the foreign-aid bill, threatened to add a rider banning the short-term, Government-guaranteed credits which President Kennedy had offered the Soviets as a temporary alternative to cash. Under enormous Administration pressure, the ban was dropped on Christmas Eve. Finally, three weeks ago, the Soviet Union ordered $78.5 million worth of wheat from the Continental Grain Corp. of New York.

Administration officials are not worried by the prolonged haggling. "This was our first big deal with the Russians," says a State Department expert, "and there were bound to be kinks." The implication is that there will be other big deals with the Communists—and many Americans, both in government and business, hope that this will happen.

Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges has long been pressing for expansion of U.S. exports to the Soviet bloc. When the wheat deal came up, Hodges announced that he was going to talk to President Kennedy about it. "I'm going to say to him that, with the easing of tensions, we ought to follow more what our allies have been doing for several years—namely, to sell goods." Hodges got support from 200 business leaders who met in Washington in September for the annual White House Conference on Export Expansion and urged a "complete reexamination" of U.S. policy on trade with the Communists. That same month, a Research Institute survey of 1,500 American executives showed 67 percent favoring an expansion of non-strategic trade with the Soviet bloc.

The problem of "strategic" vs. "non-strategic" goods is the most immediate barrier to trade. The Export Control Act of 1949 charges the Commerce Department with exercising "vigilance over exports from the standpoint of their significance to the national security . . ." If Commerce thinks that a particular product might be better kept out of Communist hands, it can put it on the so-called Positive List and forbid its export across the Curtain except by special license.

"I have a schizophrenic job," says Secretary Hodges. "On the one hand I'm working to increase exports. On the other, my department is also responsible for export controls." The job is doubly confusing, because the language of the Export Control Act is broad, and definitions as to what is strategic are subject to changes and political controversy.

This year, for example, exporters sold the Communists American vitamins, penicillin, toothpaste, coffee makers, autos, herbicides, aluminum ladders, hay-fever remedies, a live virus, and a sail for a racing yacht without specific license. But the Communists also bought U.S. synthetic rubber, radio transmitters, TV sets, air conditioners, tape recorders, computers, and aircraft tail wheels, which are among the 1,241 items on the Positive List. In each case, a firm applied for a license, and Commerce, apparently feeling that no one of these things would make Russia Top Power, gave permission. One item on the Positive List on which no decisions were required, because nobody wanted to buy any: bayonets.

"We try to administer the Act according to the wishes of Congress," says Dr. Eugene Braderman, chief of the Commerce section which handles controls. "But some people feel that everything contributes to Soviet military power."

Some months ago, for example, the Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corp. of West Babylon, N.Y., was readying a shipment of gearboxes for a paper mill to be sent to the Soviet Union, when Fairchild workers objected and threatened to strik "How could we, a defense plant, be involved in making machines for Russia?" asked Joseph P. Drago, president of Machinists Local 893. He took his complaint to Washington. As he told it to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, "From behind the mahogany desk and out of the well-padded leather seat came the official rationalizations which we were not looking for." Drago went home "discouraged and dismayed," and the gear boxes, which were not on the Positive List, were sent to Russia.

The Bryant Chucking Grinder Co. of Springfield, Vt., got a six-million-dollar Soviet order in 1960 for 45 machines to make ball bearings. These machines had been taken off the Positive List two years earlier. A young engineer on Bryant's payroll wrote to Vermont Sen. Winston Prouty to complain that the machines were "obviously a component of armaments." A U.S. ball-bearing manufacturer chimed in with the opinion that the machines definitely would benefit the Soviet missile program. The Defense Department, which had reluctantly OK'd the removal of the machine from the prohibited list, renewed its objections. Sen. Thomas Dodd of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee began an investigation. The Commerce Department explained that it had issued the license because the Russians could buy similar machines elsewhere, and the sale "would not represent a strategic hazard to the U.S." Other senators protested. Finally Secretary Hodges revoked Bryant's license just as six of the machines were about to be loaded onto a freighter in Boston.

It is now widely recognized that Commerce should not go on playing the Export Control Act by ear. Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen wants a new law stating trade policy "so that there will be no ambiguities, and the Executive Branch will know what it can encourage and what policies are limited or prohibited."

One senior White House adviser believes that none of our export restrictions can seriously affect Soviet economic capabilities. "The total effect on the Soviet economy of all U.S. trade controls since World War II is zero," this man declares. "We cannot impede Soviet industrial growth, much less deal the Russians a crippling blow, by limiting trade. Their economy is too big, too diversified. We haven't hurt the Russians. All we've done is to send them to other markets."

Communist buyers now flocking into other Western markets illustrate his point. While NATO nations are still bound by a Korean War embargo prohibiting "strategic" shipments to the Soviet bloc, European members interpret the embargo loosely. Today West German shipyards are turning out flotillas of radar-equipped Russian fishing trawlers. These, plus chemicals, manufactured goods and construction materials, helped earn West Germany $750 million from the East last year. Italy sold $612 million worth of synthetic rubber, steel tubing, shoes, harmonicas, and a couple of suits for Khrushchev from a Rome tailor. Britain shipped synthetic fibers, dyestuffs, and whole plastic plants behind the Iron Curtain and earned $400 million.

These European businessmen feel they have only begun to tap the Bloc market of 300 million people, and U.S. attempts to discourage this trade get scant attention. Last November U.S. Undersecretary of State George Ball flew to Paris to try to persuade NATO nations to restrict the extravagant credit terms they were offering Communist buyers. The Europeans retorted that Ball couldn't be serious; hadn't America itself now decided to sell wheat to the Soviets?

Scalpels and hydrofoils

State Department men tend to be tolerant, realizing that our European allies, far more than the U.S., live by trade. But some cases ignite bitterness. Last winter, when the Soviet Union tried to place an order for oil pipe in West Germany, American officials insisted that the pipe was a strategic item and pressured the West German government into rejecting the order. Whereupon, in the bitter words of Sen. Karl Mundt (Rep., S. Dak.), "our British cousins who sensed a chance to 'make a quick buck,' picked up the contract." The West Germans, having bowed to U.S. preachments, felt deceived by the U.S. decision to sell wheat to the Soviets. "Only the stupidest calves choose their own butcher," sneered Chancellor Adenauer, then in his last week in office. The U.S. retorted that West Germany had shipped 603,000 tons of flour behind the Curtain last year, much of it presumably milled from U.S. wheat.

Frustration over such dealings has helped change American attitudes toward trade with the Soviet.

"Why should we cut our throats by letting our competitors overseas sell to the Russians while we can't?" asks Chairman Fred S. Burg of Burgmaster Corp., a West Coast machine-tool firm. Already, without waiting for new trade agreements, many U.S. businessmen are asking what products the Soviet Union needs and might like to buy.

"In the last ten months they have been trying to buy a fantastic number of processes from us," says a European oil executive. "They won't take no for an answer. They would take anything the Americans could give them in this field."

Soviet commercial agents have contacted a number of U.S. firms. Union Carbide men have been to Moscow to discuss Russian chemical needs. Joy Manufacturing Co. of Pittsburgh recently negotiated a $10 million deal to supply the Soviets with potash mining equipment. Spencer Chemicals of Kansas City is negotiating a sale of one million dollars' worth of herbicides for wheat fields. "I think we ought to be after this business," says Spencer chairman C. Y. Thomas. "There's a whole new mood now."

Many U.S. businessmen, of course, are restrained by concern for public opinion or their own consciences. Brooks McCormick, executive vice president of International Harvester Co., says his company declined to bid on a Soviet order for farm equipment because "our shareholders might legitimately ask how we can oppose Soviet ideology with one hand and sell them equipment with the other."

McCormick also feared the Russians might copy Harvester machines. Having no patent agreements with the U.S., the Soviets often indulge in unscrupulous "prototype buying." "The Russians always bargain hard to get the lowest possible price," says a New York executive who has been dealing with them for 40 years. "That's OK with us. Sometimes, however, they ask to see blueprints of the product before they buy. Then they buy one or two machines, and use them as prototypes in developing their own equipment. This is simple industrial espionage."

Recently the Soviets have shown an interest in patent agreements—possibly because, as their technology advances, they become vulnerable to the same kind of piracy. "We have sensed a real change in our Russian contacts," says Martin Pollack of National Patent Development Corp., which specializes in arranging patent deals. "We think that when they make an agreement, they'll keep it."

There are, however, more-fundamental obstacles. Most nations pay for imports by exporting roughly the same amount of goods. But the United States is not much interested in buying the oil, coal, timber and cotton which make up the bulk of the Soviets' exports to Western Europe.

Soviet commercial attaché Evgeny Shershnev declares that it's old-fashioned for Americans to think of Russian goods in terms of caviar and furs, suggesting that we might find good buys in Russian surgical instruments and metal-casting processes. Russian agents in New York are trying to peddle such things as hydrofoil boats, oral-contraceptive pills and Silicalisite, a building material which mixes sand and lime without cement to make concrete. The Ealing Corp., a Boston importer, describes a shipment of Russian optical instruments as "the best dollar value we have seen." Ealing paid $15 for Soviet instruments that would have cost $300 had they been made in the U.S.

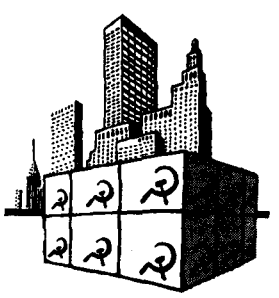
Still, most U.S. businessmen would much rather sell to the Soviets than buy from them. Payment in gold could overcome the trade imbalance, of course. But Khrushchev will probably conserve his gold for essentials like meeting a wheat shortage. "He certainly isn't going to spend gold buying American cars or iceboxes," says a New York banker.

Any Soviet merchandise trying to reach U.S. markets must cross high tariff walls and meet stiff competition from the goods of the U.S. and its allies. Russian vodka carries a 35 percent higher duty than liquor from Western Europe, and Soviet manganese is charged four times the tariff levied on ores from other nations. Seven Russian furs—including ermine, but not sable—are totally embargoed. "The Soviets would like to sell us sheet glass," notes a Commerce official, "but our glass industry would object."

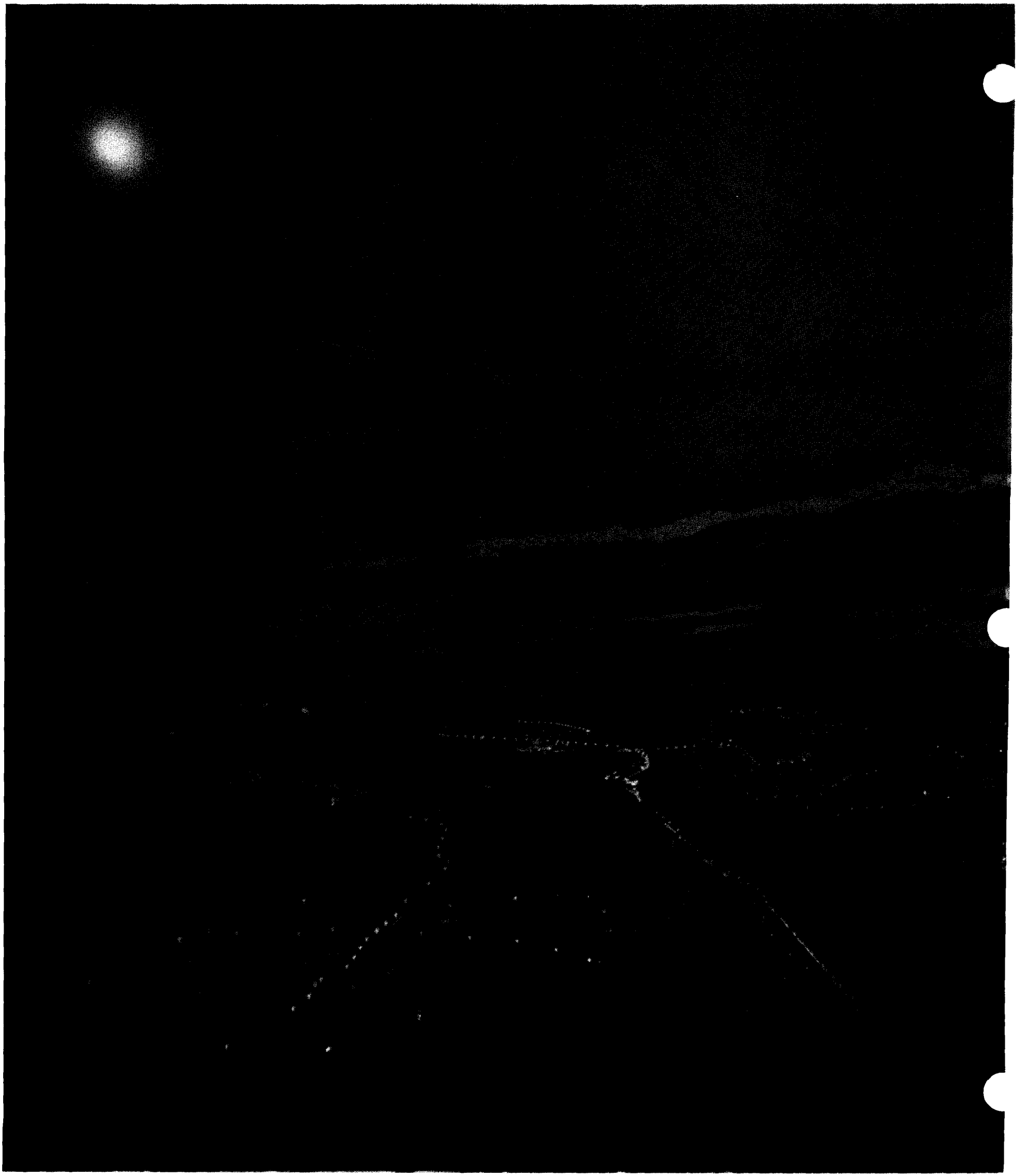
Even if all embargoes and tariff differentials were removed, trade experts believe the volume of Soviet exports to the United States would probably not go much over $50 million, or about three times its current level. And most of this rise would come in imports the United States already gets from the Russians.

Yet this ripple in the vast currents of international trade could have political importance of first magnitude. President Kennedy was so convinced of this that he pushed the wheat deal at the risk of political damage at home. To turn the Russians down, as he saw it, would "convince their leaders that we are either too hostile or too timid to take any further steps toward peace . . . and that the logical course for them is a renewal of the Cold War."

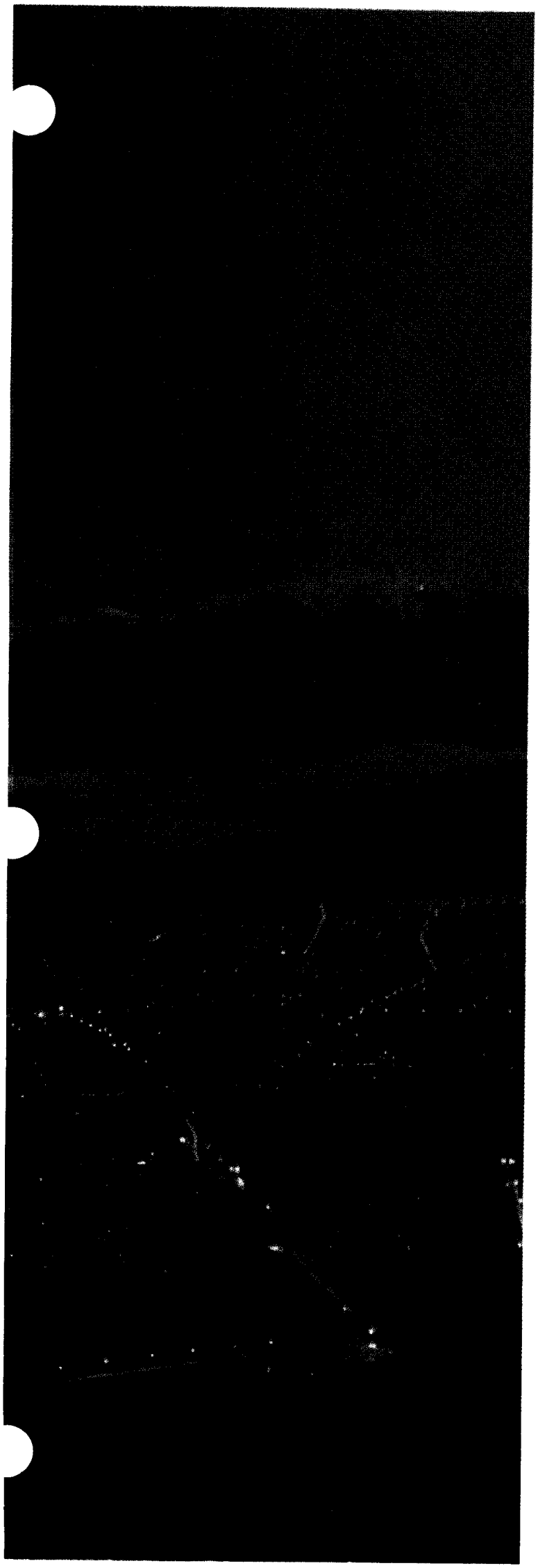
The new Administration seems ready to take still further steps—and further risks—in that direction. THE END



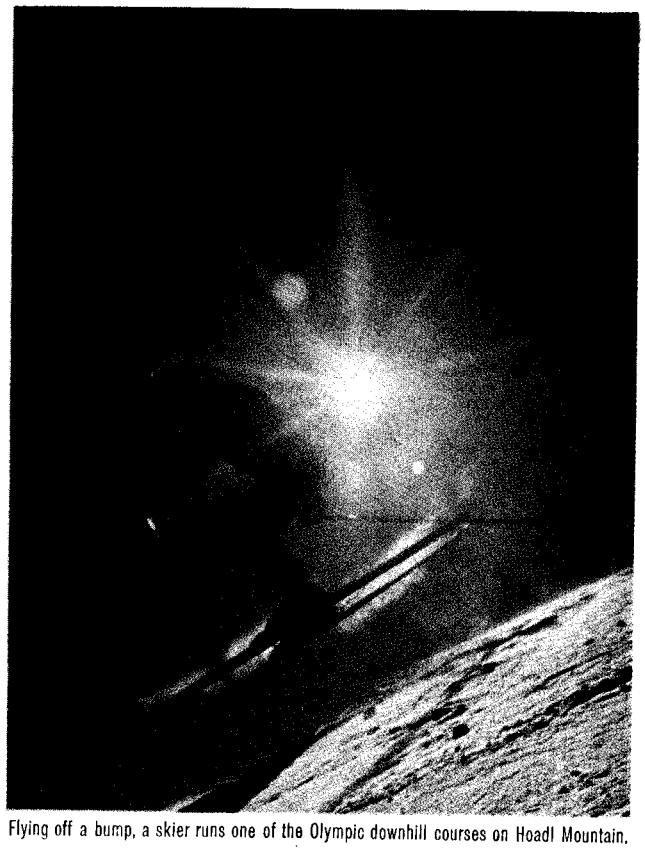
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Astride the Inn River, amid the Tyrolean Alps, Innsbruck is rich in history and fast downhill courses.



Flying off a bump, a skier runs one of the Olympic downhill courses on Hoadl Mountain.

OUR UNDERDOGS AT INNSBRUCK

Beset by misfortune and inexperience, the U.S. team enters these Winter Olympics with more hope than promise.

by Frank Graham Jr.

This week more than 100 young American men and women will take their skis, skates and sleds to Innsbruck in the Austrian Tyrol for the Ninth Olympic Winter Games. Each goes in quest of that grail of Olympic competition—the gold medal for a first place. At ancient Innsbruck the Americans, their chances dimmed by tragedy and inexperience, hope to span the immeasurable gap between champions and also-rans.

"There are only two places in any race—first and last," says Wallace (Bud) Werner of Steamboat Springs, Colo., America's finest skier. Solemnly he adds, "I want first."

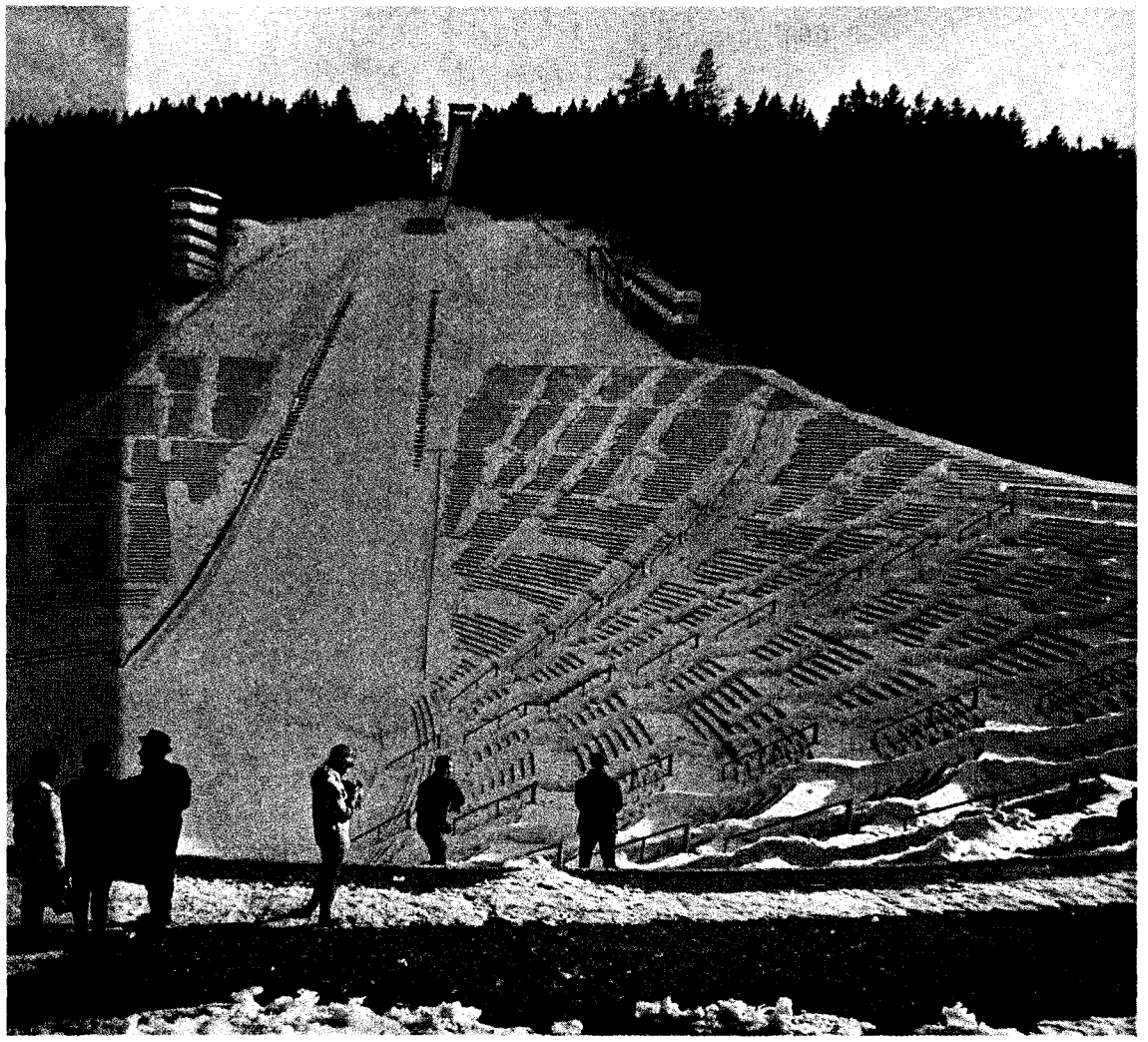
This sort of inspirational remark, which elsewhere might clink like a cliché, resounds authentically in the Tyrolean Alps. Innsbruck lies 1,880 feet above sea level, in the broad green valley of the Inn River. On the north side of the Inn, the city briefly climbs the steep side of the mountain, but soon exhausts itself and so remains a valley settlement. It is best to enter Innsbruck from the south, along the road that winds through the mountains from the Brenner Pass. The road bends, and there Innsbruck lies, in the valley below, with the bold, fissured limestone façade of the North Range rising to 5,600 feet on the distant side.

"A flashing pearl in laurel wreaths," Rudolph Baumbach called Innsbruck. Herr Baumbach was a poet. The sub-lyrical tourist will detect spires and chimneys, bridges and trolley lines. On closer inspection there are shop windows, alive with colors and textures: pastries and cheeses and smoked fish, ski sweaters, dirndl dresses and shining leather boots. An accordion (lively, melodious inhale and exhale) sounds through the half-opened door of a winehouse. At night the mountains vanish north and south, and the lights at the ski lodges near the peaks seem to come from houses suspended in the sky.

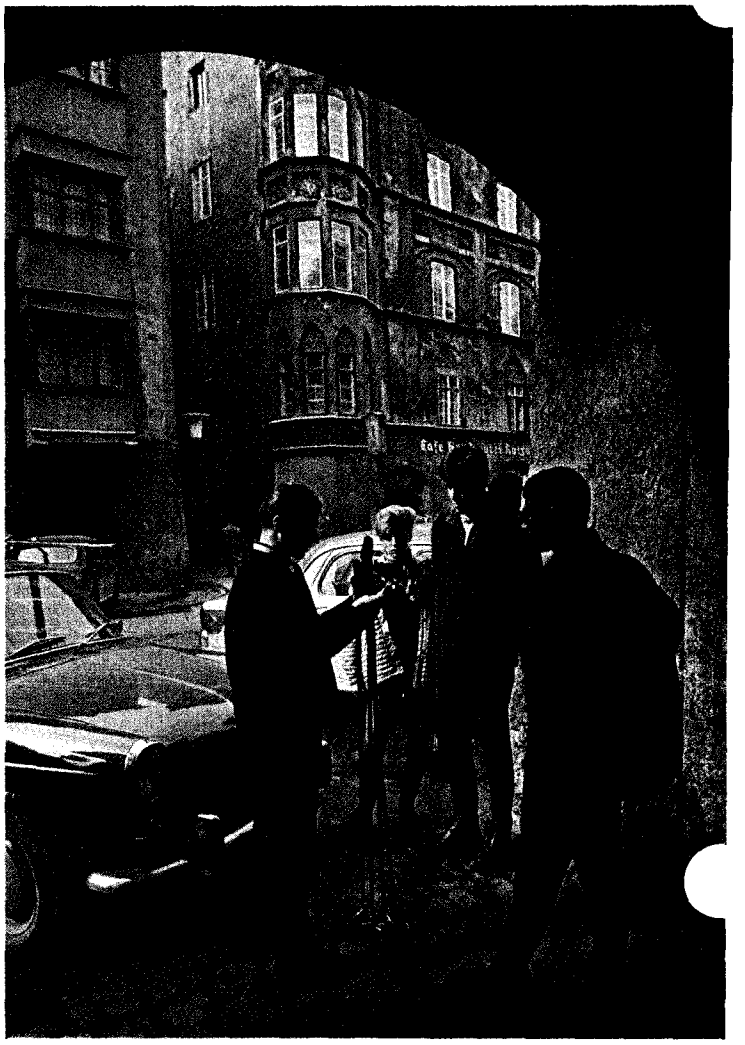
Innsbruck is now a city of 104,000 people. Its position on one of Europe's medieval north-south trade routes has brought it alternate periods of prosperity and strife. Though Allied bombers pounded Innsbruck during World War II, and its railroad station and two principal hotels had to be rebuilt completely, the heart of the old city remains intact, a cluster of late medieval and baroque buildings drawn tight by tangled little streets. Here is the gilded stuff

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Riding the single chair lift at the popular Seegrube Ski Area behind the city of Innsbruck, weekend skiers glide toward the summit to test their skill on one of the downhill courses that Olympic competitors have been using for practice runs.



Surrounding the landing area of the Berg Isel Jump, specially constructed for these Olympics, stand spacious, comfortable spectator accommodations.



A group of young skiers pause in their day's activity under an arch in an old section of Innsbruck.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American men have never won a skiing medal in the history of Winter Olympics. But this year Coach Bob Beattie claims they have a chance.

of guidebooks—churches, palaces, inns (Goethe stayed here, Paganini stayed there), winehouses and shops.

But one doesn't stare for long at monuments and palaces in Tyrol. The natural world is too insistent. Glancing into the placid lily pond in Innsbruck's well-groomed Court Garden, the visitor is startled, then delighted, by the overbearing reflection of the mountains behind him. Here, too, is history of a sort: Modern skiing was developed nearby, in the mountains of the Arlberg, less than a half-century ago. To bring the Winter Olympics to Innsbruck is as fitting as it would be to stage the track-and-field games on the plains of Greece.

Austria, host to these Olympic Games, has provided competitive facilities in keeping with their setting. On forest-clad mountains flanking the valleys to the south of Innsbruck, detachments of the Austrian Federal Army went to work last year with bulldozers and axes. Evergreens fell, stumps were pulled and grass seed planted. Snow, guaranteed in this winter world, completed the job.

Now, ribbons of white twist through dark-green forests. Typical of them is the 3400-meter men's downhill course, which descends the face of the Patscherkofel, and the various slalom and giant slalom courses on the Birgitzkopfl. At Seefeld, on a wooded plateau 15 miles northwest of Innsbruck, the cross-country course has been hacked out. This course, through dense forests where the visibility is sometimes only a few yards, and over wooden bridges spanning Alpine streams, is a test of skill as well as endurance.

The new Olympic jump hill at Berg Isel, south of Innsbruck, was opened for competition a year ago. "It's a dandy," says Art Tokle, America's jumping coach. "Beautifully constructed." From the top of the hill it will seem to the jumpers for a single exciting moment that they are going to sail right into the center of Innsbruck. At the bottom of the hill, in the Greek amphitheater built with standing room for 60,000 spectators, the 1964 games will be officially opened.

On the slopes around Innsbruck, American skiers hope to prove they have at last come of age. Until recently we were about as highly regarded on skis as the Ethiopians. No American man has ever won a medal (gold for first place, silver for second or bronze for third) in an Olympic skiing event. Our girls have brought home three gold medals.

Skiing, which Austrians call "The White Art," has been the showcase of the Winter Olympics since their beginning in 1924. It is divided into two classifications, Alpine (the downhill and two slalom races) and Nordic (special jumping and cross-country racing and jumping combined). Where in the past there used to be a lot of talk among the Americans of "spirit" (there being little else to discuss), U.S. ski coaches now display pride in their athletes' skill and potential.

The one American skier who has made the Europeans nervous for a long time is Bud Werner. Not only the best but the most experienced Alpine skier from the United States, the 27-year-old Werner has been an international star for 10 years.

Arriving in Europe a few weeks ago for the pre-Olympic meets, Werner proved the effectiveness of his arduous conditioning campaign last summer. He took off in the first big international meet of the season at Val-d'Isère, France, and won the special slalom and the slalom combined. Today this boyishly handsome, strongly built athlete is generally better known in Europe than in his native country.

"Werner was once one of the few Americans who devoted himself to skiing in the dedicated way the great Europeans have," Bob Sheehan, ski coach of Middlebury College, in Vermont, has said. "Almost as important, Bud got his experience in Europe against Europeans."

What was once true chiefly of Werner is becoming more and more the rule with America's Olympic skiers. When coach Bob Beattie says that this is the strongest team America has ever had, he is not basing his evaluation on wishful thinking. Like Werner, the other Americans have developed international reputations.

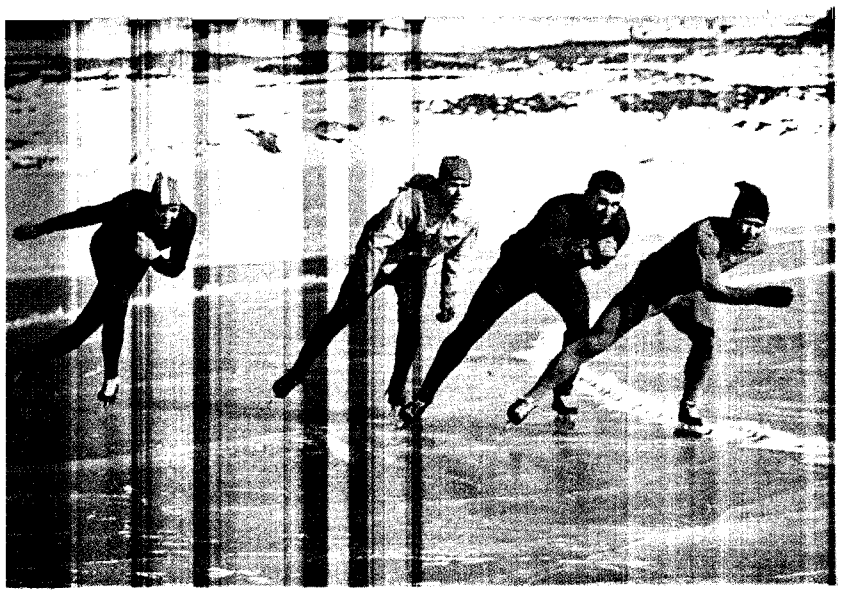
Jim Heuga, a 20-year-old racer from Tahoe City, Calif., is one of our stars in the slalom. When he was only 18, he skied with the American team in the world championships at Chamonix, France, and finished fifth in the combined. Later he won the slalom at Saint-Moritz. Chuck Ferries, a 24-year-old senior at the University of Denver, is a holdover from the 1960 Olympic squad. In 1962 he won two important European slaloms—at Kitzbühel and Cortina. Last winter he won the slalom at the Nationals and finished second (behind Werner) in the combined. Billy Marolt won the downhill at the Nationals a year ago.

In the past we have relied on the girls to bring home our skiing medals. Gretchen Fraser won America's first Alpine gold medal in the 1948 slalom, and Andrea Mead Lawrence won two (slalom and giant slalom) at Oslo in 1952. Penny Pitou came close at Squaw Valley in 1960, finishing only a second behind the winners in both the downhill and the giant slalom.

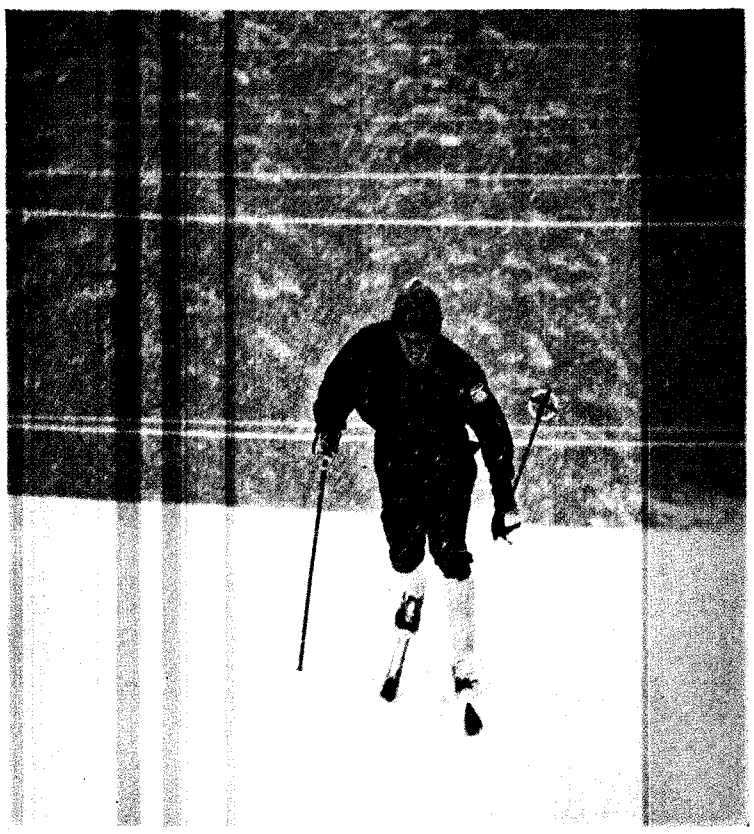
Skiing, in fact, is one of the sports in which American girls fare well against European muscle molls. Perhaps our abundance of skilled candidates is not really so puzzling. Not even the prospect of a gold medal can entice many American women into making a public appearance in clothes suitable for throwing the javelin or running the 200-meter dash. Skiing is a different matter. A lady can

John Balfanz, training at Mühlbach am Hochkönig, Austria, shows the form that makes him the top Olympic jumper.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Four top American speed skaters—Ed Rudolph, Tom Gray, Terry McDermott and Bill Disney—train in Colorado.



American cross-country team member Mike Elliott practices for Olympic tryouts in a blinding snowstorm.

Jean Saubert, one of America's best women Alpine skiers, makes an easy run at Val-d'Isère, France.

On paper, a U.S. team of contenders. But on snow and ice, the story may be written another way.

indulge simultaneously in the giant slalom and high fashion.

America's brightest hope among the girls this year is Jean Saubert, a 21-year-old junior from Oregon State University. A year ago she won almost every American title that was up for grabs. She skied well, too, in the world championships at Chamonix in 1962, and impressed the Europeans again a few weeks ago when she won the giant slalom and the combined at Val-d'Isère.

Perhaps one of the reasons we are given so little chance in the Nordic events is that we are not sending a women's team. This classification is made up of the cross-country racing and jumping combined, and the special jumping. Our perennial failure here is not so much the result of America's general "softness" as it is a lack of experience.

America's best cross-country racer is Mike Elliott, a student at Colorado's Fort Lewis College, who is only 20 years old. And there is the heart of America's problem. The great long-distance skiers are traditionally older men, taught and toughened by years of experience. Many of Elliott's foreign opponents will be 10 years his senior. There has never been the incentive for American long-distance skiers to remain competitive amateurs long enough to acquire the necessary experience. "Hiking and cross-country skiing are much more popular recreations in Europe than they are in this country," Adolph Kuss, our cross-country coach, says. "If we're going to catch up, we'll just have to improve the efficiency and intensity of our training programs."

It is in the special jumping class, one of the most exciting winter events, that we have made perceptible progress. John Balfanz of Minneapolis heads a fine young team. Now 23, Balfanz has accumulated vital experience in European meets. He was a member of the American team at the world championships in 1962, and last year he was sent to Europe again to prepare for the Olympics.

Other American jumping stars are Gene Kotlarek and Ansten Samuelstuen. Kotlarek, a 23-year-old graduate of the University of Minnesota, was highly rated before the 1960 Olympics. He fell badly at Squaw Valley, then slumped for a couple of years. Last winter he snapped out of it and set a new American record with a 322-foot jump to win the nationals. Samuelstuen, the old man of the squad at 34, was born in Norway. He became a United States citizen in 1954 and finished seventh for us in the 1960 Olympics.

Art Tokle, a brother of the famous Torger Tokle and a former Olympic jumper himself, was appointed the American team's jumping coach a year ago. Last winter he led a group of Americans on a European tour.

"The Europeans have revolutionized jumping in the last few years," Tokle says. "In the old days you relied on a power takeoff to get distance. The new hills are built differently. You pick up more speed. You don't jump as high, but you go farther."

The Americans, touring Europe two years ago, found themselves dropping 25 meters behind the best foreign jumpers. Now, as Balfanz has shown, the adaptable Americans can compete and win on European hills. Balfanz, in practice, exceeded the 91-meter jump, which is the record for the new Olympic hill. At Innsbruck they are not likely to stand about gawking at the Nordic demigods. Perhaps Balfanz best sums up the end of our age of innocence. "Recknagel," he says without awe of East Germany's great champion Helmut Recknagel, "is a nice guy."

There will be other events on the snow, in none of which the United States expects to earn any medals. In the past we have produced bobsled champions, but this is not the year. The Italians now dominate this fast, exciting sport. Eugenio Monti's crews have won every recent title except an Olympic gold medal; there were no bobsled events at Squaw Valley in 1960. We also have teams entered in luge (tobogganing) and the biathlon (cross-country skiing and rifle shooting).

If training and hard work have made the United States a threat in the Alpine and special jumping events, tragedy has dimmed our chances in figure skating. Once our figure skaters dominated the world. Our men (Dick Button, Hayes Alan Jenkins and David Jenkins) have picked up every gold medal in singles since World War II. Tenley Albright won the women's gold medal in 1956, and Carol Heiss won it in 1960.

Then, on February 15, 1961, a plane carrying the United States team to the world figure-skating championships crashed at Brussels. Seventeen skaters, the best amateurs in the country, were killed. A memorial fund, established after the accident, has provided clinics, films and foreign tours to help revive our figure-skating program.

The best young skaters to rush into the talent vacuum are Tom Litz, Scott Allen, Monty Hoyt and Lorraine Hanlon. Litz, the United States men's champion, sprained his ankle and withdrew from the 1963 world championships. Lorraine Hanlon of Boston, our national women's champion, is as close as we can come to Carol Heiss. In 1963, when she was only 17 years old, Lorraine placed tenth in the world championships.

Speed skating belongs to the Scandinavians and the Russians. Our only triumph since the war was Ken Henry's gold medal in the 500-meter race at the 1952 Olympics. It is unlikely that the United States will spring a similar surprise this year. The outlook in ice hockey is nearly as bleak; the Americans (defending their 1960 gold medal) are now apparently no match for the Canadians, Russians and Swedes.

Skiers, skaters and sledders, these will carry our flag into Innsbruck to face almost 1,000 athletes from 34 other nations. On paper we have a squad of contenders, not champions. On snow and ice the story may be written another way—by young Americans with names like Werner, Saubert and Balfanz. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blasting through the men's giant slalom course at Val-d'Isère, in which he finished sixth, Bud Werner polishes the technique that makes him the United States' No. 1 hope to win an Alpine gold medal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sooner or later, in the
ancient battle of the sexes,
fate is bound to favor the male.
However long his wife
has ridiculed his blunders,
she will someday pull an even
more monumental boner.

BLACK DEATH ON THE LIVING-ROOM FLOOR

By H. ALLEN SMITH

Back yonder in the Jurassic Age when I was courting her in the hammock-lands of South Florida, she told me the story of The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily.

This remarkable incident, which demonstrates one of the special vagaries of the human race, dated back to her high-school days in a small town in middle Missouri. There was an afternoon party for girls of the sophomore class. One girl—let us call her Myrt Bagnell—achieved irrevocable immortality at that party, solely through accident. There were small plates, and in each plate a tiny lacy-edged paper doily, and on the doily a mound of strawberry ice cream. Miss Myrt Bagnell came of good stock—quality, you might say—but she was a high-strung, nervous girl, self-conscious in public yet eager to make a good impression. So she ate the ice cream, and then she ate the doily.

From that unhappy day forward she was often pointed out, especially to visitors in the town, and everyone knew the story, and she was often referred to as The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily. She was, in a sense, the town's celebrity. That's the way it goes in life—one little no-account doily, and a girl is marked for life.

I did not visit my wife's hometown until many years later. When we did finally make it, I expected to find a community of retired rubes and snuff-dipping chawbacons. Not so. It was a neat, trim, well-ordered town of neat, trim and well-ordered people. They gave a party for us at the home of a prominent businessman, and after things had started rolling, a handsome woman came up the granitoid walk and entered the house. Immediately people began congregating around me and whispering, "Here she comes. The one, you know, who ate the doily." They knew I had expressed an interest in this lady, and so I made her acquaintance, and found her to be witty and intelligent and charming. I confess that I felt some compassion for her, because I knew that the misadventure of the doily would follow her unrelentingly to the grave.

Still, down through the years I continued to josh my wife about the caliber of the people who lived in her hometown, with special reference always to The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily. Then I began, in a figurative sense, to eat a whole series of paper doilies.

One of the first incidents was The Awful Night of the Ball Peen Hammer. We were living in a small house in a commuter town snuggled up against the Hudson River. One night I was awakened by a noise belowstairs, a rattling sound as if someone were trying to force open a door. I got out of bed and went to a window and noted that no wind was blowing. I thought of wakening my wife, so she could witness my heroics, but I didn't do it. I crept down the stairs in my bare feet, made a left turn into the kitchen, gentled open a closet door, groped inside and came out with a ball peen hammer in my grip. I hefted it a couple of times, noting its nice balance. What a weapon! Armed with that hammer alone, I felt that I could have won for Custer at Little Bighorn.

Now I heard the rattle again, and I moved slowly into the living room and glanced toward the front door. There was a quarter moon and I could move about without banging into furniture, and I could detect shadowy objects outdoors. The front door was a full-length sheet of plate glass, and as I fixed my eyes on it, I detected something moving on the porch. I moved slowly across the room, hammer poised above my shoulder, ready for a skull-shattering blow. (*Continued*)

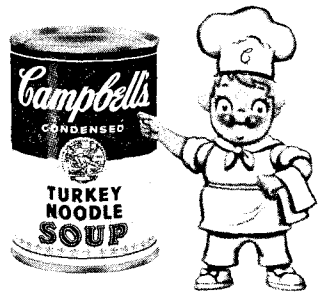
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to talk turkey to your teen-agers

(when they're there and you're away)

Worry about their getting a good lunch when you have to be out? Then leave them one they can't resist: Campbell's Turkey Noodle Soup and their favorite sandwiches. Just about everyone will love that soup . . . delicious turkey, golden egg noodles in rich turkey broth. And anyone can heat it in four minutes.

Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*



More than 30 kinds (M'm! M'm! Good!)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW YOU CAN OWN A MAGNIFICENT Norman Rockwell MEMORIAL CANVAS OF THIS FAMOUS AMERICAN

Premium Service Company (A subsidiary of The Curtis Publishing Co.)
P.O. Box 596, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

Please send me the NORMAN ROCKWELL reproduction of the **J. F. KENNEDY** portrait on canvas, framed in limed oak, postpaid. ($9.95)

Name.....

Street or R.D. .....

City.....Zone.....State.....

$..... Payment enclosed
(Pa. residents add 5% sales tax.)
Enclose check or money order, do not send cash.

GUARANTEE
If not completely satisfied with your KENNEDY portrait reproduction return within 10 days for full refund.

Yes, this stunning portrait is a remarkable replica of the original. True, rich colors are transferred to artist's canvas by an amazing new process producing a reproduction that is almost indistinguishable from the NORMAN ROCKWELL oil painting.

The distinctive texture of the canvas becomes an actual part of the picture giving it that rare quality so highly prized in valuable oil paintings.

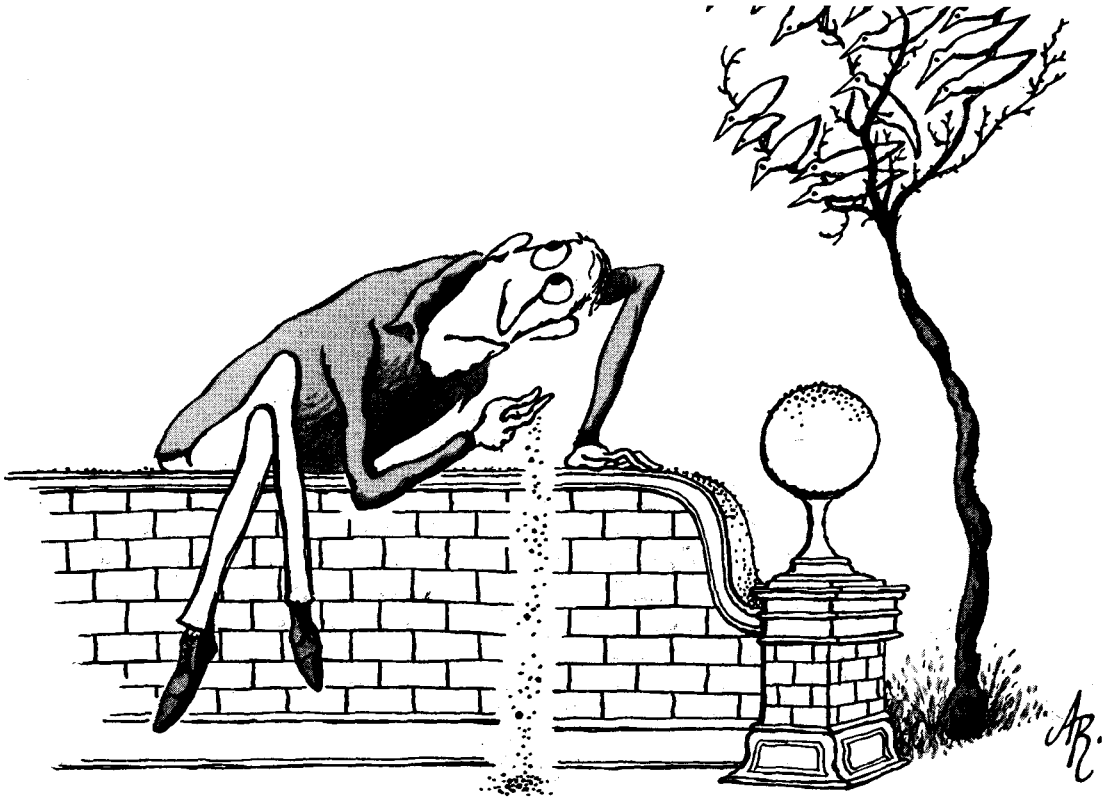
Each canvas is hand mounted on artist's stretchers for lasting beauty. An attractive limed oak frame further enhances value and appearance. Framed size 13″ x 13¾″.

Price complete now only $9.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLACK DEATH

Every husband knows the anguish of having his wife tell about experiences like The Awful Night of the Ball-Peen Hammer or The Red Rain From Outer Space.



As I inched closer to the door I was able to get a better idea of The Presence outside. It was a man all right. I could only see him as a blob of ectoplasm, but he was there. He was not aware of the trap that was being set for him, because he was now creeping up close to the door. I continued moving forward. Never before or since have I displayed such magnificent courage. I shudder and chill today just thinking about it.

I now arrived within a couple of feet of the plate glass, and he was now within striking distance on the other side of the door. I thought I saw his hand move toward the doorknob. I began talking in a low voice, something on this order: "All right, you dirty so-and-so, you asked for it; here it comes!"

I poised myself on the bare balls of my feet, moved the hammer backward a couple of inches to increase the murderous arc, took a deep breath, tensed my muscles, and ——

Somebody grabbed my arm from behind and cried, "No! Don't! . . . *Don't . . . do it!*"

I almost fainted. I let out a yowl of pure fright and turned, and in the dimness saw it was my wife. I shrieked at her and whirled around to tackle the intruder on the porch. My wife now yelled at me: "There's nobody out there! You were about to hit your own reflection in the glass!"

I couldn't believe it for a moment, couldn't believe that I had been so stupid, but then I saw that it was true. I had broken out in a cold sweat and I was trembling. I turned on the light and went to the kitchen and fixed a beverage. Not tea.

After that, whenever in company I maligned my wife's native town with the tale of The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily, she would retaliate with a detailed account of The Awful Night of the Ball-Peen Hammer.

It was a sort of game, and I didn't particularly enjoy playing it. I knew I had a job ahead of me. I had to catch *her* in one, a real good one, a classic piece of domestic blundering. But years went by, and while her mistakes and misjudgments were beyond numbering, they were all quite minor-league. Meanwhile I, the perfect man, embarked on a series of bumbling botcheries that could only be explained by eccentric sunspots, voodoo, or a heady infusion of strontium 90. I remember especially painfully the case of The Red Rain From Outer Space.

We bought a home in the country, and one day I was sitting on a stone wall beside the driveway when I noticed that the top of the wall was sprinkled over with a strange, brownish, granular substance. I picked up a few of the grains and examined them, and crumbled them, and I now saw that they were spread evenly all along the top of the wall. It was obvious that they had fallen from somewhere, rained down on my premises. I thought back to Charles Fort and his theories about teleportation—rains of strange objects from outer space. The more I speculated on the phenomenon, the more I found myself thinking in Fortean, supernatural terms. I walked around to the kitchen door and spoke to my wife.

"Look at these," I said, extending my hand. She looked at them.

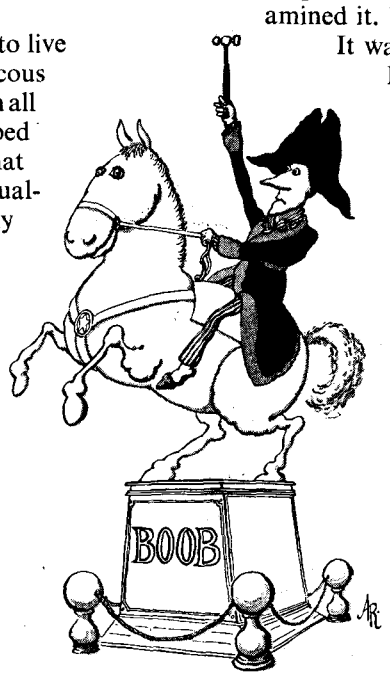
"Most astonishing thing," I said. "This stuff must have rained out of the sky. I've eliminated every other possibility—and I'm the guy who poked fun at old Charles Fort."

"Where did you find it?" my wife wanted to know. She seemed unimpressed.

"It's scattered all over the top of the stone wall," I told her.

She started laughing. "You are a dope," she said. "What you've got there is Grape Nuts. Nothing but stale Grape Nuts. I sprinkled them out there for the birds."

I thought I'd never be able to live that one down—me, the raucous crusader against superstition in all its forms. I still hadn't trapped her in a single misadventure that could compare, in dramatic quality, to the mounting list of my own. And then just recently I added another. We were watching a play on television. The telephone rang, and I hopped up and crossed the room and picked it up and said, "Hello." Nothing. Nobody. A dial tone. My wife leaned back and howled with laughter. It had been, of course, a phone ringing in the television show.



Later that same evening it happened. We had quit television and were reading. I recall that I went to the kitchen and got a thick slice of watermelon and brought it back to the living room. As I savored the melon's rich and juicy sweetness, I considered how things had been shaping up. I could never win. The score was too lopsided. I was trying in my mind to formulate the terms of an armistice. I would never again kid her in public about the intelligence quotient of those people in Missouri, about The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily.

Our house is surrounded by meadow and deep forest. We are continually subject to invasion by small varmints—field mice, little black spiders, small crickets of an ebony color, occasional beetles. Whenever we spot one of these creatures parading insolently across the floor, we move fast and pounce. We swat them, or slam down a sheet of tissue on them, or if they are moving fast we stomp them.

So, suddenly my wife put her book aside and stood up. She had spotted a dark invader off to her left. She moved swiftly and stomped. "Got him!" she said, and stomped hard a second time, and then a third just to make certain. Now she grabbed a piece of tissue and picked up the corpse and moved back to the light and examined it. Her expression of triumph faded.

It was a shiny black watermelon seed that had somehow squirted away from me.

I had her at last. Oh, how I had her!

The armistice is now in effect. I am no longer to mention The One, You Know, Who Ate the Doily. She in turn is not to tell people of The Awful Night of the Ball-Peen Hammer, or of The Red Rain From Outer Space.

And finally I have solemnly agreed that I will never tell even our closest friends about The One, You Know, Who Stomped the Watermelon Seed to Death. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After

A foreword by the author

This play is not "about" something; hopefully, it is something. And primarily it is a way of looking at man and his human nature as the only source of the violence which has come closer and closer to destroying the race. It is a view which does not look toward social or political ideas as the creators of violence, but into the nature of the human being himself. It should be clear now that no people or political system has a monopoly on violence. It is also clear that the one common denominator in all violent acts is the human being.

The first real "story" in the Bible is the murder of Abel. Before this drama there is only a featureless Paradise. But in that Eden there was peace because man had no consciousness of himself nor any knowledge of sex or his separateness from plants or other animals. Presumably we are being told that the human being becomes "himself" in the act of becoming aware of his sinfulness. He "is" what he is ashamed of.

After all, the infraction of Eve is that she opened up the knowledge of good and evil. She presented Adam with a choice. So that where choice begins, Paradise ends, Innocence ends, for what is Paradise but the absence of any need to choose this action? And two alternatives open out of Eden. One is Cain's alternative—or, if you will, Oswald's; to express without limit one's unbridled inner compulsion, in this case to murder, and to plead unawareness as a virtue and a defense. The other course is what roars through the rest of the Bible and all history—the struggle of the human race through the millennia to pacify the destructive impulses of man, to express his wishes for greatness, for wealth, for accomplishment, for love, but without turning law and peace into chaos.

The question which finally comes into the open in this play is, how is that pacification to be attained? Quentin, the central character, arrives on the scene weighed down with a sense of his own pointlessness and the world's. His success as an attorney has crumbled in his hands as he sees only his own egotism in it and no wider goal beyond himself. He has lived through two wrecked marriages. His desperation is too serious, too deadly to permit him to blame others for it. He is desperate for a clear view of his own responsibility for his life, and this because he has recently found a woman he feels he can love, and who loves him; he cannot take another life into his hands hounded as he is by self-doubt. He is faced, in short, with what Eve brought to Adam—the terrifying fact of choice. And to choose, one must know oneself, but no man knows himself who cannot face the murder in him, the sly and everlasting complicity with the forces of destruction. The apple cannot be stuck back on the Tree of Knowledge; once we begin to see, we are doomed and challenged to seek the strength to see more, not less. When Cain was questioned, he stood amazed and asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Oswald's first words on being taken were, "I didn't do anything." And what country has ever gone into war proclaiming anything but injured innocence? Murder and violence require Innocence, whether real or cultivated. And through Quentin's agony in this play there runs the everlasting temptation of Innocence, that deep desire to return to when, it seems, he was in fact without blame. To that elusive time, which persists in all our minds, when somehow everything was part of us and we so pleasurably at one with others and everything merely "happened" to us. But the closer he examines those seemingly unified years the clearer it becomes that his Paradise keeps slipping back and back. For there was always his awareness, always the choice, always the conflict between his own needs and desires and the impediments others put in his way. Always, and from the beginning, the panorama of human beings raising up in him and in each other the temptation of the final solution to the problem of being a self at all—the solution of obliterating whatever stands in the way, thus destroying what is loved as well.

This play, then, is a trial; the trial of a man by his own conscience, his own values, his own deeds. The "Listener," who to some will be a psychoanalyst, to others God, is Quentin himself turned at the edge of the abyss to look at his experience, his nature and his time in order to bring to light, to seize and—innocent no more—to forever guard against his own complicity with Cain, and the world's.

But a work of fiction, like an accident witnessed in the street, inevitably gives rise to many differing accounts. Some will call it a play "about" Puritanism, or "about" incest, or "about" the transformation of guilt into responsibility, or whatever. For me it is as much a fact in itself as a new bridge. And in saying this I only dare to express what so many American writers are trying to bring to pass—the day when our novels, plays, pictures and poems will indeed enter into the business of the day, the mindless flight from our own actual experience, a flight which empties out the soul.

Arthur Miller

Arthur Miller roughed out his ideas for the stage

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fall

COMPLETE TEXT OF THE NEW PLAY

By Arthur Miller

...ine brought to his home in Roxbury, Conn., last summer by play's director Elia Kazan.

Arthur Miller's long-awaited new play opened last week under extraordinary circumstances. This is the first production of the newly established Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center in New York City, which is the first permanent repertory theater in the United States. Mr. Miller has created a powerful drama as the first vital gift to what should become an enduring American institution. *The Post* is proud to take part in this national experience by publishing the complete play just a few days after opening night. This is a pioneering effort for *The Post* and for magazine publishing. Distinguished talent in each field contributed; Jo Mielziner designed the sets; David Amram composed the music; and Elia Kazan directed the play, working with Miller for the first time since he did Death of a Salesman. The photographs accompanying the play on these pages were taken during rehearsals by Inge Morath—in private life, Mrs. Arthur Miller.

—THE EDITORS.

The action takes place in the mind, thought, and memory of Quentin. Excepting for one chair there is no furniture in the conventional sense, no walls or substantial boundaries.

The setting consists of three levels rising to the highest at the back, crossing in a curve from one side of the stage to the other. A stairway, center, connects them. Rising above all, and dominating the stage, is the blasted stone tower of a German concentration camp. Its wide lookout windows are like eyes which at the moment seem blind and dark, bent reinforcing rods sticking out of it like broken tentacles.

On the two lower levels are sculpted areas; indeed, the whole effect is neolithic, a lava-like, supple geography in which, like pits and hollows found in lava, the scenes take place. The mind has no color, but its memories are brilliant against the grayness of its landscape. When people sit, they will do so on any of the abutments, ledges or crevices. A scene may start in a confined area, but spread or burst out onto the entire stage, overrunning any other area.

People appear and disappear instantaneously, as in the mind; but it is not necessary that they walk off the stage. The dialogue will make clear who is "alive" at any moment and who is in abeyance.

The effect, therefore, will be the surging, flitting instantaneousness of a mind questing over its own surfaces and into its depths.

© 1964 ARTHUR MILLER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Act One

The stage is dark. Now there is a sense that some figure has moved in the farthest distance, a footstep is heard, then others. As light dimly rises, the persons in the play move in a random way up from beneath the high back platform. A whispering emanates from them. Some sit at once, others come farther downstage, seem to recognize each other, still others move alone and in total separateness; in short, a totally random congery of movements in a slow but not dreamlike rhythm. One of them, Quentin, a man in his forties, moves out of this mass and down the depth of the stage to the chair. This chair faces front, the audience. A sharp light now isolates it. All movement ceases. Quentin reaches forward over the chairback to shake the hand of the Listener, who, if he could be seen, would be sitting just beyond the edge of the stage itself.

QUENTIN: Hello! God, it's good to see you again! I'm very well. I hope it wasn't too inconvenient on such short notice. Fine, I just wanted to say hello, really. Thanks.

(*He sits on invitation.*)

How've you been? . . . You look sunburned. Oh! I've never been to South America, you enjoy it? That's nice. Do I?

(*Slight pause.*)

I started to call you a couple of times this year. Last year too. . . . Well, I lost the impulse; I wasn't sure what I wanted to say, and at my age it's discouraging to still have to go wandering around in one's mind. Actually, I called you on the spur of the moment this morning; I have a bit of a decision to make. You know—you mull around about something for months, and all of a sudden there it is and you're at a loss for what to do. Were you able to give me two hours? It might not take that long, but I think it involves a great deal, and I'd rather not rush. Fine.

(*He sets himself to begin, looks off.*)

Ah ——

(*Interrupted, he turns back to Listener, surprised.*)

I've quit the firm, didn't I write you about that? Really! I was sure I'd written. Oh, about fourteen months ago; a few weeks after Maggie died. No, no, I've withdrawn completely; I still hold my interest, such as it is, but I'm out of it. . . . Well, it just got to where I couldn't concentrate on a case anymore; not the way I used to. I felt I was merely in the service of my own success. It all lacked any point. Although I do wonder sometimes if I am simply trying to destroy myself. . . . Well, I have walked away from what passes for an important career. . . . Not very much, I'm afraid; I still live in the hotel, see a few people, read a good deal,

(*Smiles.*)

stare out the window. I don't know why I'm smiling; maybe I feel that's all over now, and I'll harness myself to something again. Although I've had that feeling before and done nothing about it, I ——

(*Again interrupted, he looks surprised.*)

God, I wrote you about *that*, didn't I? Maybe I dream these letters. . . . Mother died. Oh, it's four, five months ago now. Yes, quite suddenly; I was in Germany at the time and . . . it's one of the things I wanted to talk to you about. I . . . met a woman there.

(*He grins.*)

I never thought it could happen again, but we became quite close. In fact, she's arriving tonight for some conference at Columbia—she's an archaeologist. I'm not sure, you see, if I want to lose her, and yet it's outrageous to think of committing myself again. . . . Well, yes, but look at my life. A life, after all, is evidence, and I have two divorces in my safe-deposit box.

(*He stands, moves, thinks.*)

I tell you frankly, I'm a little afraid. . . of who and what I'm bringing to her. And I thought if I could say aloud what I see when I'm alone. . . . Well, for example, this:

(*He sits again, leans forward.*)

You know . . . more and more I think that for many years I looked at life like a case at law, a series of proofs. When you're young, you prove how brave you are, or smart; then, what a good lover; then, a good father; finally, how wise, or powerful or what-the-hell-ever. But underlying it all, I see now, there was a presumption. That I was moving on an upward path toward some elevation, where—God knows what—I would be justified, or even condemned . . . a verdict anyway. I think now that my disaster really began when I looked up one day—and the bench was empty. No judge in sight. And all that remained was the endless argument with oneself—this pointless litigation of existence before an empty bench. Which, of course, is another way of saying—despair. And, of course, despair can be a way of life; but you have to believe in it, pick it up, take it to heart, and move on again. Instead, I seem to be caught; hung up waiting for some believable sign. And the days and the months and now the years are drawing away.

(*Slight pause.*)

A couple of weeks ago I suddenly became aware of a strange fact. With all this darkness, the truth is that every morning when I awake, I'm full of hope! With everything I know . . . I open up my eyes . . . I'm like a boy! For an instant there's some . . . unformed promise in the air. I jump out of bed, I shave, I can't wait to finish breakfast—and then . . . it seeps in my room, my life and its pointlessness. And I thought . . . if I could corner that hope, find what it consists of and either kill it for a lie, or really make it mine. . . .

(*Felice has been coming to light, sitting on the floor in sweater and skirt.*)

FELICE: I just saw you walking by, that's all, and I thought, why don't I talk to you? You do remember me, don't you?

QUENTIN (*Facing Listener with a glance at Felice*): Oh no, I just happened to run into her on the street last month; I'd settled her divorce a few years ago, and she recognized me. . . . And I hadn't had a woman in so long and she obviously wanted to ——

FELICE: No! I just wanted to be near you. I love your face. You have a kind face. You remember in your office, when my husband was refusing to sign the divorce papers? I've always wanted to tell you this ——

QUENTIN (*To Listener*): Whatever I look at, I seem to see its death.

FELICE: Well, see, he was always so childish alone with me; like a little stubborn boy. And when you talked to him—I could see it, he felt like a man. Like he had dignity. And me too. I felt like a grown-up woman. And I swear . . . when we walked out of your office, I—I almost loved him! And he asked me something when we got down in the street. Should I tell you? Or do you know already?

QUENTIN: I'm afraid it's pointless, I don't know why I brought it up.

(*Breaks off, still to Listener.*)

Well, just that he asked her to go to bed with him, one last time. . . .

FELICE: How did you know that!

QUENTIN (*He is caught by her suddenly—his tone is answering her*): Because it's very hard to see the death of love, and simply walk away.

(*He is now turning to face her.*)

FELICE: You think I should have?

QUENTIN: Well, what harm would it have done?

FELICE: That's what *I* wondered! Except, it would be funny, wouldn't it? . . . the same day we got a divorce? See, I wanted it to mean something, the divorce!

QUENTIN: Honey . . . you never stop loving whoever you loved. Hatred doesn't wipe it out.

(*Louise appears, brushing her hair; and Maggie sits up from the upper platform, her breathing beginning to be heard. And he becomes active and agitated, and to the Listener.*)

Why do I make such stupid statements! I don't believe that! These goddamned women have injured me; have I learned nothing?

(*Holga appears beneath the tower, her arms full of flowers.*)

HOLGA: Would you like to see Salzburg? I think they play *The Magic Flute* tonight.

QUENTIN (*He is facing up to her. A pause. He turns back to Listener*): It's that . . . I don't know what I'd be bringing to that girl.

(*Holga is gone, and Maggie and Louise.*)

I don't know what I believe about my own life! . . . What?

(*He turns to Felice.*)

Well, death in the sense that she was trying so hard to be hopeful and I ——

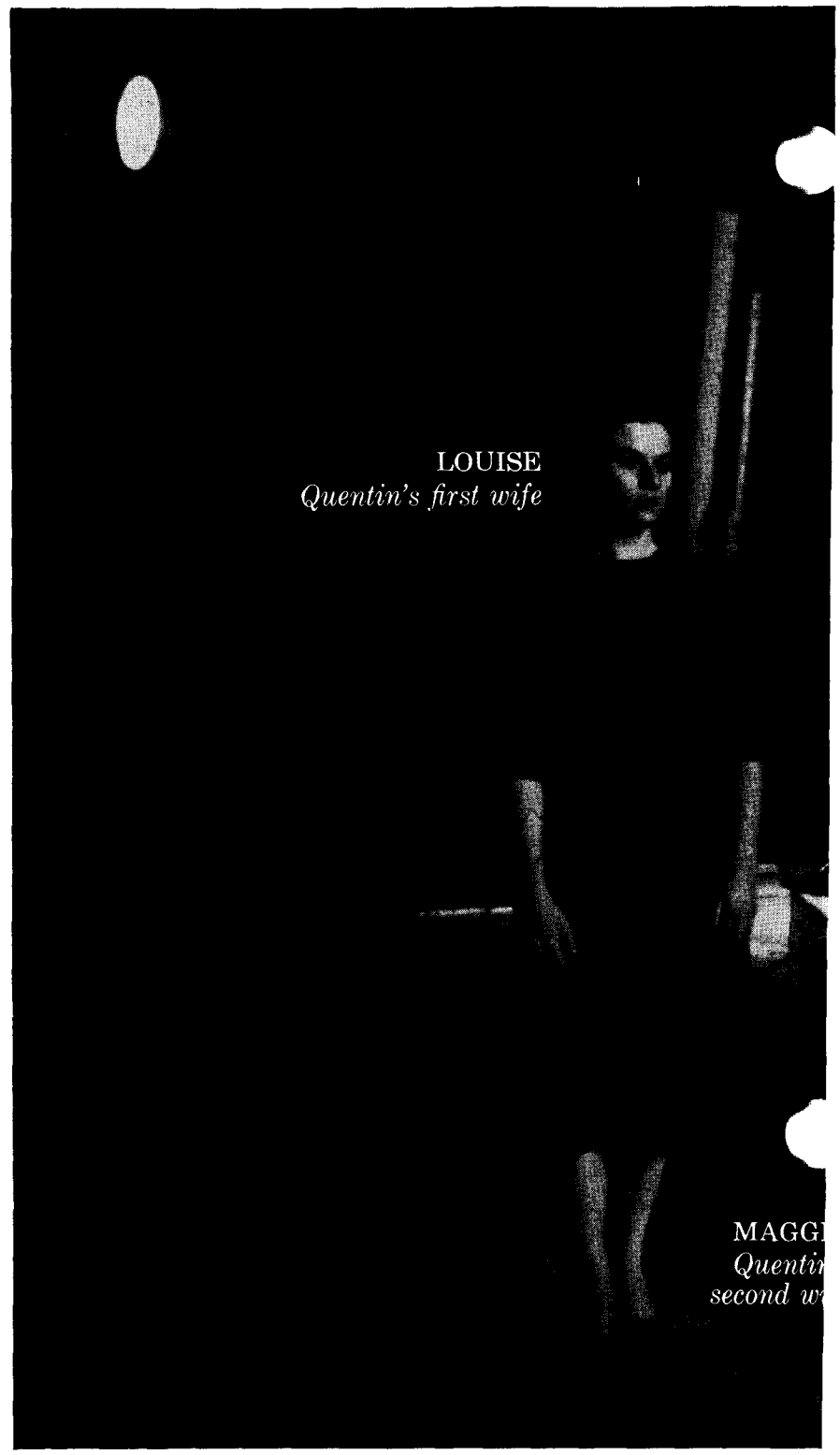
FELICE: I don't deny he loved me, but . . . everything came down to how much mileage you got on a Volkswagen! I just wished we could get lost in some wilderness or something, and scream and bite each other and . . . and start going *toward* something!

QUENTIN: Well, you're in the wilderness now, aren't you? You live alone, leave the bed unmade, get a hamburger at three in the morning, sleep with who you like . . . you feel you're going toward something?

FELICE: I think so. I feel I'm good now, as a dancer . . . or almost. I almost feel free, when I dance. Not quite, but . . . sometimes I only have to think high and I go high; I have a long thought and I fly across the floor; sometimes, sometimes I'm almost exactly what I imagine, and when that happens . . .

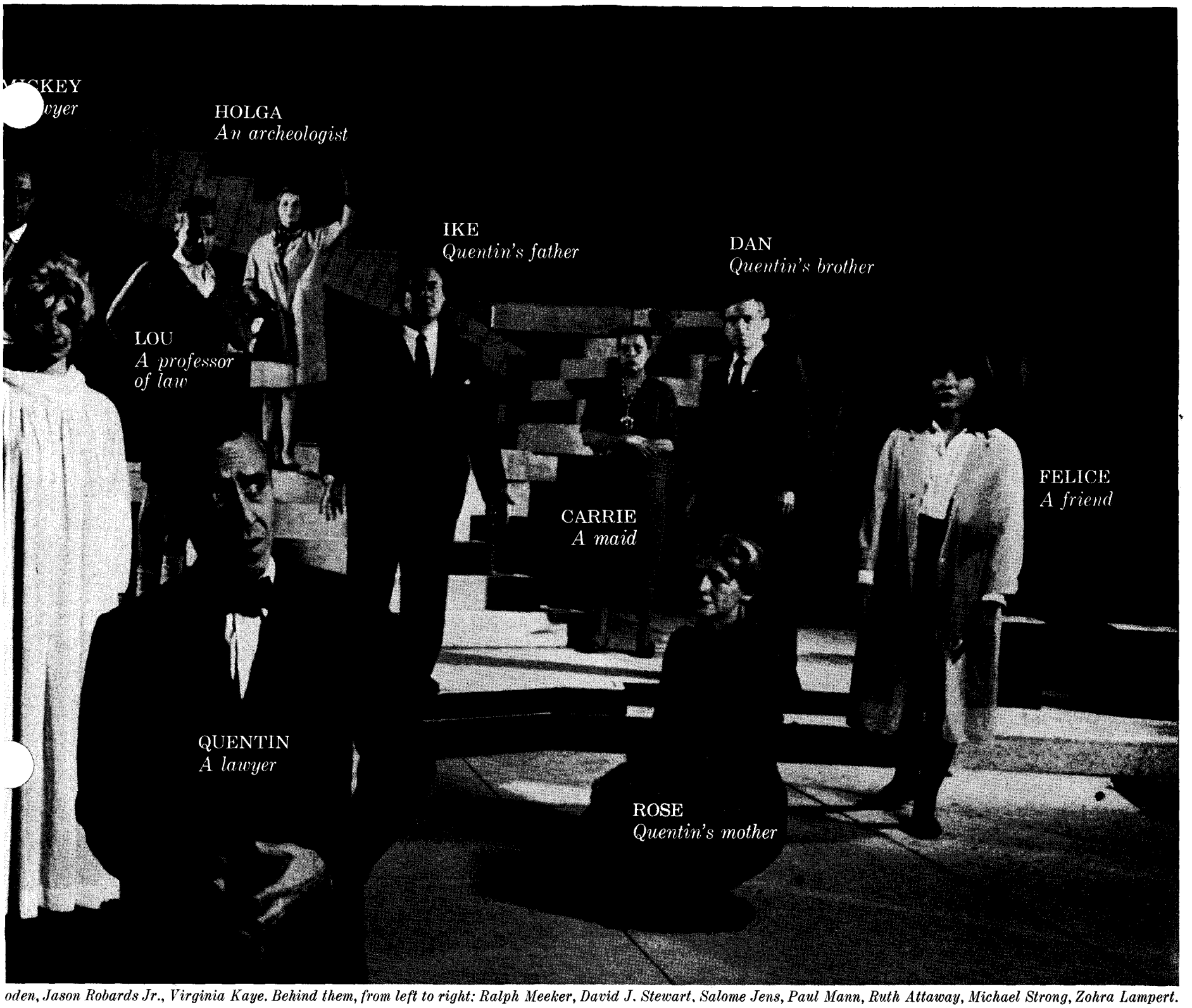
(*She has danced out of sight.*)

QUENTIN: Death in this sense; I'm sure he hope is real to her, but I sit there and se the day her legs will lose their spring, and her body will no longer follow those high leaping thoughts. . . . Yes, but there's always time to die, why reach for it? In fact, she came back again the other night, almost flew into my room! And it struck me with great force. . . . How little I really believe in life.



The cast of "After the Fall." From left, at front of the stage: Mariclare Costello, Barba

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



oden, Jason Robards Jr., Virginia Kaye. Behind them, from left to right: Ralph Meeker, David J. Stewart, Salome Jens, Paul Mann, Ruth Attaway, Michael Strong, Zohra Lampert.

(*Felice appears standing, a coat on; she is straight, nearly ecstatic.*)

FELICE: I had my nose fixed! Are you very busy? The doctor took the bandage off but I put it back on—I wanted you to be the first. Do you mind?

QUENTIN: No. But why me?

FELICE: Because . . . remember that night when I came up here? I was trying to make up my mind. . . . To me there's something sort of insincere about changing your nose. I mean, there could be. If that's all that makes or breaks you, the shape of a piece of cartilage? I mean, if you're going to go through life building everything on *that*. . . You don't absolutely have to answer, but . . . I think you wanted to make love to me that night. . . . Didn't you?

QUENTIN: I did, yes.

FELICE: I knew it! And it just clicked something for me. Because you really listened to me and didn't just try to roll me over. I felt it didn't matter what kind of nose I had, so I—I might as well have a short one! Can I show it to you?

QUENTIN: I'd like very much to see it.

FELICE: Close your eyes.

(*He does. She lifts the bandage.*)

OK.

(*He looks. She raises her arm in blessing.*)

I'll always bless you. Always!

(*He slowly turns to the Listener as she walks into darkness.*)

QUENTIN: Maybe it's this. She meant nothing to me; it was a glancing blow, and yet it's not impossible I stand in her mind like some important corner she turned in her life. I feel like a mirror in which she somehow saw herself as glorious. In fact, I even liked her first nose better!

(*Two pallbearers in the distance carry an invisible coffin.*)

It's like my mother's funeral; I still hear her voice in the street sometimes, loud and real, calling my name. She's under the ground, but she's not impressively dead to me. That whole cemetery—I saw it like a field of buried mirrors in which people once saw themselves. I don't seem to know how to grieve. Or is it just some hardness bothers me?

(*Holga appears above, flowers in her arms.*)

God, maybe I ought to live alone! Or maybe I don't believe that grief is grief unless it kills you!

(*Dan appears talking to a nurse; Holga is gone.*)

Like when I flew back and met my brother in the hospital.

(*The nurse hurries out, and Dan speaks to the empty air.*)

DAN: I'm so glad you got here, kid; I wouldn't have wired you but I don't know what to do. You have a good flight?

(*Ike appears, a blanket over him; a nurse tends him.*)

IKE: Is that my sons in the hall? Where's my wife?

QUENTIN (*To Dan*): But what's the alternative? She's dead; he has to know.

IKE: Why don't they come in? Where's my daughter?

DAN (*To Quentin*): But he was only operated on this morning. How can we walk in and say, "Your wife is dead"? It's like sawing off his arm. Suppose we tell him she's on her way; then give him a sedative?

QUENTIN: But Dan, I think it belongs to him, doesn't it? After fifty years you owe one another a death?

DAN: Kid, the woman was his right hand; without her he was never very much, you know—he'll fall apart.

QUENTIN: I can't agree; I think he can take it, he's got a lot of stuff. . . .

(*Without halt, to the Listener:*)

Which is hilarious! . . . Because—he was always the one who idolized the old man, and I saw through him from the beginning! Suddenly we're changing places, like children in a game! I don't know anymore what I *am* to anybody!

DAN (*As though he had come to a decision*): All right; let's go in, then.

QUENTIN: You want me to tell him?

DAN (*Unwillingly: afraid but challenged*): I'll do it.

QUENTIN: I could do it, Dan.

DAN (*Relieved*): All right, if you don't mind.

(*They turn together toward Ike in the bed. He does not see them yet. They move with the weight of their news.*)

QUENTIN: It belongs to him, Dan, as much as his wedding.

(*They have come to a halt near the father's bed.*)

Or is it simply that I am crueler than he?

(*The nurse glances up at them and goes upstage, but waits there, squinting into an upheld hypodermic needle. Now Ike sees them and raises up his arm.*)

IKE: For cryin' out loud! Look who's here! I thought you were in Europe!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUENTIN: Just got back. How are you?

DAN: You look wonderful, Dad.

IKE: What do you mean, "look"? I *am* wonderful! I tell you, I'm ready to go through it again!

(They laugh proudly with him.)

I mean it—the way that doctor worries, I finally told him, "Look, if it makes you feel so bad, you lay down and I'll operate!" Very fine man. I thought you'd be away couple months more.

QUENTIN (*Hesitantly*): I decided to come back and ——

DAN (*Breaking in, his voice turning strange*): Sylvia'll be right in. She's downstairs buying you something.

IKE: Oh, that's nice! I tell you something, fellas—that kid is more and more like Mother. Been here every day. . . . Where is Mother? I been calling the house.

(The slightest empty, empty pause.)

DAN: One second, Dad, I just want to . . .

(Crazily, without evident point he starts calling, and moving upstage toward the nurse. Quentin is staring at his father.)

Nurse! Ah . . . could you call down to the gift shop and see if my sister . . .

IKE: Dan! Tell her to get some ice; when Mother comes, you'll all have a drink! I got a bottle of rye in the closet!

(To Quentin, as Dan comes in closer.)

I tell you, kid, I'm going to be young. I've been thinking all day since I woke up—Mother's right; just because I got old I don't have to act old. I mean, we could go to Florida, we could . . .

QUENTIN: Dad.

IKE: What? Is that a new suit?

QUENTIN: No, I've had it.

IKE (*Remembering—to Dan, of the nurse*): Oh tell her glasses, we'll need more glasses.

(Dan feels forced to turn and start out.)

QUENTIN: Listen, Dad.

(Dan halts, and turns back.)

IKE (*Totally unaware*): Yeah?

QUENTIN (*He takes Ike's hand*): Mother died.

(Ike's hand grips his abdomen as though he were stabbed; his right arm rises like a policeman ordering a stop. A gasp flies out of him.)

She had a heart attack on her way home last night.

IKE: Oh, no, no, no, no.

QUENTIN (*Grasping his hand again*): We didn't want to tell you but . . .

IKE: Ahhh! Ahhh, no, no, no.

DAN: There's nothing anybody could have done, Dad . . .

IKE (*He claps his hands together*): Oh. Oh. Oh!

QUENTIN (*Grasping his hand again*): Now look, Dad, you're going to be all right, you'll . . .

IKE (*It is all turning into a deep gasping for breath. He struggles on his "bed," half trying to get off, his head constantly turning as though he were looking for his wife*): Oh boy. Oh boy! No, no.

DAN: Now look, Dad, you're a hell of a fella. Dad, listen . . .

IKE: Goddamit! I couldn't take care of myself, I knew she was working too hard!

QUENTIN: Dad, it's not your fault, that can happen to anyone.

IKE: But she was sitting right here. She was . . . she was right here!

(Now he weeps uncontrollably into his hands. Quentin puts an awkward arm around him.)

QUENTIN: Pa . . . Pa . . .

(Now Quentin grips him with both arms. Dan moves in close as though to share him. He lays a hand on Ike's shoulder.)

IKE: Oh, boys—she was my right hand!

(He raises his fist and seems about to lose his control again.)

DAN: We'll take care of you, Dad. I don't want you to worry about ——

IKE: No—no. It's . . . I'll be all right. I'll . . . God!—now I'm better! Now, *now* I'm better!

(They are silent; he keeps shaking his head.)

So where is she?

QUENTIN: In the funeral parlor.

IKE (*Shaking his head—an explosive blow of air*): Paaaaaah!

QUENTIN: We didn't want to tell you, but we figured you'd rather know.

IKE: Ya.

(Pats Quentin's hand.)

Thanks. Thanks. I'll . . .

(He looks up at Quentin.)

I'll just have to be stronger.

QUENTIN: That's right, Dad.

IKE (*To no one*): This . . . will make me stronger

(But the weeping threatens; he clenches his jaws, shakes his head and indicates a point.) She was right here!

(Lights go out on him and Dan. Quentin comes slowly to the Listener.)

QUENTIN: Yes, I'm proud I didn't kid him. But it bothers me. I don't know, maybe that he took it so for granted I was also devastated. . . . This? I hadn't thought of this as grief. I hope it is.

(The Tower gradually begins to light.)

Still, a couple months later he bothered to register and vote. . . . Well, I mean . . . it didn't kill him either, with all his tears. . . . I don't know what the hell I'm driving at! I . . . don't get the connection at the moment, but

(He is caught by the bright Tower.)

. . . I visited a concentration camp in Germany. . .

(He has started toward the Tower when Felice appears, raising her arm in blessing.)

FELICE: Close your eyes, OK?

QUENTIN (*Turned by her force*): I don't understand why that girl sticks in my mind! . . . Yes!

(He moves toward her now.)

She did, she offered me some . . . love, I guess. And if I don't return it, or if it doesn't change me somehow, it—it's like owing for a gift you didn't ask for.

FELICE: I'll always bless you!

(Her arm raised, she walks into darkness.)

QUENTIN: When she left . . . I did a stupid thing. I don't understand it. There are two light fixtures on the wall of my hotel room . . .

(Against his own disgust.)

I noticed for the first time that they're . . . a curious distance apart. And I suddenly saw that if you stood between them . . .

(He spreads out his arms.)

you could reach out and rest your . . .

(Just before he completely spreads his arms Maggie sits up, her breathing sounds. He drops his arms, aborting the image, Maggie goes dark.)

Maybe I can get to it later, I can't now . . .

(Now Holga appears and is bending to read the legend fixed to the wall of a torture chamber.)

Yes, with this woman . . . Holga. She took me there.

HOLGA (*Turning to him*): It's a general description. No, I don't mind, I'll translate it.

(She returns to the legend; he slowly approaches behind her.)

"In this camp a minimum of two hundred thousand Dutch, Belgian, Russian, Polish, French and Danish prisoners of war were killed. Also, four thousand, two hundred and seven refugees from the Spanish Republican Army. The door to the left leads into the chamber, where their teeth were extracted for gold; the drain in the floor carried off the blood. At times instead of shooting, they were individually strangled to death. The barracks on the right were the bordello, where women prisoners were forced to . . ."

QUENTIN (*Touching her shoulder*): I think you've had enough, Holga.

HOLGA: No, if you want to see the rest . . .

(She bursts into tears, but in silence, and quickly turns away.)

Come, I don't mind.

QUENTIN (*Taking her arm*): Let's walk, dear. Country looks lovely out there.

(They walk. The light changes to day.)

Here, this grass looks dry; let's sit down.

(They sit. Pause.)

I always thought the Danube was blue.

HOLGA: Only the waltz. Although it does change near Vienna. Out of some lingering respect for Strauss, I suppose.

QUENTIN: I don't know why this hit me so; I suddenly got a cracking headache in there.

HOLGA: I'm sorry!

(Starting to rise. She senses an estrangement.)

I have some aspirin in the car . . .

QUENTIN (*Lightly touching her*): We'll go soon. I just want to . . . sit for a minute.

HOLGA (*To raise his spirits*): You still want to see Salzburg?

QUENTIN: Oh, sure.

HOLGA: I'd love to show you Mozart's house. And the cafés are excellent there.

QUENTIN (*Turns to her now*): Was there somebody you knew died here?

HOLGA: Oh no. I feel people ought to see it, that's all. No one comes here anymore. I've brought foreign colleagues once or twice.

QUENTIN: But why do you come back? It seems to tear you apart.

In an emotional scene at site of a concentration camp, Holga breaks into tears while showing Quentin the horrors of the Second World War. Holga says: "I want you to see the rest."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOLGA: I suppose . . . one doesn't want to lose the past, even if it's dreadful. You're the first person I've met in a very long time who wants to talk about it.

QUENTIN: Yes, but I'm an American.

HOLGA: Oh, Americans too. In fact, when I first visited America after the war, I was three days under questioning before they let me in. It was impossible to explain to them. How could one be in forced labor for two years if one were not a Communist? And of course, not being Jewish either, it was very suspicious. I was ready to turn back I was so frightened. In fact, it was only when I told them I had blood relatives in several Nazi ministries that they were reassured. You see? Here it's not talked about, and outside it's not understood. It's as though fifteen years of one's life had simply vanished in some insane confusion. So I was very glad you were so interested.

QUENTIN (*Glancing up at the Tower*): I guess I thought I'd be indignant, or angry. But it's like swallowing a lump of earth. It's strange.

(*He starts to cover his eyes and she presses him to lie down, and cheerfully . . .*)

HOLGA: Come, lie down here for a while and perhaps . . .

QUENTIN: No, I'm . . .

(*He has fended off her hand.*)

I'm sorry, dear, I didn't mean to push you away.

HOLGA (*Rebuffed and embarrassed*): I see wildflowers on that hill; I'll pick some for the car!

(*She gets up quickly.*)

QUENTIN: Holga?

(*She continues off. He jumps up and hurries to her, turning her.*)

Holga.

(*He does not know what to say.*)

HOLGA: Perhaps we've been together too much. I could rent another car at Linz; perhaps we could meet in Vienna sometime.

QUENTIN: I don't want to lose you, Holga.

HOLGA: I understand that you're leaving soon. I never expected any ——

QUENTIN: But you do expect something, everybody does. You're not a woman to go to bed just for the ride.

HOLGA: No, I'm not. But I have settled since several years to live for my work. I am not helpless alone. It's simply that from the moment you spoke to me I felt somehow familiar, and it was never so before. . . . It isn't a question of getting married; I am not ashamed this way. But I must have *something*.

QUENTIN: I don't give you anything? Tell me; because I've been told that before, but never so calmly.

HOLGA: You give me very much. . . . It's difficult for me to speak like this—I am not a woman who must be reassured every minute, those women are stupid to me.

QUENTIN: We're good friends, Holga; say it to me.

HOLGA: You have nothing; but perhaps that's all you want. I can understand that after what you've lived.

QUENTIN: That's not it, Holga; there's nothing as dull as adventure. . . . I've had all I can use.

HOLGA: But perhaps that's all there is for you.

QUENTIN (*He turns her face to him*): Holga. Are you weeping . . . for *me?*

HOLGA: Yes.

QUENTIN (*Struck*): Don't go away; not yet. Will you?

HOLGA: I hear your wings opening, Quentin.

QUENTIN: It's that I don't want to abuse your feeling for me, you understand? I say this because I trust you—I swear I don't know if I have lived in good faith. And the doubt ties my tongue when I think of promising anything again.

HOLGA: But how can one ever be sure of one's good faith?

QUENTIN (*Surprised*): God, it's wonderful to hear you say that. All my women have been so goddamned sure!

HOLGA: But how can one ever be?

QUENTIN (*He kisses her gratefully*): Why do you keep coming back to this place? . . .

HOLGA (*Pause. She is disturbed, uncertain*): I . . . don't know. Perhaps . . . because I didn't die here.

QUENTIN (*Turns quickly to Listener*): What?

HOLGA: Although that would make no sense! I don't really know!

QUENTIN (*Goes to the chair*): That people . . . what? "Wish to die for the dead?" No—no, I can understand it; survival can be hard to bear. But I . . . I don't think I feel that way . . .

(*Maggie again appears in bed on the upper level; she begins to heave for breath. Her face is still indistinguishable. Instantly he turns away as from an opposite side of the stage a piano is heard and a woman, Mother, is in midsong with "One Alone."*)

Although I do think of my mother now, and she's dead. Yes!

(*He turns to Holga.*)

And maybe the dead do bother her.

HOLGA: It was the middle of the war. I had just come out of a class and there were leaflets on the sidewalk. A photograph of a concentration camp. And emaciated people. It was dropped there by the British Intelligence; one tended to believe the British. I had no idea. Truly. Anymore, perhaps, than Americans know how a Negro lives. It isn't easy to turn against your country; not in a war. Do Americans turn against America because of Hiroshima? There are reasons always. And I took the leaflet to my godfather—he was still commanding our Intelligence. And I asked if it were true. "Of course," he said, "why does it excite you?" And I said, "You are a swine. You are all swine." I threw my briefcase at him. And he opened it and put some papers in and asked me to deliver it to a certain address. And I became a courier for the officers who were planning to assassinate Hitler. . . . They were all hanged.

QUENTIN: Why not you?

HOLGA: They didn't betray me.

QUENTIN: Then why do you say good faith is never sure?

HOLGA (*Pause*): It was my country . . . longer perhaps than it should have been. But I didn't know. And now I don't know how I could not have known. I can't imagine not knowing, now.

QUENTIN: Holga . . . I bless your uncertainty. Maybe that's why you're so wonderful to be with—you don't seem to be looking for some goddamned . . . moral *victory*. Forgive me, I didn't mean to be distant with you. I . . .

(*Looks up at the Tower.*)

think this place frightens me! And how is that possible? All empty!

HOLGA: I'll get the flowers! And maybe we can buy some cheese and apples and eat while we drive!

(*She starts away.*)

QUENTIN: And you forgive me?

HOLGA (*Turns, and with great love*): Yes! I'll be right back! And we'll go right away!

(*She hurries away.*)

QUENTIN (*He stands in stillness a moment; the presence of the Tower bores in on him; its color changes; he now looks up at it, and addressing the Listener*): But it's empty now! In fact, the view from here is rather pastoral; and the stone walls are warm in the sun, and quiet. I think . . . I may have imagined it more monstrous. Or bizarre. I helped a mason years ago before I went to college. . . . I see the problem building such high walls in sandy soil . . . how dare one think of that? I think of the footings! They must go ten feet down. At least ten! I know footings! But I never thought the stones would look so ordinary.

(*Now he turns out.*)

Why do I *know* something here? Even hollow now and empty, it has a face; and asks a sort of question: "What do you believe . . . as true as this?" Yes! . . . Believers built this, maybe that's the fright—and I, without belief, stand here disarmed. I can see the convoys grinding up this hill; and I inside; no one knows my name and yet they'll smash my head on a concrete floor! . . . And no appeal . . . Yes!—it's that I no longer see some, final saving grace! Socialism once, then love; some final hope is gone that always saved before the end!

(*Mother appears; at the same time her coffin appears above.*)

MOTHER: Not too much cake, darling, there'll be a lot of food at this wedding.

(*Calling upstage.*)

Fanny? Cut him a small piece . . . well not *that* small!

QUENTIN: Mother! That's strange. And murder. Or is it her comfort brings her to me in this place?

MOTHER: Fanny? Not too hot ironing my husband's dress shirt!

(*Turns suddenly to an invisible boy.*)

You are going to wear garters tonight, Quentin, and don't argue with me. . . . Because it's my brother's wedding and your stockings are not to hang over your shoes!

QUENTIN (*He has started to laugh but it turns into . . .*): Why can't I mourn her? . . . And Holga wept in there. . . . Why can't I weep? Why do I feel an understanding with this slaughterhouse!

(*Now Felice appears, raising her arm.*)

I don't understand what I'm supposed to be to anyone! I don't know, some wedding in the family. I don't get it.

MOTHER (*Her laughter turning bitter*): My brothers! Why must every wedding in the family be a catastrophe? Because the girl is pregnant, darling, and she's got no money, she's stupid, and I tell you this one is going to end up with a moustache! Five beautiful men like that and one after the other. . . . I don't know where they *find* such women!

QUENTIN (*Watching her, seated*): What the hell has this got to do with a concentration camp?

MOTHER: And wants a tight gown! As though she's fooling somebody! That's why, darling, when you grow up, I hope you learn how to disappoint people. Especially women. Never forget it, dear; you're a man, and a man has all the choices. . . . Will you stop playing with matches?

(*Slaps an invisible boy's hand.*)

You'll pee in bed! Why don't you practice your penmanship instead? You write like a monkey, darling.

QUENTIN (*Shaking his head, glancing up at the Tower*): I don't get it.

(*Father suddenly appears, an invisible phone to his ear; Quentin instantly stands.*)

MOTHER: And where is your father? If he went to sleep in a Turkish bath again, I'll . . .

(*Quentin is moving toward Father as though wanting to hear what he is saying in phone; he is making a shushing gesture to Mother.*)

What are you talking about, I didn't end up calling all the Turkish baths the night my brother Herbert got married? Forgot all about it . . . and nothing bothers him!

(*She laughs warmly. Quentin has arrived at Father; peers into his profile.*)

FATHER: Herman? Cable Hamburg.

MOTHER: Like the night of the Dempsey-Tunney fight.

QUENTIN: Ssh!

(*He turns back, eager to hear what Father is saying.*)

MOTHER: The men's room door gets stuck, so by the time he gets out there's a new champion. Cost him a hundred dollars to go to the men's room!

FATHER: No, sixty thousand tons; sixty; Vera Cruz, the Bismarck's due.

MOTHER: But you mustn't laugh at him; he's a wonderful man; it's just that sometimes he can . . . drive you out of your mind.

FATHER: Then cable Southampton; turn him back to Finland Monday. A.T.O.

MOTHER: My wedding? Oh, no dear, my wedding . . . there was happiness.

(*Quentin turns to her.*)

Well, look at your father; to this day he walks into a room, you want to bow! Not like my sisters, one after the other running into the house: "Mama, I'm in love!" And with what! With who! I wasn't allowed to *see* your father till his father and Grandpa had agreed! . . . *Because*, I decided for once somebody was not going to break my mother's heart. . . . What are you talking about? Of course I loved him!

(*Warmly.*)

He'd take me to a restaurant—one look at him and the waiters started moving tables around; if he saw a thick water glass, he'd walk out; there could be a line around the block to a Broadway show, he'd go right up to the box office and they'd find two tickets. *Because*, dear—people know that this is a *man*. Even Doctor Strauss, at my wedding he came over to me says, "Rose, I can see it looking at him, you've got a wonderful man," and he was always in love with me, Strauss. . . . Oh, sure, but he was only a medical student then, didn't have a penny; my father wouldn't let him in the house. Who knew he'd end up so big in the gallstones? That poor boy—used to bring me novels to read, poetry, philosophy, God knows what! One time we even sneaked off to hear Rachmaninoff together . . .

(*She laughs sadly, and with wonder more than bitterness.*)

That's why, you see, two weeks after we were married; sit down to dinner and Papa hands me a menu, and asks me to read it to him. . . . Couldn't *read!* I got so frightened I nearly ran away! . . . Why? Because your grandmother is such a fine, unselfish woman; two months in school and they put him into the shop! That's what some women are, my dear . . . and now he goes and buys her a new Packard every year and two more for his brothers! Damned fool, I could kill him! And what are we paying a chauffeur for, I can't find him half the time anyway! . . . Because if they're going to have chauffeurs I'm going to have a chauffeur—it's all our money anyway!

(*With a strange and deep fear.*)

Please, darling, I want you to *draw* the letters, that scribbling is ugly, dear; and your posture, your speech, it can all be beautiful! Ask Miss Fisher, for years they kept my handwriting pinned up on the bulletin board; God, I'll never forget it, valedictorian of the class with a scholarship to Hunter in my hand . . .

(*A blackness flows into her soul.*)

and I come home, and Grandpa says, "You're getting married!" I was like . . . like with small wings, just getting ready to fly; I slept all year with the catalogue under my pillow. To learn, to learn everything! Oh, darling, the whole thing is such a mystery!

(*Father enters the area, talking to the young, invisible Quentin.*)

IKE: Quentin, would you get me the office on the phone?

(*To Mother as he kisses her lightly on the cheek.*)

Why would you call the Turkish bath?

MOTHER: I thought you forgot about the wedding.

IKE: I wish I could, but I'm paying for it.

MOTHER: He'll pay you back!

IKE: I believe it; I just wouldn't want to hang by my hair that long.

(*He turns, and going to an invisible phone, he stands.*)

Herman? Hold the wire.

MOTHER (*Moving up the stairs*): I don't want to be late, now.

IKE: She won't give birth if we're a half hour late.

MOTHER: Don't be so smart! He fell in love. What's so terrible about that?

IKE: They all fall in love on my money. Only I can't fall in love unless I pay for it. I married into a love nest!

(*He turns to the invisible Quentin, warmly smiling.*)

Did they pass a law that kid can't get a haircut?

(*Reaching into his pocket, tossing a coin.*)

Here, at least get a shine.

(*To Mother:*)

I'll be right up, dear—go ahead, get dressed.

(*In phone:*)

Herman? The accountant still there? Put him on.

QUENTIN (*Suddenly recalling*): Oh, yes!

ROSE: I'll put in your studs. God, he's so beautiful in a tuxedo!

(*She goes a distance out of the area but halts on the stairs, turns, eavesdrops on Ike.*)

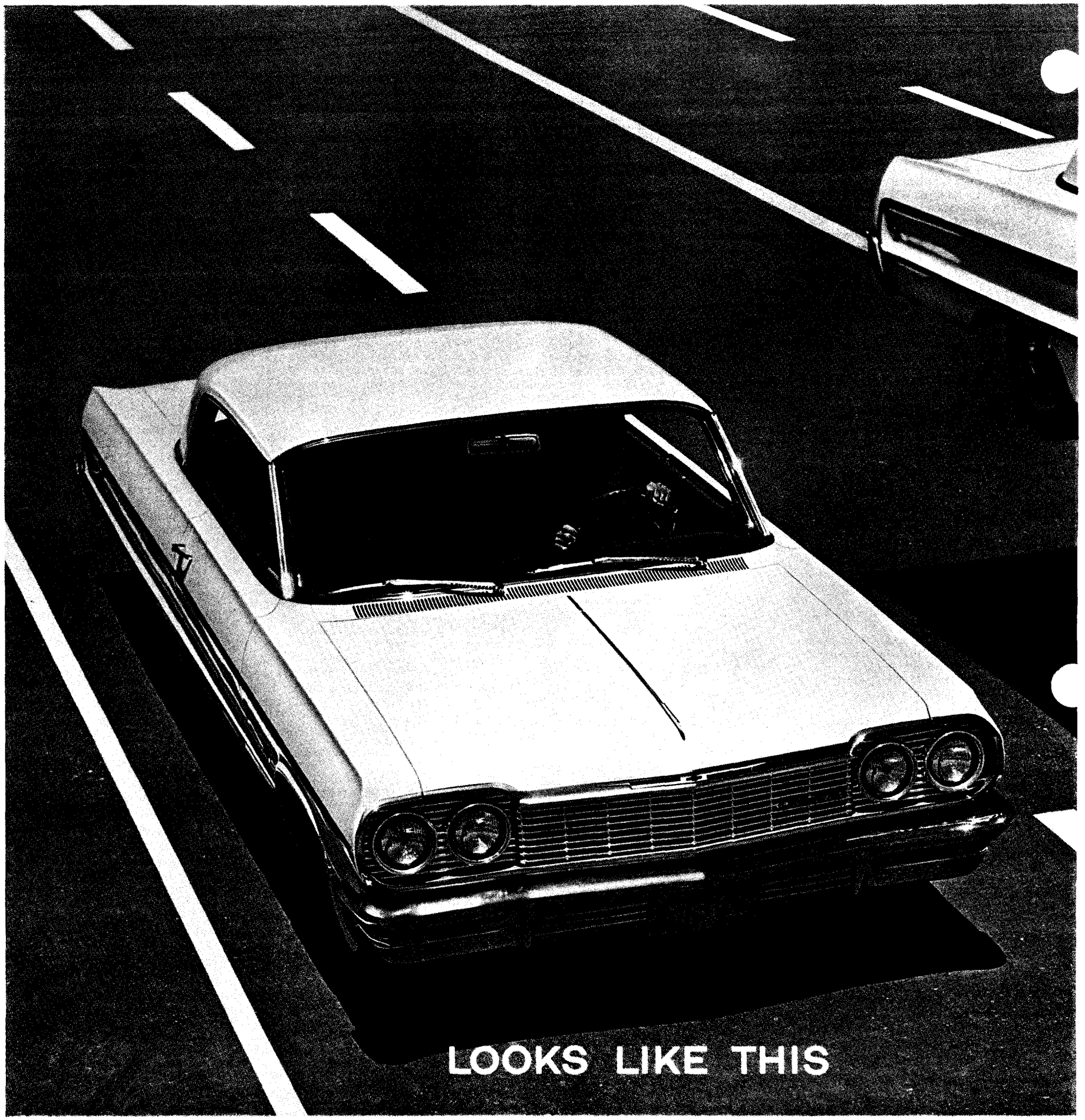
IKE: Billy? You finished? Well what's the story, where am I?

(*Quentin now turns up toward Mother on the stairs.*)

(*Continued on Page 40*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE '64 LUXURY CHEVROLET WITH



IMAGINE GLIDING A FEW FEET ABOVE A ROAD AND YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD IDEA OF WHAT JET-SMOOTH RIDE IS LIKE. FOUR BIG COIL SPRINGS AT THE WHEELS OF THIS GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMER CUSHION YOU AGAINST ROAD SHOCKS AND BUMPS.

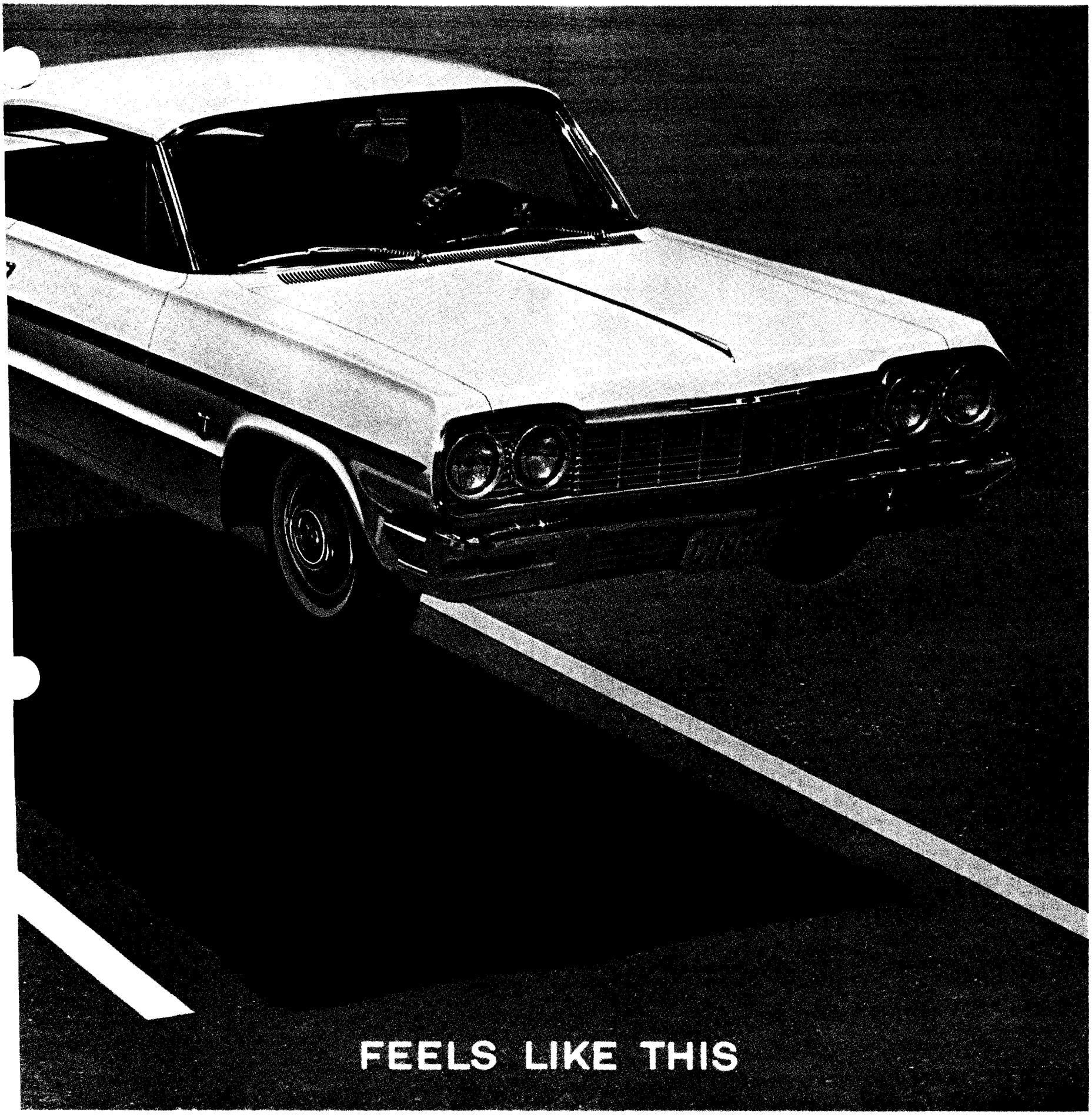
And the almost uncanny illusion of jet flight you'll feel in the '64 Chevrolet doesn't end there.

We've teamed smoother and quieter transmissions wi. seven different Chevrolet engines ranging up to an extra-cost 425-hp V8 (and down to a somewhat more docile 140-hp Six that's no slouch, either).

As if that weren't enough to whisk you off to faraway

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE JET-SMOOTH RIDE



'64 Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe

places with ease, we've even improved *your* performance (on ng turnpike trips, for instance) by doing up Chevrolet's ody by Fisher in new jet-lounge luxury.

Sink back into the softer vinyl bucket seats in the new Super Sport series and see what we mean.

Really, there seems to be only one down-to-earth thing about the '64 Jet-smooth luxury Chevrolet. And that, as your dealer will be very happy to show you, is the Chevrolet price. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET • CHEVELLE • CHEVY II • CORVAIR • CORVETTE

CHEVROLET

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUENTIN: Yes!

IKE: Don't you read the papers? What'll I do with Irving Trust—I can't give it away. What bank?

(Mother descends a step, alarmed.)

I been to every bank in New York, I can't get a bill paid. How the hell they going to lend me money? No-no, there's no money in London, there's no money in Hamburg, there ain't a cargo moving in the world, the ocean's empty, Billy . . . now tell me the truth, where am I?

(Pause. Mother descends another step; Quentin is below, watching her. Now Mother descends into the area. Father stands almost stiffly, as though to take a storm.)

ROSE: What's that about? What are you "winding up"?

(Father stands staring; he speaks unheard, but she seems to have heard an additional shocking fact, then another, and another.)

What are you talking about? When did this start?

—Well, how much are you taking out of it?

—You lost your mind? You've got over four hundred thousand dollars' worth of stocks, you can sell the ——

—You sold those wonderful stocks? When?—I just bought a new grand piano, why didn't you say something? And a silver service for my brother, and you don't say anything?

(More subdued, walks a few steps in thought.)

—Well then, you'd better cash your insurance; you've got at least seventy-five thousand cash value . . .

(Halts, turning in shock.)

—When?

(Father is gradually losing his stance, his grandeur; he pulls his tie loose.)

—All right, then . . . we'll get rid of my bonds. Do it tomorrow. . . . What do you mean? Well, you get them back; I've got ninety-one thousand dollars in bonds you gave me. Those are my bonds. I've got bonds . . .

(Breaks off; open horror on her face and now a growing contempt.)

—You mean you saw everything going down and you throw good money after bad? Are you some kind of a moron?

IKE: You don't walk away from a business; I came to this country with a tag around my neck like a package in the bottom of the boat!

MOTHER: I should have run the day I met you!

IKE (*As though stabbed*): Rose!

(He sits, closing his eyes, his neck bent.)

MOTHER: I should have done what my sisters did, tell my parents to go to hell and thought of myself for once! I should have run for my life!

IKE: Sssh, I hear the kids. . . .

(A sharp shaft of light opens a few yards away and he glances toward it.)

MOTHER: I ought to get a divorce!

IKE: Rose, the college men are jumping out of windows!

ROSE: But your last dollar?

(Bending over, into his face.)

You are an idiot!

(Her nearness forces him to stand; they look at each other; strangers.)

QUENTIN (*He looks up at the Tower*): Yes! For no reason—they don't even ask your name!

IKE (*He looks toward the column of light*): Somebody crying? Quentin's in there. You better talk to him.

(She goes in some trepidation toward it. A foot or so from it she halts.)

MOTHER: Darling? You better get dressed. Don't cry, dear, it'll be all right. He'll come back bigger than ever!

(She is stopped short by something "Quentin" has said.)

What *I* said? . . . Why, what did I say? Are you crazy? I'd never say a thing like that; I thought you were upstairs. Well I was a little angry, that's all, but I never said *that?* I think he's a wonderful man!

(Laughs.)

How could I say a thing like that? Quentin!

(The light rapidly fades, and as though he is disappearing she extends her arms toward the fading light.)

But I didn't say anything!

(With a cry toward someone lost.)

Darling, I didn't say anything!

(Instantly Holga appears beneath the Tower, flowers in her arms. She looks about for him.)

HOLGA: Quentin? Quentin?

(He is still staring at Mother from whom he turns toward Holga. Now Holga sees him and comes down to him.)

Look! The car will be all sweet inside!

QUENTIN (*He absently sniffs the flowers, staring at her*): You love me, don't you?

HOLGA: Yes.

QUENTIN (*Glancing up at the Tower*): Do you ever feel when you come here . . . some strange complicity?

HOLGA: Quentin . . . no one they didn't kill can be innocent again.

QUENTIN (*Slight pause*): Then how do you get so purposeful, Holga? You work so hard, you seem so full of joy and hope.

HOLGA: While I was getting the flowers just now, I thought I ought to tell you something. In a bombing once I lost my memory and wandered everywhere with crowds across the countryside looking for a safe place. Every day one turned away from people dying on the roads. Until one night I tried to jump from the railing of a bridge. An old soldier pulled me back and slapped my face and made me follow him; he'd lost a leg at Stalingrad; was furious that I would kill myself. I walked behind his crutches over Germany looking for some sign of who I'd been. And suddenly there was a door with a tremendous lion's-head brass knocker; I ran; I knocked; my mother opened it. My life came back! And I turned to ask the soldier in; to thank him; to feed him; to give him everything I had. . . . But he was gone! I've been told that I imagined him, but even now at times I turn a corner and expect to find him. If we could even . . . nod to one another! . . . I know how terrible it is to owe what one can never pay. And for a long time after, I had the same dream each night—that I had a child; and even in the dream I saw that the child was my life; and it was an idiot. And I wept, and a hundred times I ran away, but each time I came back it had the same dreadful face. Until I thought, if I could kiss it, whatever in it was my own, perhaps I could rest. And I bent to its broken face, and it was horrible. . . . But I kissed it.

QUENTIN: Does it still come back?

HOLGA: At times. But it somehow has the virtue now . . . of being mine. I think one must finally take one's life in one's arms, Quentin.

(She takes his hand.)

Come, I think they play the Magic Flute tomorrow—you like the Magic Flute?

QUENTIN:

(He kisses her.)

One thing about you, you tell the funniest stories!

HOLGA (*Hits him and mock-pouts*): You're making fun of me!

QUENTIN: Let's get out of this dump, and . . . where we going?

HOLGA (*Laughing*): Salzburg!

QUENTIN: I'll race you to the car; last one there's a rotten egg. Or do you say a rancid wurst?

HOLGA (*Laughs*): OK, I'm racing!

(She gets set.)

QUENTIN: Go!

(They start running, but while she goes off into darkness, Quentin comes down to the chair.)

QUENTIN: I miss her . . . badly. . . . And yet, I can't sign my letters to her "With love." I put, "Sincerely," or "As ever," . . . some such brilliant evasion. I've lost the sense of some absolute necessity, I think. Living alone does that; I walk down the street, I see the millions of apartment windows lighting up—I swear I don't understand how each man knows which door to go to. Can they all be in love? Is that what sorts

Rose discovers that Ike has lost the family's wealth—the stocks, the business, his life insuran

them out? I don't think so; it's some kind of innocence, a deep belief that all their destinations are ordained. With me, whether I open a book or think of marrying again, it's so damned clear I'm choosing what I do—and it cuts the strings between my hands and heaven. It sounds foolish, but I feel . . . unblessed. And I look back to when there seemed to be a kind of plan, some duty in the sky. I had a dinner table and a wife, a child, and the world so wonderfully threatened by injustices I was born to correct! How fine! Remember? When there were good people and bad people? And how easy it was to tell! The worst son of a bitch, if he loved Jews and hated Hitler he was a buddy. Like some kind of paradise compared to this.

(He is aware of Elsie appearing; a beach robe hangs from her shoulders, her arms out of the sleeves, her back to us; she is fixing her hair in an invisible mirror.)

Until I begin to look at it. God, when I think of what I believed I want to hide!

(Glancing at Elsie.)

Yes, but I wasn't all that young! You'd think a man of thirty-two would know that when a guest changing out of a wet bathing suit in his bedroom . . .

(Elsie, as he approaches, turns to him, and her robe slips off one shoulder.)

and just stands there with her two bare faces hanging out . . .

ELSIE: Oh, are you through working? Why don't you swim now? The water's just right.

QUENTIN (*A laugh of great pain, crying out*): I tell you I didn't believe she knew she was naked! It's Eden! . . . Well, because she was *married!* How could a woman who can tell when the Budapest String Quartet is playing off key; who refuses to wear silk stockings because the Japanese are invading Manchuria; whose husband, my friend, a saintly professor of law, is editing my first appeal to the Supreme Court on the grass outside that window—I could see the top of his head past her tit, for God's sake! . . . Of course I understood, but it's what you allow yourself to admit! To admit what you see endangers principles!

(Elsie leaves the "room" and crosses to Louise. Quentin turns to them. They are talking in an intense whisper. He now approaches them from behind. Halts, turns to the Listener.)

You know?—when two women are whispering, and they stop abruptly when you appear. . . .

ELSIE and LOUISE (*Turning to him after an abrupt stop to their talking*): Hi.

QUENTIN: . . . The subject must have been sex.

And if one of them is your wife . . . she must have been talking about you.

ELSIE (*As though to get him to go*): Lou's behind the house reading your brief. He says it's superb!

QUENTIN: I hope so; I've been kind of nervous about what he'd say.

ELSIE: I wish you'd tell him that, Quentin! Will you? Just how much his opinion means to you. It's important you tell him.

QUENTIN: I'll be glad to.

(Awkwardly glancing from Louise back to her.)

Nice here, isn't it?

ELSIE: It's enchanting.

(Taking in Louise.)

I envy you both so much!

(Lou appears; a very tender, kindly man in shorts; he enters reading a brief, at the last page, absorbed. Elsie rises. To Lou.)

I want one more walk along the beach before the train, dear. Did you comb your hair today?

LOU (*Closing the brief*): I think so. Quentin! Quentin! This is superb! It's hardly like a brief at all; there's a majestic quality, like a classic opinion!

(Chuckling, tugs Quentin's sleeve, as Elsie goes.)

I almost feel honored to have known you!

QUENTIN: I'm so glad, Lou——

LOU: Your whole career will change with this! Could I ask a favor?

QUENTIN: Oh, anything, Lou.

LOU: Would you offer it to Elsie, to read? I know it seems an extraordinary request.

QUENTIN: No, I'd be delighted.

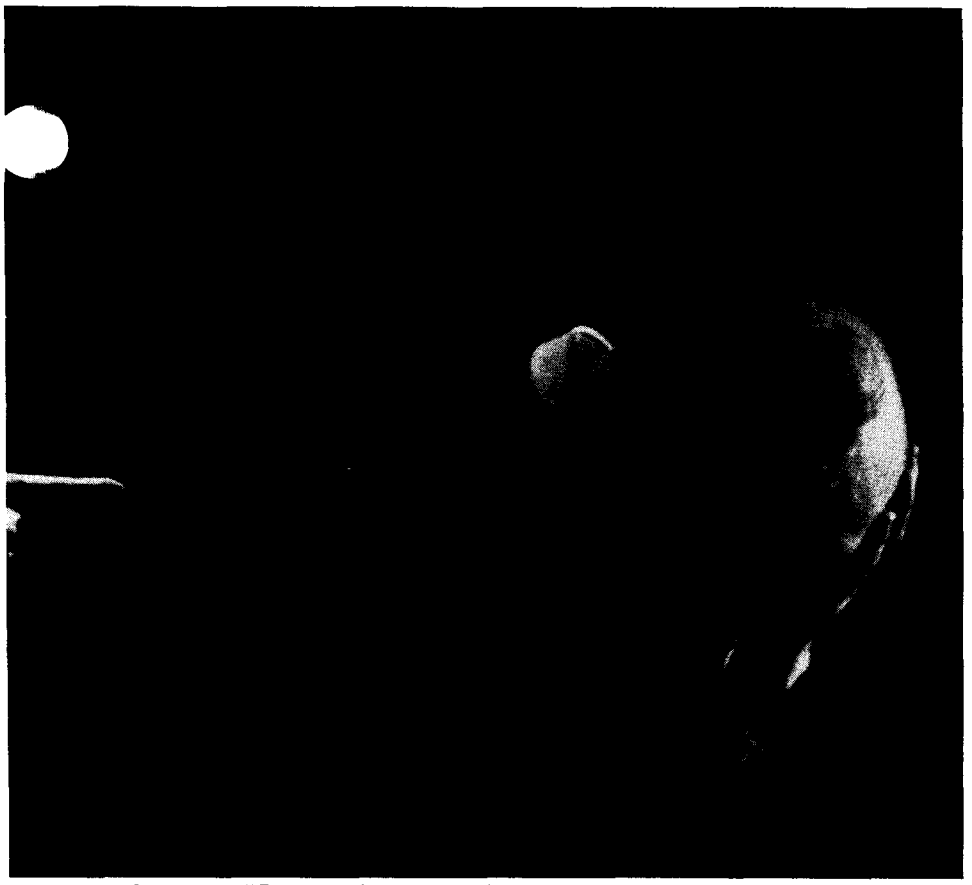
LOU: It's shaken her terribly—my being subpoenaed and all those damned headlines. Despite everything, it does affect one's whole relationship. So any gesture of respect becomes terrifically important. For example, I gave her the manuscript of my new textbook to read, and I've ever called off publication for a while to ir corporate her criticisms. It may be he psychoanalysis, but she's become remarkably acute. . . .

QUENTIN: But I hope you don't delay it too long, Lou; it'd be wonderful to publish something now. Just to show those bastards.

LOUISE: My roast!

(She hurries out.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



and even his credit. "But your last dollar?" she explodes. And then: "You are an idiot!"

LOU (*Glancing behind him*): I've been thinking of calling you about that, Quentin. You see, it's a textbook for the schools, and Elsie feels that it will only start a new attack on me. . . .

QUENTIN: But they've investigated you; what more damage could they do?

LOU: Who knows? Another attack might knock me off the faculty. It's only Mickey's vote that saved me the last time.

QUENTIN: Really? I didn't know that!

LOU: Oh, yes, he made a marvelous speech at the Dean's meeting when I refused to testify.

QUENTIN: Well, that's Mickey.

LOU: Yes, but Elsie feels . . . I'd just be drawing down the lightning again to publish now. She even feels it's some unconscious wish for self-destruction on my part. And yet if I put that book away, it's like a kind of suicide to me—everything I know is in that book. What's your opinion?

QUENTIN: Lou, you have a right to publish; a radical past is not leprosy—we only turned left because it seemed the truth was there. You mustn't be ashamed.

LOU (*In pain*): Goddamit, yes! . . . Except . . . I never told you this, Quentin . . .

QUENTIN (*Comes down to Listener*): What am I going into this for?

(*Listens.*)

Yes, in a way; the day the world ended and nobody was innocent again. And yet we never were! What am I looking for?

LOU: When I returned from Russia and published my study of Soviet Law . . . I left out many things I saw. I lied. For a good cause, I thought, but all that lasts is the lie. It's so strange to me now—I have many failings, but I have never been a liar. And I lied for the Party, over and over, year after year. And that's why now, with this book of mine, I want so much to be true to myself! You see it's no attack I fear, but being forced to defend my own incredible lies!

(*Elsie appears, approaching, hearing.*)

ELSIE: Lou, I'm quite surprised. I thought we'd settled this.

LOU: Yes, dear, I only wanted Quentin's feeling . . .

ELSIE: Your shirt's out, dear.

(*He quickly tucks it into his shorts.*)

(*And to Quentin:*)

You certainly don't think he ought to publish.

QUENTIN: But the alternative seems ——

ELSIE (*With a volcanic, suppressed alarm*): But, dear, that's the *situation!* Lou's not like you, Quentin; you and Mickey can function in the rough and tumble of private practice, but Lou's a purely academic person. He's *incapable* of going out and

LOU (*With a difficult grin and chuckle*): Well, dear, I'm not all that delicate, I ——

ELSIE (*A sudden flash of contempt; to Lou*): This is hardly the time for illusions!

(*With a smash of light Mother appears, and Father slumped in a chair beside her.*)

MOTHER: You *idiot!*

(*Quentin is shocked, turns quickly to Mother.*)

My *bonds?*

(*She and Father are gone. Instantly, as before, Holga appears under the Tower, flowers in her hand, looking about for him.*)

HOLGA: Quentin?

(*He quickly turns his head toward her—she is gone.*)

QUENTIN (*Alone*): How do you believe again?

(*Felice appears.*)

FELICE: I'll always bless you!

(*She turns and walks into the dark. The wall appears with the two light fixtures.*)

QUENTIN: The other night, when that girl left . . . I . . .

(*Turns to the wall. The fixtures light up. But he turns away.*)

I'll try to get to it . . .

ELSIE (*The light on her and Lou has gone dim. It brightens again now as she says to Lou . . .*): Come, dear, you haven't even swum. Let's enjoy this weekend!

(*She walks off with Lou, kissing his cheek.*)

QUENTIN (*Watching them go*): Then why does something seem to fall apart? Was it ever whole?

(*Louise now stands up. She turns, addresses an empty space.*)

LOUISE: Quentin?

(*He turns his eyes to the ground, then to the Listener.*)

QUENTIN: Wasn't that a terrifying thing, what Holga said?

LOUISE: I've decided to go into psychoanalysis.

QUENTIN (*Still to Listener*): To take up your life like an idiot child?

LOUISE: I want to talk about some things with you.

QUENTIN: But can anybody really do that?

(*He turns toward her now, guiltily.*)

Kiss his life?

LOUISE (*As though he had not answered—speaking toward the empty space*): Quentin?

(*He is drawn to the spot she is concentrating her gaze on. Tension rises in him as he arrives in her line of sight and faces her.*)

You don't have to pick up Betty now, she enjoys playing there.

(*Steeling her shy self.*)

I've got to make a decision.

QUENTIN: About what?

LOUISE (*In fear*): About everything.

QUENTIN: What do you mean?

LOUISE (*At a loss for an instant*): Sit down, will you?

(*She sits, gathering her thoughts. He hesitates, as though pained at both the memory, and also because at the time he lived this it was an agony. And as he approaches his chair . . . To the Listener:*)

QUENTIN: It was like . . . a meeting. In seven years we had never had a meeting. Never, never what you'd call . . . a meeting.

LOUISE: We don't seem . . .

(*A long pause while she peers at a forming thought.*)

married.

QUENTIN: We?

(*It is sincere, what she says, but she has had to learn the words, so there is the faintest air of a formula in her way of speaking.*)

LOUISE: You don't pay any attention to me.

QUENTIN (*Puzzled*): When?

LOUISE: You never did. But I never realized it till . . . recently.

QUENTIN (*To help her*): You mean like Friday night—when I didn't open the car door for you?

LOUISE: Well, that's a small thing, but it's part of what I mean, yes.

QUENTIN: But I told you; you always opened the car door for yourself.

LOUISE: I've always done everything for myself, but that doesn't mean it's right. Everybody notices it, Quentin.

QUENTIN: What?

LOUISE: The way you behave toward me. I don't . . . *exist*. People are supposed to find out about each other. I am not all this uninteresting, Quentin. Many people, men *and* women, think I *am* interesting.

QUENTIN: Well, I . . .

(*Breaks off.*)

I . . .

(*Breaks off.*)

I . . . don't know what you mean.

LOUISE: I know you don't. You have no conception of what a woman is. You think I'm some sort of. . . . I don't know what I am to you.

QUENTIN: But I do pay attention—just last night I read you my whole brief.

LOUISE: Quentin, you think reading a brief to a woman is talking to her?

QUENTIN: But that's what's on my mind.

LOUISE: But if that's all on your mind, what do you need a wife for?

QUENTIN: Now what kind of a question is that?

LOUISE: Quentin, that's the question!

QUENTIN (*Slight pause; with fear, astonishment*): What's the question?

LOUISE: What am I to you? Do you . . . do you ever *ask* me anything? Anything personal?

QUENTIN (*With rising alarm*): But Louise, what am I supposed to ask you? I *know* you!

LOUISE: No.

(*She stands with dangerous dignity.*)

You don't know me.

(*Pause. She proceeds now with caution.*)

I don't intend to be ashamed of myself anymore; I used to think it was normal, or even that you don't see me because I'm not worth seeing. But I think now that you don't really see any woman. Except in some ways your mother. You do sense her feelings; you do know when she's unhappy or anxious, but not me. Or any other woman.

(*Elsie appears, about to drop her robe.*)

QUENTIN: That's not true, though. I ——

LOUISE: Elsie's noticed it too.

QUENTIN (*Guiltily snapping away from the vision of Elsie*): What?

LOUISE: She's amazed at you.

QUENTIN: Why, what'd she say?

LOUISE: You don't seem to . . . register the fact that a woman is *present*.

QUENTIN: Oh.

(*He is disarmed, confused and silent.*)

LOUISE: And you know how she admires you.

(*Quentin nods seriously. Suddenly he turns to the Listener and bursts into an agonized, ironical laughter. He abruptly breaks it off, and returns to silence before Louise.*)

(*With uncertainty; it is her first attempt at confrontation.*)

Quentin?

(*He stands in silence.*)

Quentin?

(*He is silent.*)

Silence is not going to solve it anymore. I can't live this way. Quentin?

QUENTIN (*Pause. He gathers courage*): Maybe I don't speak because the one time I did tell you my feelings you didn't get over it for six months.

LOUISE (*Angered*): It wasn't six months, it was a few weeks. I did overreact, but it's understandable. You come back from a trip and tell me you'd met a woman you wanted to sleep with.

QUENTIN: That's not the way I said it.

LOUISE: It's exactly the way. And we were married a year.

QUENTIN: It is not the way I said it, Louise. It was an idiotic thing to tell you, but I still say I meant it as a compliment; that I did not touch her because I realized what you meant to me. And for damn near a year you looked at me as though I were some kind of a monster who could never be trusted again.

(*Immediately to the Listener.*)

And why do I believe she's right! That's the point! Yes, now now! It's innocence, isn't it? The innocent are always better, aren't they? Then why can't I be innocent?

(*Elsie appears about to drop her robe.*)

Why couldn't I simply say, "Louise, your best friend is treacherous; your newfound dignity suits her purpose"? . . No, no, it isn't only that Elsie tempted me—it's worse. If I see a sin, why is it in some part mine?

(*Elsie vanishes as the Tower appears.*)

Even this slaughterhouse! Could I kill Jews? Throw ice water on prisoners of war and let them freeze to death? Why does something in me bow its head like an accomplice in this place? . . . Huh? Please, yes, if you think you know.

(*Mother appears. He turns to her.*)

In what sense treacherous?

MOTHER: What poetry he brought me! He understood me, Strauss. And two weeks after the wedding, Papa hands me the menu. To *read!*

QUENTIN: Huh! Yes! And to a little boy . . . who knows how to read; a powerful reader, that little boy!

MOTHER: I want your handwriting beautiful, darling; I want you to be . . .

QUENTIN: . . . an accomplice!

MOTHER (*Turning on Father, who sits dejectedly*): My *bonds?* And you don't even tell me anything? Are you a moron?

QUENTIN (*He watches her go dark, and to the Listener. The Tower remains alive.*)

Yes, yes, I understand, but . . . why is the world so treacherous? Shall we lay it all to mothers? You understand? The sickness is much larger than my skull; aren't there mothers who keep dissatisfaction hidden to the grave, and do not split the faith of sons until they go in guilt for what they did not do? And I'll go further—here's the final bafflement for me—is it altogether good to be not-guilty for what another does?

(*Mickey appears, coming to Quentin, who turns to him.*)

MICKEY: The brief is fine, Kid; I swear it almost began to move me.

(*To Louise, grinning:*)

You proud of him?

(*She starts off.*)

LOUISE: Yes! Lou and Elsie are here.

MICKEY: Oh! I didn't know. You look wonderful, Louise, look all excited!

LOUISE: Thanks! It's nice to hear!

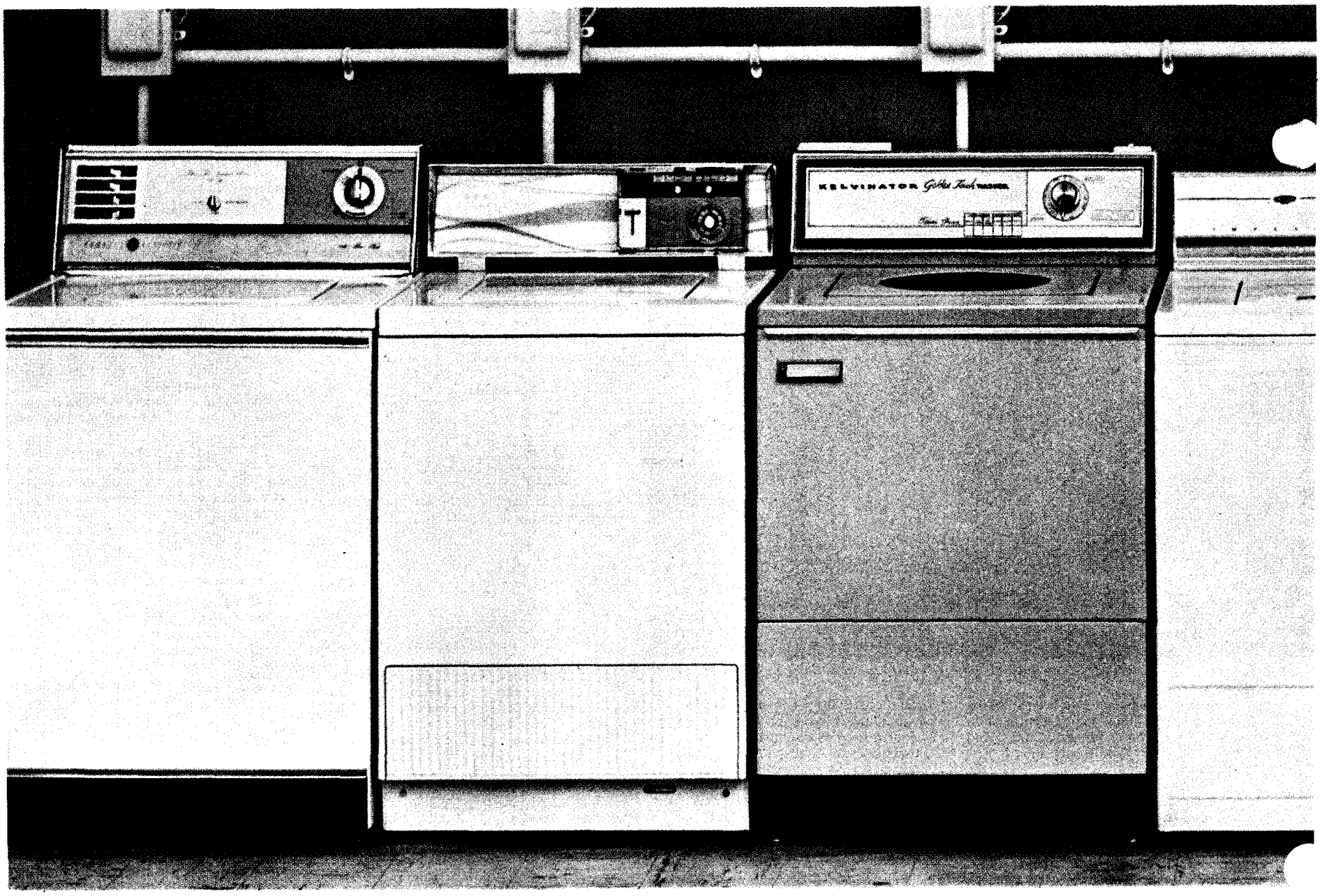
(*She shyly, soundlessly laughs, glancing at Quentin, and goes.*)

MICKEY (*Pause. His smile transforms instantly to a fairly shy grin*): You got trouble?

(*The Tower dies out.*)

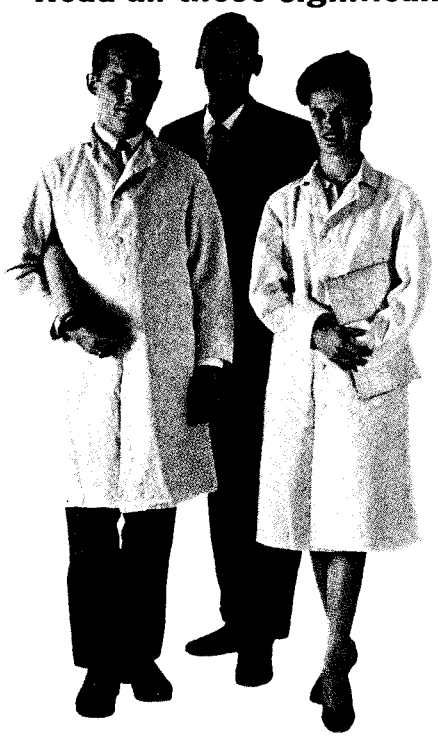
(Continued on page 44)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



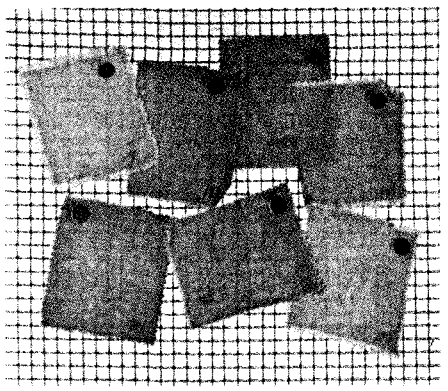
These 6 important tests of 7 leading washers wil

Read all these significant facts before you buy and you'll choose Kelvinator's Golden Touch Washer. (It come



Henry Scholten, Arthur Dunham and Elinor Muller, who supervised the tests at Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute. Tests referred to in this ad are based on reports supplied by the Institute, and they are on file in the Laundry Laboratory at the Kelvinator Division of American Motors, where they may be inspected by any interested party.

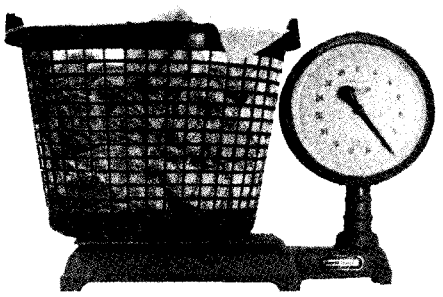
If you could, you'd test the new washers yourself before buying. You want helpful information. We do, too. So we went to a leading independent testing laboratory and paid it to report on seven leading washing machines. Read the following eye-opening results: they answer all your key questions about washers.



Test 1: How well does it clean?

The first thing you'd test is how clean the washer gets clothes. If it doesn't do this, nothing else counts. Now we can report from a series of impartial tests: No other washer cleans clothes cleaner than the Golden Touch Kelvinator.

Something even more significant: Kelvinator washes a load more uniformly clean with less wear! That's important when you do a big family wash.



Test 2: Is it gentle on clothes?

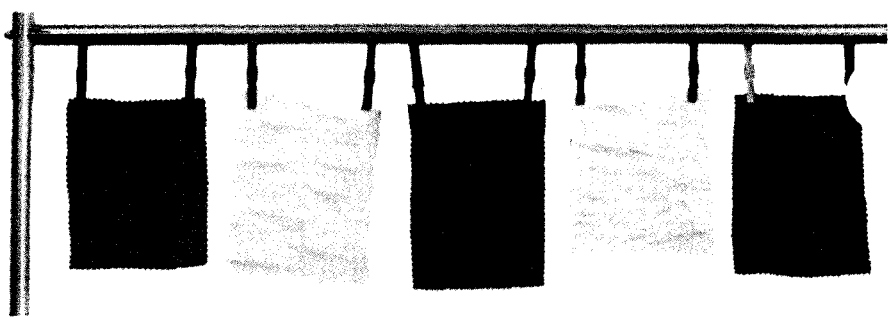
Another big question is how the washer treats your clothes. Does it cause unnecessary wear? Five of the washers tested were less gentle with test fabri than Kelvinator. The sixth washer w no better than Kelvinator. Somethi to remember if you want your cloth to last longer and look better!

Test 3: Does it rinse well?

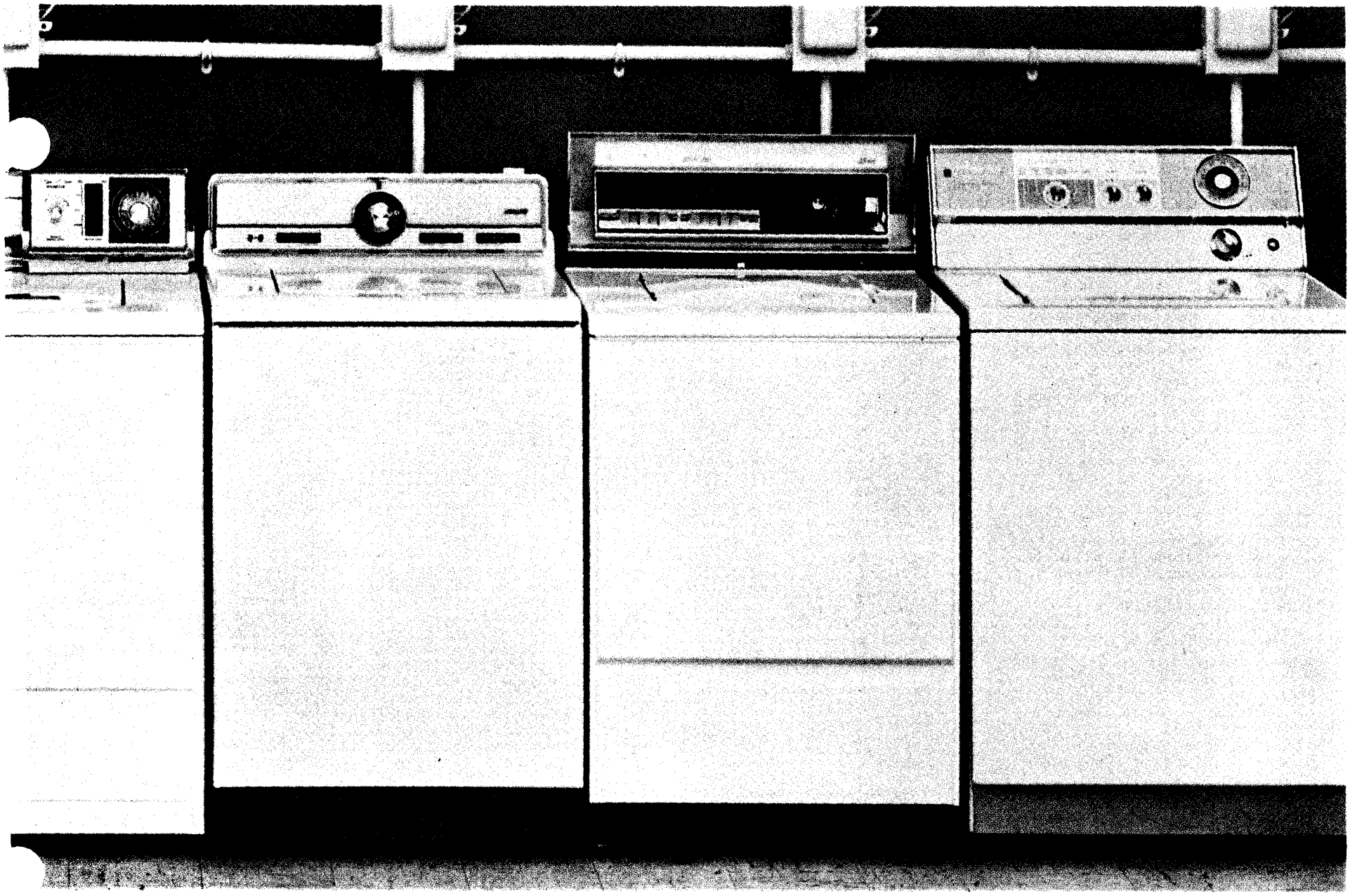
In rinsing, there is no significant d ference. All seven washers were equal good. Any claim by any one of the that it rinses out soil and suds bett was proved unfounded in these tes

Test 4: Is lint a problem?

Even without its lint filter in operatic Kelvinator deposits less lint than the other washers. This indicates hc thoroughly Kelvinator rinses lint aw and how little lint it will leave on yo freshly washed clothing or linens.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

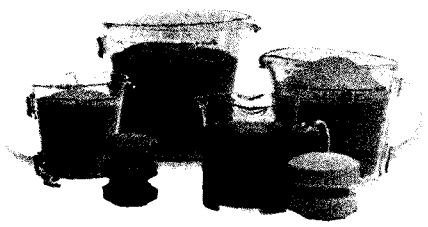


help you choose the best one for you

with a 5-year parts guarantee.)

Test 5: Will it waste water?

Five of the washers used more water, from start to finish, than Kelvinator. And all of them used more water during the wash cycle. More wash water



means more soap or detergent needed. More expense! Count up all the times you use your washer in a year and your extra expense for soap or detergent adds up to a sizeable amount.

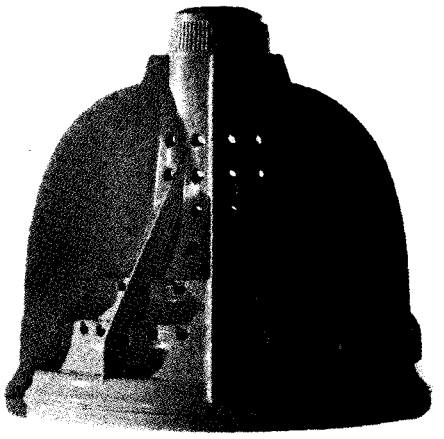
Test 6: What about servicing?

Kelvinator was the easiest to service of seven washers tested. This means substantial savings on labor costs, if your Kelvinator ever needs servicing.

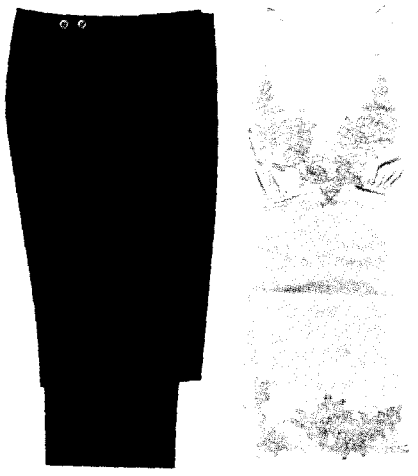
Speaking of servicing, all six other washers are built with gears. Kelvinator has no gears to break down! That's the principal reason why you can't have a $70-$80 gear repair bill with Kelvinator's Golden Touch washer.

We build Kelvinator washers to be trouble-free. That's why Kelvinator can afford to guarantee parts for five long years.

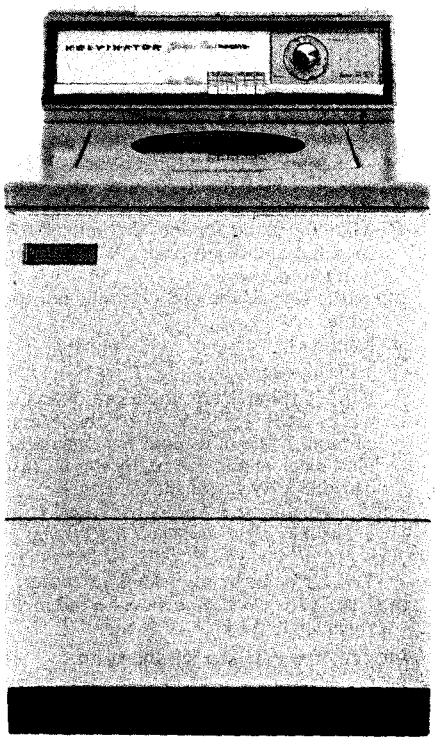
Kelvinator will repair or replace any defective drive mechanism part, except electrical, for five years and any other defective part for one year. Your dealer will even pay labor costs the first year.



On top of all this, the Kelvinator gives you a full minute of automatic prescrubbing, an exclusive feature which we call the Magic Minute. It helps loosen stubborn stains and ground-in dirt to eliminate hand prescrubbing. Then Kelvinator's Golden Touch agitation works throughout the full tub.



Squeezes, relaxes and surges suds through every item. That's the reason Kelvinator washes a load more uniformly clean with less wear. Now that you have these facts you know what to do. Interested in a clean wash? Want gentle handling of fabrics? Want clothes to last longer? Want reliability? See your Kelvinator dealer. He has the washer that gives you the most!



KELVINATOR

Division of American Motors Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan. Dedicated to Excellence in Rambler Automobiles & Kelvinator Appliances.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUENTIN (*Embarrassed*): I don't think so. She's going into psychoanalysis.

MICKEY: You got trouble, then.

(*Laughs.*)

But she'll be more interesting. Although for a while she'll probably be talking about her rights.

QUENTIN: Really? That's just what she was talking about!

MICKEY (*Shakes his head, laughing joyfully*): I love women! I think maybe you got married too young; I did too. . . . Although, *you* don't fool around, do you?

QUENTIN: I don't, no.

MICKEY: Then what the hell are you so guilty about?

QUENTIN: I didn't know I was till recently.

MICKEY: Maybe you ought to . . . See, when it first happened to me, I set aside five minutes a day just imagining my wife as a stranger. As though I hadn't made her yet. You got to generate some respect for her mystery. Start with five minutes; I can go as long as an hour, now.

QUENTIN: Makes it seem like a game though, doesn't it?

MICKEY: Well it is, isn't it, in a way? As soon as there's two people, you can't be absolutely sincere, can you? I mean she's not your rib.

QUENTIN: I guess that's right, yes.

(*Pause.*)

MICKEY: Where's Lou?

QUENTIN (*Pointing*): They're down swimming. You want to swim?

MICKEY: No.

(*He walks to a point, looks down as over a cliff.*)

That dear man; look at him, he never learned how to swim, always paddled like a dog.

(*Returning to Quentin.*)

I used to love that man. I still do. I'm sorry you didn't get into town two weeks ago when I called you.

QUENTIN: Why, is there some . . .?

MICKEY: Well I called you, Quent, I called you three times wanting to talk to you.

(*He gets up, stands, hands in pockets, glancing at the ground.*)

I've been subpoenaed.

QUENTIN (*Shocked*): Oh, God! The Committee?

MICKEY: Yes. I wish you'd have come into town. . . . But it doesn't matter now.

QUENTIN: I had a feeling it was something like that. I guess I . . . I didn't want to know any more. I'm sorry, Mick.

(*To Listener.*)

Yes, not to see, to be innocent . . . !

(*A long pause. They find it hard to look directly at each other—Mickey picks up a stick, gouges at it with his thumbnail.*)

MICKEY: I've been going through hell, Quent. It's a strange thing—to have to examine what you stand for; not theoretically, but on a life-and-death basis. A lot of things don't stand up.

QUENTIN: I guess the main thing is not to be afraid.

MICKEY: Yes.

(*Pause.*)

I don't think I am, anymore. I was two weeks ago; I shook when the Marshal came into the office and handed me that pink piece of paper. I really shook. It was dreadful. My knees shook.

(*A pause. Both sit staring ahead. Finally, Mickey turns and looks at Quentin, who now faces him. Mickey tries to smile.*)

You may not be my friend anymore.

QUENTIN (*Tries to laugh it away—a terror rising in him*): Why?

MICKEY: I'm going to tell the truth.

(*Pause.*)

QUENTIN: How do you mean?

MICKEY: I'm . . . going to name names.

QUENTIN (*Incredulously*): Why?

MICKEY: Because . . . I want to. I don't want this concealment anymore. Fifteen years, wherever I go, whatever I talk about, the feeling is always there that I'm deceiving people. Like living in an occupied country, half in the dark. . . .

QUENTIN: But you only belonged for a few months, didn't you?

MICKEY: Yes, but it was a commitment, Quent. I'm sorry we never got to talk about it; I've never really gone along with this Fifth Amendment silence; I think it's insincere; a man ought to take the rap for what he's been.

QUENTIN: But why couldn't you just tell about yourself?

MICKEY: I have. They're playing for keeps, kid; they want the names, and they mean to destroy anyone who ——

QUENTIN: I think it's a mistake, Mick. All this is going to pass, and I think you'll regret it. And anyway, how can they destroy you?

MICKEY (*Slight pause*): Quent, I'll be voted out of the firm if I don't testify.

QUENTIN: Oh no! Max has always talked against this kind of thing!

MICKEY: I've had it out with Max.

QUENTIN: I can't believe it! What about DeVries . . . ?

MICKEY: DeVries was there, and Burton, and most of the others. I wish you'd have seen their faces when I told them. Men I've worked with for thirteen years. Played tennis; intimate friends, you know? And as soon as I said, "I had been"—stones.

(*The Tower lights.*)

QUENTIN (*To the Listener*): Everything is one thing! You see? . . . I don't know what we are to one another! . . . Or rather, rather what we ought to be . . . !

MICKEY: I could feel their backs turning on me. It was horrible—as though . . . they would let me die.

(*Maggie appears in her bed, and her breathing is heard.*)

MAGGIE: Quentin?

(*Quentin barely glances at her and turns away, pacing up and down before the Listener. As Mickey resumes, Maggie and her deep-drawn breathing fade away.*)

MICKEY: I only know one thing, Quent. I want to live an open life, a straightforward, open life . . . !

(*Lou enters in bathing trunks, instantly overjoyed at seeing Mickey.*)

LOU: Mick! I *thought* I heard your voice!

(*Grabs his hand.*)

How are you?

(*Holga appears with flowers, and in a moment, disappears.*)

QUENTIN: How do you dare make promises again? I have lived through all the promises, you see?

MICKEY: Pretty good, Lou. I intended to call you tomorrow.

LOU: Really? I was going to call *you*—about a little problem.

(*Uncertain.*)

. . . *May* I?

MICKEY: Of course, Lou! You can always call me. I've got guests at home.

(*Grasps Lou's arm.*)

Give my best to Elsie.

LOU (*Relieved*): I'll ring you tomorrow! And thank you, Mickey!

(*The gratitude seems to stab Mickey, who is already a few yards away—and he turns back,* resolves *to turn back.*)

MICKEY: What . . . was the problem, Lou?

LOU (*Relieved, hurrying to him like a puppy*): Just the question of publishing my book now. Elsie's afraid it will wake up all the sleeping dogs again. . . .

MICKEY (*Pause*): But don't you have to take that chance? I think a man's got to take the rap, Lou, for what's he's done, for what he is. I think what you hide poisons you. After all, it's your work.

LOU: I feel exactly that way!

(*Grabs his arm.*)

Golly, Mick! Why don't we get together as we used to? I miss all that wonderful talk! Of course I know how busy you are now, but . . .

MICKEY: Lou.

(*Pause.*)

LOU: Yes, Mick, I'll meet you anywhere you say!

MICKEY: Elsie coming up?

LOU: You want to see her? I could call down to the beach.

(*He starts off. Mickey stops him.*)

MICKEY: Lou.

LOU (*Sensing something odd*): Yes, Mick.

QUENTIN (*Facing the sky*): Dear God.

MICKEY: I've been subpoenaed.

LOU: No!

(*Mickey nods, looks at the ground. Lou grips his arm.*)

Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Mick. I was afraid of that when they called me. But can I say something? It might ease your mind; once you're in front of them it all gets remarkably simple!

QUENTIN: Oh dear God!

LOU: Really, it's not as terrible as it seems to you now; everything kind of falls away excepting one's . . . one's self. One's truth.

MICKEY (*Slight pause*): I've already been in front of them, Lou. Two weeks ago.

LOU: Oh! Then what do they want with you again?

MICKEY (*Pause. A fixed smile on his face*): I asked to be heard again.

LOU (*Puzzled, open-eyed*): Why?

MICKEY (*He carefully forms his thought*): Because I want to tell the truth.

LOU (*With the first rising of incredulous fear*): In . . . what sense? What do you mean?

MICKEY: Lou, when I left the hearing room, I didn't feel I had spoken. Something else had spoken, something automatic and inhuman. I asked myself, what am I protecting by refusing to answer? . . . Lou, you must let me finish! You must. The Party? But I despise the Party, and have for many years. Just like you. Yet, there is something, something that closes my throat when I think of telling names. What am I defending? It's a dream, now, a dream of solidarity, but hasn't that died a long time ago? The fact is, I have no solidarity with the people I could name—excepting for you. And not because we were Communists together, but because we were young together. Because we . . . when we talked it was like . . . monks probably talk, like some brotherhood opposed to all the world's injustice. It's you made my throat close, just the love whenever we saw one another. But what created that love, Lou? Wasn't it a respect for truth, a hatred of hypocrisy? Therefore, in the name of that love, I ought to be true to myself now. It would be easier, in a sense, to do what you did and stick with it; I would keep your friendship, but lose myself. Because the truth, Lou, my truth, is that I think the Party *is* a conspiracy . . . . Let me finish. I think we *were* swindled; they took our lust for the right and used it for Russian purposes. And I don't think we can go on turning our backs on the truth simply because reactionaries are saying it. What I propose—is that we try to separate our love for one another from this political morass. It was not the Party we loved, it was each other's truth. And I've said nothing just now that we haven't told each other for the past five years.

LOU: Then . . . what's your proposal?

MICKEY: That we go back together. Come with me. And answer the questions. I was going to tell you this tomorrow.

LOU: Name . . . the names?

MICKEY: Yes. I've talked to all the others in the unit. They've agreed, excepting for Ward and Harry. They cursed me out, but I expected that.

LOU (*Dazed*): Let me understand—you are asking my permission to name me?

(*Pause.*)

You may not mention my name.

(*He begins physically shaking.*)

And if you do it, Mickey, you are selling me for your own prosperity. If you use my name, I will be dismissed. You will ruin me. You will destroy my career.

MICKEY: Lou, I think I have a right to know exactly why you ——

LOU: Because if everyone broke faith, there would be no civilization! That is why that Committee is the face of the Philistine! And it astounds me that you can speak of truth and justice in relation to that gang of cheap publicity hounds! Not one syllable will they get from me! Not one word from my lips! No—your eleven-room apartment, your automobile, your money are not worth this.

(*He strides toward the edge of the area.*)

MICKEY (*Stiffened*): That's a lie! You can't reduce it all to money, Lou! *That* is false!

LOU (*Turning on him*): There is only one truth here. You are terrified! They have bought your soul!

(*He starts out again.*)

MICKEY (*Angrily, but contained*): And yours? Lou! Is it all yours, your soul?

LOU (*Beginning to show tears*): How dare you speak of my. . . ?

MICKEY (*Quaking with anger*): You've got to take it if you're going to dish it out, don't you? Have you really earned this high moral tone? . . . this . . .

(*Elsie appears in the farthest distance, slowly coming toward them as though from a beach, her robe open, her head raised up toward the breeze, toward longing, toward the sky.*)

perfect integrity? I happen to remember when you came back from your trip to Russia; and I remember who made you throw your first version into my fireplace!

LOU (*Almost screaming—after a glance toward Elsie*): The idea!

MICKEY: I saw you burn a true book and write another that told lies! Because she demanded it, because she terrified you, because she has taken your soul!

LOU (*Shaking his fist in the air*): I condemn you!

MICKEY: But from your conscience or from hers? Who is speaking to me, Lou!

LOU: You are a monster!

(*He bursts into tears, walks off toward Elsie; he meets her in the near distance, says a few words, and her face shows horror. At the front of stage Mickey turns and looks across the full width toward Quentin at the farthest edge of light, and reading Quentin's feelings . . .*)

MICKEY: I guess you'll want to get somebody else to go over your brief with you.

(*Quentin, indecisive, but not contradicting him, now turns to him.*)

Good-bye, Quentin.

QUENTIN (*In a dead tone*): Good-bye, Mickey.

(*Mickey goes out as Elsie and Lou rush down, she in a near-hysteria. As they arrive, Louise appears, stands watching.*)

ELSIE: Did you hear?

(*Including Louise in her glance.*)

Did you hear! He's a *moral idiot!*

(*Quentin turns to her; something perhaps in his gaze or in the recesses of her mind makes her close her robe which she holds tightly shut. And to Quentin . . .*)

Isn't that *incredible?*

QUENTIN (*Quietly*): Yes.

ELSIE: After such friendship! Such love between them! And for so many years!

(*The camp Tower comes alive, and Quentin moves out of this group, slowly toward it, looking up.*)

LOU (*Stunned*): And only this spring, brought me an expensive briefcase for my birthday!

ELSIE: And named his son Louis after you! Who can understand this!

(*Above, Holga appears as before, carrying flowers. She is a distance away from Quentin, who turns to her.*)

QUENTIN: You . . . love me, don't you?

HOLGA: Yes.

(*An instant's hesitation and he turns quickly to Listener, and cries out.*)

QUENTIN: Is it that I'm looking for some simpleminded constancy that never is and never was?

(*He turns to Elsie, who, as before, is lifting Lou to his feet and kissing him.*)

QUENTIN: How tenderly she lifts him up! . . . Now that he is ruined.

(*Elsie walks off with Lou, her arm around him, and kissing his cheek. Quentin watches them go.*)

Still, that could be a true kiss. Or is there no treason but only man, unblamable as trees or cats or clouds? . . . Yes, I do, I see it; but if that is what we are, what will keep us safe?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Louise appears.*)

LOUISE: I had a dream. I want to tell you about it.

(*Quentin, in silence, goes to a point near her, takes out a brief, glances into it.*)

I was standing beside a high mountain. With my legs cut off.

QUENTIN: What does that mean?

LOUISE: Must you work tonight?

QUENTIN: It's Lou's case, I have to go through a pile of stuff.

(*Slight pause.*)

Well, I can do it later. What is it?

LOUISE: Never mind.

QUENTIN (*He sits at once, as though remembering some resolution to act well*): I'm sorry, Louise. What'd you want to say?

LOUISE: I'm trying to understand why you got so angry with me at the party the other night.

QUENTIN: I wasn't *angry;* I simply felt that every time I began to talk you cut in to explain what I was about to say.

LOUISE: Well, I'd had a drink; I was a little high; I felt happy, I guess, that you weren't running for cover when everybody else was.

QUENTIN: Yes, but Max was there and DeVries, and they don't feel they're running for cover. I only want to win Lou's case, not some moral victory over the firm—I felt you were putting me out on a limb.

LOUISE: Quentin, I saw you getting angry when I was talking about that new antivirus vaccine.

(*He tries to remember, believing she is right.*)

What is it? Don't you want me to speak at all?

QUENTIN: That's ridiculous, Louise, why do you . . .?

LOUISE: Because the moment I begin to assert myself, it seems to threaten you. I don't think you *want* me to be happy.

QUENTIN (*There is a basic concession made by his tone of admitted bewilderment*):

I tell you the truth, Louise, I don't think I feel very sure of myself any more. I feel sometimes that I don't see reality at all. I'm glad I took on Lou but it only hit me lately that no respectable lawyer would touch him. It's like some unseen web of connection between people is simply not there. And I always relied on it, somehow; I never quite believed that people could be so easily disposed of. And it's larger than the political question. I think it's got me a little scared.

LOUISE (*With a wish for his sympathy, not accusing*): Well, then, you must know how I felt when I found that letter in your suit.

QUENTIN (*He turns to her, aware*): I didn't do that to dispose of you, Louise.

(*She does not reply.*)

I thought we'd settled about that girl.

(*She still does not reply.*)

You mean you think I'm still . . .?

LOUISE: I don't know what you're doing.

QUENTIN (*Astounded*): What do you mean, you don't know?

LOUISE (*Directly at him*): I said I don't know! I thought you told the truth about that other girl years ago, but after what happened again this spring, I don't know anything.

QUENTIN (*Pause*): Tell me something; until this party the other night—in fact, this whole year I thought you seemed much happier. You were, weren't you?

LOUISE: Quentin, aren't you aware I've simply been staying out of your way this year?

QUENTIN (*Amazed, frightened for his sense of reality*): Staying out of my way!

LOUISE: Well, can you remember one thing I've said about myself this year?

QUENTIN (*Angrily, still amazed*): I swear to God, Louise, I thought we were building something till the other night!

LOUISE: But why?

QUENTIN: Well, I can't give you a bill of particulars, but it seems pretty obvious I've been trying like hell to show what I think of you. You've seen that, haven't you?

LOUISE: Quentin, you are full of resentment; you think I'm blind?

QUENTIN: What I resent is being forever on trial, Louise. Are you an innocent bystander here? I keep waiting for some contribution you might have made to what I did, and I resent not hearing it.

LOUISE: I said I did contribute; I demanded nothing for much too long.

QUENTIN: You mean the summer before last you didn't come to me and say that if I didn't change you would divorce me?

LOUISE: I never said I was *planning a* ——

QUENTIN: You said if it came down to it you would divorce me—that's not a contribution?

LOUISE: Well, it certainly ought not send a man out to play doctor with the first girl he could lay his hands on!

QUENTIN: How much shame do you want me to feel? I hate what I did. But I think I've explained it—I felt like nothing; I shouldn't have but I did, and I took the only means I knew to ——

LOUISE: This is exactly what I mean, Quentin—you are still defending it. Right now.

(*He is stopped by this truth.*)

QUENTIN: And you're . . . not at all to blame, heh?

LOUISE: But how?

QUENTIN: Well for example . . . you never turn your back on me in bed?

LOUISE: I never turned my ——

QUENTIN: You have turned your back on me in bed, Louise—I am not insane!

LOUISE: Well what do you expect? Silent, cold, you lay your hand on me?

QUENTIN (*Fallen*): Well, I . . . I'm not very demonstrative, I guess.

(*Slight pause. He throws himself on her compassion.*)

Louise . . . I worry about you all day. And all night.

LOUISE (*It is something, but not enough*): Well, you've got a child; I'm sure that worries you.

QUENTIN (*Deeply hurt*): Is that all?

LOUISE (*With intense reasonableness*): Look, Quentin, it all comes down to a very simple thing: You want a woman to provide an . . . atmosphere, in which there are never any issues, and you'll fly around in a constant bath of praise ——

QUENTIN: Well I wouldn't mind a little praise. What's wrong with praise?

LOUISE: Quentin, I am not a praise machine! I am not a blur and I am not your mother! I am a separate person!

QUENTIN (*He stares at her, and what lies beyond her*): I see that now.

LOUISE: It's no crime! Not if you're adult and grown-up!

QUENTIN (*Quietly*): I guess not. But it bewilders me. In fact, I got the same idea when I realized that Lou had gone from one of his former students to another and none would take him . . . .

LOUISE: What's Lou got to do with it? I think it's admirable that you ——

QUENTIN: Yes, but I am doing what you call an admirable thing because I can't bear to be . . . a separate person. I think so. I really don't want to be known as a Red lawyer; and I really don't want the newspapers to eat me alive; and if it came down to it, Lou could defend himself. But when that decent, broken man, who never wanted anything but the good of the world, sits across my desk . . . I don't know how to say that my interests are no longer the same as his, and that if he doesn't change, I consign him to hell because we are separate persons!

LOUISE: You are completely confused! Lou's case has nothing ——

QUENTIN (*Grasping for his thought*): I am telling you my confusion! I think Mickey also became a separate person . . . .

LOUISE: You're incredible!

QUENTIN: I think of my mother, I think she also became ——

LOUISE: Are you identifying *me* with ——

QUENTIN: Louise, I am asking you to explain this to me because this is when I go blind! When you've finally become a separate person, what the hell is there?

LOUISE (*With a certain unsteady pride*): Maturity.

QUENTIN: I don't know what that means.

LOUISE: It means that you know another person exists, Quentin. I'm not in analysis for nothing.

QUENTIN (*Questing*): It's probably the symptom of a typical case of some kind, but I swear, Louise . . . if you would just once, of your own will, as right as you are—if you would come to me and say that something, something important was your fault and that you were sorry . . . it would help.

(*In her pride she is silent, in her refusal to be brought down again.*)

Louise?

LOUISE: Good God! What an idiot!

(*She begins to weep helplessly for her life, and vanishes. Light rises on a park bench with the sound of traffic. A young Negro hurries past; neat, sunglasses, on the lookout—and halts to flick dust off his shined shoes, goes on. An old woman in shapeless dress carries a shopping bag and a parrot in a cage across, limping. Quentin strolls on and sits on the bench, briefcase on his lap.*)

QUENTIN: How few the days are that hold the mind in place; like a tapestry hanging on four or five hooks. Especially the day you stop becoming; the day you merely are. I suppose it's when the principles dissolve, and instead of the general gray of what ought to be, you begin to see what is. Even the bench by the park seems alive, having held so many actual men. The word *now* is like a bomb through the window, and it ticks.

(*The old woman recrosses with the parrot.*)

Now a woman takes a parrot for a walk. She probably worries what will happen to it when she's gone. Everything suddenly has consequences.

(*A plain girl in tweeds passes, reading a paperback.*)

And how brave a homely woman has to be! How disciplined of her, not to set fire to the museum of art.

(*The Negro passes, flicking dust off his shoe, comes to Quentin, demanding a light for his cigarette. Quentin lights it.*)

And how does he keep so neat, and the bathroom on another floor? He must be furious when he shaves.

(*The Negro sees his girl upstage, walks off with her.*)

And whatever made me think that at the end of the day I absolutely had to go home? You understand? That day when, suddenly, nothing whatsoever is ordained. Only . . . "Now," ticking away.

(*Maggie appears, looking about for someone.*)

Now there's a truth; symmetrical, lovely skin, undeniable.

MAGGIE: S'uze me, did you see a man with a big dog?

QUENTIN: No. But I saw a woman with a little bird.

MAGGIE: No, that's not him. Is this the bus stop?

QUENTIN: Ya, the sign says ——

MAGGIE (*Sits beside him*): I was standing over there, and a man came with this big dog and just put the leash in my hand and walked away. So I started to go after him, but the dog wouldn't move. And then this other man came and took the leash and went away. But I don't think it's really his dog. I think it's the first man's dog.

QUENTIN: But he obviously doesn't want it.

MAGGIE: But maybe he wanted for me to have it. I think the other man just saw it happening and figured he could get a free dog.

QUENTIN: Well, you want the dog?

MAGGIE: How could I keep a dog? I don't even think they allow dogs where I live. They might, but I never saw any dog. Although I'm not there much. What bus is this?

QUENTIN: Fifth Avenue. This is the downtown side. Where do you want to go?

MAGGIE (*Thinks*): Well, I could go there.

QUENTIN: Where?

MAGGIE: Downtown.

QUENTIN: Lot of funny things go on, don't they?

MAGGIE: Well, he probably figured I would like a dog. Whereas I would if I had a way to keep it, but I don't even have a refrigerator.

QUENTIN: Yes. That must be it. I guess he thought you had a refrigerator.

(*She shrugs. Pause. He looks at her as she watches for the bus. He has no more to say. Louise lights up.*)

LOUISE: You don't talk to any woman—not like a *woman!* You think reading your brief is *talking* to me?

(*She goes dark. In tension Quentin leans forward, arms resting on his knees. He looks at Maggie again. Anonymous men appear, lounge about, eyeing her.*)

QUENTIN (*With an effort*): What do you do?

MAGGIE (*As though he should know*): On the switchboard.

QUENTIN: Oh, telephone operator?

MAGGIE (*Laughs*): Don't you remember me?

QUENTIN (*Surprised*): Me?

MAGGIE: I always sort of nod to you every morning through the window.

QUENTIN (*An instant*): Oh. In the reception room!

MAGGIE: Sure! Maggie!

QUENTIN: Of course! . . . You get my numbers sometimes.

MAGGIE: Did you think I just came up and started talking to you?

QUENTIN: I had no idea.

MAGGIE (*Laughs*): Well, what must you have thought?

QUENTIN: I didn't know what to think.

MAGGIE: I guess it's that you never saw me altogether. I mean just my head through that little window.

QUENTIN: Yes. Well, it's nice to meet all of you, finally.

MAGGIE (*She laughs*): You go back to work again tonight?

QUENTIN: No, I'm just resting for a few minutes.

MAGGIE (*With a sense of his loneliness*): Oh.

(*She looks idly about. He glances down her body.*)

QUENTIN: It's a pity you have to sit behind that little window.

(*She laughs, gratefully—her eye catches something.*)

MAGGIE (*Rising*): Is that my bus down there?

QUENTIN: I'm not really sure where you want to go . . .

(*A man appears, eyes her, glances up toward the bus, back to her, staring.*)

MAGGIE: I wanted to find one of those discount stores; I just bought a phonograph but I only have one record. I'll see you!

(*She is half-backing off toward the man.*)

MAN: There's one on Twenty-seventh and Sixth Avenue . . . .

MAGGIE (*Turning, surprised*): Oh, thanks!

QUENTIN (*Standing; moving toward her as though not to lose her to the man*): There's a record store around the corner, you know . . .

MAGGIE: But is it discount?

QUENTIN: Well, they all discount . . .

MAN (*Slipping his hand under her arm*): What, ten percent? Come on, honey, I'll get you easy fifty off.

MAGGIE (*Moving off on his arm*): Really? But Perry Sullivan?

MAN: Look, I'll give it to you—I'll give you two records—come on!

MAGGIE (*She halts—suddenly aware—disengages her arm, backs*): S'uze me, I . . . I forgot something.

MAN (*Lathering*): Look, I'll give you ten records.

(*Calls off.*)

Hold that door!

(*Grabs her.*)

Come on!

QUENTIN: (*Moving toward him*): Hey!

MAN (*Letting her go—to Quentin*): Ah, get lost!

(*He rushes off.*)

Hold it, hold the door!

(*Quentin watches the "bus" go by, then turns to her. She is absorbed in arranging her hair—but with a strangely doughy expression, removed . . .*)

QUENTIN: I'm sorry, I thought you knew him.

MAGGIE: No. I never saw him.

QUENTIN: Well . . . what were you going with him for?

MAGGIE: Well, he said he knew a store.

(*Quentin, mystified, intrigued, looks at her, then nods inconclusively.*)

Where's the one you're talking about?

QUENTIN: I'll have to think a minute. Let's see . . .

MAGGIE: Could I sit with you? While you're thinking?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SURPRISE!

Just wait till you taste Del Monte's prune juice! It's as bright and refreshing as the juice of any other fruit. That's because Del Monte® Prune Juice is light instead of syrupy; it's clear instead of cloudy, clean-tasting instead of cloying. And you'll find each glass of Del Monte is uniformly rich in the flavor and all the natural keep-fitness of fresh-cooked prunes.

DEL MONTE
the prune juice with fruit juice appeal

Quentin, desperate to communicate with his first wife, remonstrates, "Louise, don't you ever doubt yourself?"

AFTER THE FALL

QUENTIN: Sure!

(They return to the bench. He waits till she is seated. She is aware of the politeness, glances at him as he sits. Then she looks at him fully; for some reason amazed.)

That happen to you very often?

MAGGIE: Pretty often.

(It is impossible to tell if she likes it or not.)

QUENTIN: It's because you talk to them.

MAGGIE: But they talk to me, so I have to answer.

QUENTIN: Not if they're rude.

MAGGIE: But if they talk to me . . .

QUENTIN: Just turn your back.

MAGGIE (*She thinks about that, and indecisively . . .*): Oh, OK.

(As though remotely aware of another world, his world.)

Thanks, though . . . for stopping it.

QUENTIN: Well, anybody would.

MAGGIE: No, they laugh. It's a joke to them.

(She laughs in pain. Slight pause.)

You . . . going to rest here very long?

QUENTIN: Just a few minutes. I'm on my way home . . . I never did this before.

MAGGIE: Oh! You look like you always did.

QUENTIN: Why?

MAGGIE: I don't know. You look like you could sit for hours, under these trees . . . just thinking.

QUENTIN: No. I usually go right home.

(Grinning.)

I've always gone right home.

MAGGIE (*She absorbs this*): Oh.

(Coming awake.)

See, I'm still paying for the phonograph, whereas they don't sell records on time, you know.

QUENTIN: They're afraid they'll wear out, I guess.

MAGGIE: Oh, that must be it! I always wondered. 'Cause you *can* get phonographs. How'd you know that?

QUENTIN: I don't. I'm just guessing.

MAGGIE: It sounds true, though.

(Laughs.)

I can never guess those things! I don't know why they do anything half the time!

(She laughs more deeply. He does.)

I had about ten or twenty records in Washington, but my friend got sick, and I had to leave—although maybe they're still there.

QUENTIN: Well, if you still have the apartment . . .

MAGGIE: I'm not sure I do. I got a letter from them couple months ago, the Real Estate.

(Pause. Thinks.)

I better open it. He lived right over there on Park Avenue.

QUENTIN: Oh. Is he better?

MAGGIE: He died.

(Tears come into her eyes.)

QUENTIN (*Entirely perplexed*): When was this?

MAGGIE: Friday. Remember they closed the office for the day?

QUENTIN: You mean . . .

(Astounded.)

. . . Judge Cruse?

MAGGIE: Ya.

QUENTIN: Oh, I didn't know that you . . .

(With lingering surprise.)

He was a great lawyer. And a great judge too.

MAGGIE (*Rubbing tears*): He was very nice to me.

QUENTIN: I was at the funeral; I didn't see you, though.

MAGGIE (*With difficulty against her tears*): His wife wouldn't let me come. But I got into the hospital before he died. But as soon as I opened the door of his room, the family pushed me out and . . . I could hear him calling, "Maggie. Maggie!"

(Pause.)

They kept trying to offer me a thousand dollars. But I told them, I don't want anything, I just wanted to say good-bye to him!

(She opens her purse, takes out an office envelope, opens it.)

I have a little of the dirt. See? That's from his grave. His chauffeur drove me out—Alexander.

QUENTIN (*Looks at the dirt, at her face*): Did he leave you very much?

MAGGIE: No, he didn't leave me anything.

(She puts the envelope back, closes the purse, stares.)

QUENTIN: Did you love him very much?

MAGGIE: No. But he was very nice. In fact, a a couple of times I really left him.

QUENTIN: Why didn't you altogether?

MAGGIE: He didn't want me to.

QUENTIN: Oh.

(Pause.)

So what are you going to do now?

MAGGIE: I'd love to get that record if I knew where they had a discount . . .

QUENTIN: No, I mean in general.

MAGGIE: Why, they going to fire me now?

QUENTIN: Oh, I wouldn't know about that . . .

MAGGIE: Although I'm not worried, whereas I can always go back to hair.

QUENTIN: To where?

MAGGIE: I used to demonstrate hair preparations.

(Laughs, squirts her hair with an imaginary bottle.)

You know, in department stores? I was almost on TV once.

(Tilting her head under his chin.)

It's because I have very thick hair, you see? I have my mother's hair. And it's not broken. You notice I have no broken hair? Most women's hair is broken. Here, feel it, feel how . . .

(She has lifted his hand to her head, and suddenly lets go of it . . .)

Oh, s'uze me!

QUENTIN: That's all right!

MAGGIE: I just thought you might want to feel it.

QUENTIN: Sure.

MAGGIE: Go ahead. I mean if you want to.

(She leans her head to him again. He touches the top of her head.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUENTIN: It is, ya! Very soft.

MAGGIE (*Proudly*): I once went from page boy to bouffant in less than ten minutes!

QUENTIN: What made you quit?

MAGGIE: They start sending me to conventions and all. You're supposed to entertain, you see.

QUENTIN: Oh yes.

MAGGIE: There were parts of it I didn't like anymore.

(*A long moment. A student goes by, reading. He looks up from his book, shyly glances at her, goes on reading. She laughs.*)

Aren't they sweet when they look up from their books!

(*She turns to him with a laugh. He looks at her warmly, smiling.*)

S'uze me I put your hand on my head.

QUENTIN: Oh, that's all right. . . . I'm not *that* bad.

(*He laughs softly, embarrassed.*)

MAGGIE: You're not bad.

QUENTIN: I don't mean bad, I mean . . . shy.

MAGGIE: It's not bad to be shy.

(*She gives him a long look, absorbed.*)

I mean . . . if that's the way you are.

QUENTIN: I guess I am, then.

(*Pause. They look at each other.*)

You're very beautiful, Maggie.

(*She smiles, straightens as though his words had entered her.*)

And I wish you knew how to take care of yourself.

MAGGIE: Oh . . .

(*Holding out a ripped seam in her dress.*)

I got this torn on the bus this morning. I'm going to sew it home.

QUENTIN: I don't mean that.

(*She meets his eyes again—she looks chastised.*)

Not that I'm criticizing you. I'm not at all. Not in the slightest. You understand?

(*She nods, absorbed in his face. He stands.*)

I've got to go now.

(*She stands, staring at him, giving herself. He sees this. His hand moves, but it becomes a handshake.*)

You could look up record stores in the phone book.

MAGGIE: I think I'll take a walk in the park.

QUENTIN: You shouldn't. It's getting dark.

MAGGIE: But it's beautiful at night. I slept there one night when it was hot in my room.

QUENTIN: God, you don't want to do that. Most of the animals around here are not in the zoo.

MAGGIE: OK. I'll get a record then. S'uze me about my hair if I embarrassed you.

QUENTIN (*Laughs*): You didn't.

MAGGIE (*She touches the top of her head*):

It's just that it's not broken.

(*Holds out her torn seam.*)

I'm going to sew this home.

(*He nods. She indicates the park, upstage.*)

I didn't *mean* to sleep there. I just fell asleep.

(*Two young guys appear, pass Quentin, slow as they pass her, and halt in the far periphery of the light, waiting for her.*)

QUENTIN: I understand.

MAGGIE: Well . . . see you!

(*Laughs.*)

If they don't fire me!

QUENTIN: 'Bye.

(*She passes the two men, who walk step for step behind her, whispering in her ear together. She doesn't turn or answer but shows no surprise.*)

QUENTIN (*In anguish he hurries after her*): Maggie!

(*He catches her arm and brings her clear of the men and takes a bill from his pocket.*)

Here, why don't you take a cab? It's on me. Go ahead, there's one right there!

(*Points and whistles.*)

Go on, grab it!

MAGGIE (*Backing—in the opposite direction from the waiting men*): Where . . . where will I tell him to go but . . . ?

QUENTIN: Just cruise in the Forties—you've got enough there.

MAGGIE: OK, 'bye!

(*Backing out.*)

You . . . you just going to rest more?

QUENTIN: I don't know.

MAGGIE (*Wondrously*): Golly, that's nice!

(*She hurries off. He stands staring after her. Likewise, the men watch cab going by, then walk off. Lights rise on Louise reading in a chair. Quentin, clasping his briefcase behind his back, walks slowly into the area, stands a few yards from her, staring at her. She remains unaware of him, reading and smoking.*)

QUENTIN: Yes. She has legs, breasts, mouth, eyes . . . How wonderful! A woman of my own! What a miracle! In my own house!

(*He walks to her, bends and kisses her. She looks up at him, surprised, perplexed.*)

Hi.

(*She keeps looking up at him, aware of some sealike opening in the world.*)

What's the matter?

(*She still doesn't speak.*)

Well, what's the matter?

LOUISE: Nothing.

(*She returns to her book. Mystified, disappointed, he stands watching, then opens his briefcase and begins taking out papers.*)

Close the door if you're going to type.

QUENTIN: I always do.

LOUISE: Not always.

QUENTIN: Almost always.

(*He almost laughs, he feels loose, but she won't be amused, and returns again to her book. He starts for the bedroom, halts.*)

How about eating out tomorrow night? Before the parents' meeting?

LOUISE: What parents' meeting?

QUENTIN: The school.

LOUISE: That was tonight.

QUENTIN (*Shocked*): Really?

LOUISE: Of course. I just got back.

QUENTIN: Why didn't you remind me when I called today?

LOUISE: You knew it as well as I.

QUENTIN: But you know I often forget those things. I told you I wanted to talk to her teacher.

LOUISE (*Just a little more sharply*): People do what they want to do, Quentin.

QUENTIN: But Louise, I was talking to you at three o'clock this afternoon . . .

LOUISE (*An unwilling shout*): Because you said you had to work tonight!

(*She glares at him meaningfully; returns to her book. He stands alarmed.*)

QUENTIN: I didn't work.

LOUISE: *I* know you didn't work.

QUENTIN (*Surprised*): How did you know?

LOUISE: Well for one thing, Max called here at seven-thirty.

QUENTIN: Max? What for?

LOUISE: Apparently the whole executive committee was in his office waiting to meet with you tonight.

(*His hand goes to his head; open alarm shows on his face.*)

He called three times, as a matter of fact.

QUENTIN (*He hurries to the phone, stops*): How is that possible! It completely ——

LOUISE: Well they wouldn't be there anymore now.

(*Pointedly.*)

It's ten-thirty.

QUENTIN: My God, I—how could I do that? What's his home number?

LOUISE: The book is in the bedroom.

QUENTIN: We were supposed to discuss my handling Lou's case. DeVries stayed in town tonight just to . . . settle everything. And I go and walk out as though . . . nothing . . .

(*Breaks off. Picks up phone.*)

What's Max's number, Murray Hill 3 . . . what is it?

LOUISE: The book is next to the bed.

QUENTIN: You remember it, Murray Hill 3, something.

LOUISE: It's in the book.

(*Pause. He looks at her. Puzzled.*)

QUENTIN: What are you doing?

LOUISE: I'm saying the book is in the bedroom.

QUENTIN: (*Slams the phone down, and as much in fright as in anger . . .*): But you remember his number!

LOUISE: I'm not the keeper of your phone numbers. You can remember them just as well as I.

(*Quentin nods ironically, starts out . . .*)

Please don't use that phone, you'll wake her up.

QUENTIN (*Turns*): I had no intention of calling in there.

LOUISE: I thought you might want to be private.

QUENTIN: There's nothing private about this. This concerns you as much as me. The food in your mouth and the clothes on your back.

LOUISE: Really! When did you start thinking of us?

QUENTIN: The meeting was called to decide whether I should separate from the firm until Lou's case is over—or permanently, for all I know.

(*Quentin goes toward the phone. She stands staring in growing fright. He picks it up, dials one digit. . . .*)

Judson 6 . . .

LOUISE (*Much against her will*): That's the old number.

QUENTIN: KL 5-9178.

LOUISE: It's been changed.

(*A moment; and finally.*)

555-0972.

QUENTIN (*She is not facing him; he senses what he thinks is victory*): Thanks.

(*Starts again to dial, puts down the phone. She sits; there is an admission of the faintest sort of failing in her.*)

I don't know what to say to him.

(*She is silent.*)

We arranged for everybody to come back after dinner. It'll sound idiotic that I forgot about it.

LOUISE: You were probably frightened.

QUENTIN: But I made notes all afternoon about what I would say tonight! It's incredible!

LOUISE (*With an overmeaning*): You probably don't realize how frightened you are.

QUENTIN: I guess I don't. He said a dreadful thing today—Max. He was trying to argue me into dropping Lou, and I said, "We should be careful not to adopt some new behavior just because there's hysteria in the country." I thought it was a perfectly ordinary thing to say, but he—he's never looked at me that way, like we were suddenly standing on two distant mountains; and he said, "I don't know of any hysteria. Not in this office."

LOUISE (*Without rancor*): But why does all that surprise you?

QUENTIN (*Slight pause*): I don't understand exactly what you're getting at.

LOUISE: Simply that there are some issues you have to face. You tend to make relatives out of people. Max is not your father, or your brother, or anything but a very important lawyer with his own interests. He's not going to endanger his whole firm to defend a Communist. I don't know how you got that illusion.

QUENTIN: You mean ——

LOUISE: I mean you can't have everything; if you feel this strongly about Lou, you probably will have to resign.

QUENTIN (*Pause*): You think I should?

LOUISE: That depends on how deeply you feel about Lou.

QUENTIN: I'm trying to determine that; I don't know for sure. What do you think?

LOUISE (*In anguish*): It's not my decision, Quentin.

QUENTIN (*Puzzled and surprised*): But aren't you involved?

LOUISE: Of course I'm involved.

QUENTIN: I'm only curious how you ——

LOUISE: You? Curious about me?

QUENTIN: Oh. We're not talking about what we're talking about, are we?

LOUISE (*Nodding in emphasis*): You have to decide what you feel about a certain human being. For once in your life. And then maybe you'll decide what you feel about other human beings. Clearly and decisively.

QUENTIN: In other words . . . where was I tonight.

LOUISE: I don't care where you were tonight.

QUENTIN (*Pause*): I sat by the park for a while. And this is what I thought. I don't sleep with other women, but I think I behave as though I do.

(*She is listening; he sees it, is enlivened by hope.*)

Maybe I invite your suspicion on myself in order to—to come down off some bench, to stop judging others so perfectly. Because I do judge, and harshly too—when the fact is I'm bewildered. I even wonder if I left that letter for you to read . . . about that girl . . . in order to . . . somehow join the condemned; in some way to start being real. Can you understand that?

LOUISE: But . . .

(*She is digging in her heels against being taken.*)

Why should you be condemned if you're not still doing anything?

QUENTIN (*Uneasily again*): But don't you continue to feel ashamed for something you've done in the past? You can understand that, can't you?

LOUISE: I don't do things I'll be ashamed of.

QUENTIN (*Now, astonished, and moving toward anger*): Really and truly?

LOUISE (*Starts to rise*): I'm going to bed.

QUENTIN: I have to say it, Louise; when our conversations verge on you, they end. You say you want to talk, but is it only about my sins?

LOUISE: Now you listen here! You've been "at the office" one night a week since last winter. It's not my forgiveness you want, it's the end of this marriage! But you haven't the courage to say so!

QUENTIN: All right, then . . .

(*Against his own trepidation, striving for a clear conscience.*)

I think I won't be ashamed either; I met a girl tonight. Just happened to come by, one of the phone operators in the office. I probably shouldn't tell you this either, but I will.

(*She sits, slowly.*)

Quite stupid, silly kid. Sleeps in the park, her dress is ripped; she said some ridiculous things, but one thing struck me: She wasn't defending anything, upholding anything, or accusing—she was just *there*, like a tree or a cat. And I felt strangely abstract beside her. And I saw that we are killing one another with abstractions. I'm defending Lou because I love him, yet the society transforms that love into a kind of treason, what they call an issue, and I end up suspect and hated. Why can't we speak below the "issues"—with our real uncertainty? I walked in just now, and I had a tremendous wish to come out—to you. And you to me. It sounds absurd that this city is full of people rushing to meet one another, Louise. This city is full of lovers.

LOUISE: And what did she say?

QUENTIN: I guess I shouldn't have told you about it.

LOUISE: Why not?

QUENTIN: Louise, I don't know what's permissible to say anymore.

LOUISE (*Nods*): You don't know how much to hide.

QUENTIN (*He angers*): All right, let's not hide anything; it would have been easy to make love to her.

(*Louise reddens, stiffens.*)

And I didn't because I thought of you, and in a new way . . . like a stranger I had never gotten to know. And by some miracle you were waiting for me, in my own home. I came into this room, Louise, full of love ——

LOUISE: What do you want, my congratulations? You expect me to sit here and enjoy your latest conquest? You take me for a Lesbian?

QUENTIN (*Flummoxed*): What's a Lesbian got to do with . . . ?

LOUISE: Ask your friend with the torn dress. You don't imagine a real woman goes to bed with any man who happens to come along? Or that a real man goes to bed with every woman who'll have him? Especially a slut, which she obviously is?

QUENTIN: How do you know she's a ——

LOUISE (*Laughs*): Oh excuse me, I didn't mean to insult her! You're unbelievable! Supposing I came home and told you I'd met a man—a man on the street I wanted to go to bed with . . .

(*He hangs his head, defeated.*)

because he made the city seem full of lovers. What would you feel? Overjoyed for my discovery?

QUENTIN (*Pause. Struck*): I understand. I'm sorry. I guess it would anger me too.

(*Slight pause.*)

But I think I would see that you were struggling. . . . And I would ask myself—maybe I'd even be brave enough to ask you—how *I* had failed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOUISE: Well, you've given me notice; I get the message.

(She starts out.)

QUENTIN: Louise, don't you ever doubt yourself?

(She slows, but does not turn.)

Is it enough to prove a case, to even win it—

(Shouts.)

when we are dying?

LOUISE *(She turns in full possession)*: I'm not dying. I'm not the one who wanted to break this up. And that's all it's about. It's all it's been about the last three years. You don't want me!

(She goes out.)

QUENTIN: God! Can that be true?

(Mickey enters in summer slacks as he was in his scene.)

MICKEY: There's only one thing I can tell you for sure, kid—don't ever be guilty.

QUENTIN: Yes!

(Seeking strength, he stretches upward.)

Yes!

(But his conviction wavers; he turns toward the vision.)

But if you had felt more guilt, maybe you wouldn't have . . .

(Elsie rushes into this light as before, her robe open to her tight bathing suit.)

ELSIE: He's a moral idiot!

QUENTIN: Yes! That is right. And yet . . .

(He turns and faces her, and she slowly, under his gaze, draws her robe together in a way to conceal her own betrayal, and she and Mickey are gone.)

What the hell is moral? What does that really mean? . . . And what am I . . . to even ask that question? A man ought to know. . . . A decent man knows that like he knows his own face!

(Louise enters with a folded sheet and a pillow which she tosses into the chair.)

LOUISE: I don't want to sleep with you.

QUENTIN: Louise, for God's sake!

LOUISE: You are disgusting!

QUENTIN: But in the morning Betty will see . . .

LOUISE: You should have thought of that.

(The phone rings. He makes no move to answer.)

Did you give her this number?

(Quentin turns toward the Listener.)

Did you give her this number?

(With which she strides to the phone.)

Hello! . . . Oh, yes. He's here. Hold on, please.

(To him.)

It's Max.

(For a moment he stands touching the sheets, then looks at her, picks up the sheets and hands them to her.)

QUENTIN: I can't sleep out here; I don't want her to see it.

(But she adamantly lets the sheets fall to the floor. He goes to the phone with a look of hatred.)

Max? I'm sorry, the whole thing just slipped my mind. I don't know how to explain it, Max; I just went blank, I guess, I . . . *(Pause.)* The radio? No, why? . . . *What?* When? *(Long pause.)* Thanks . . . for letting me know. Yes, he was. Good night. . . . Ya, see you in the morning.

(Pause. He stands staring.)

LOUISE: What is it?

QUENTIN: Lou. Was killed by a subway train tonight.

LOUISE *(Gasps)*: How?

QUENTIN: They don't know. They say "fell or jumped."

LOUISE: He couldn't have! . . . The crowd must have pushed him!

QUENTIN: There is no crowd at eight o'clock. It was eight o'clock.

LOUISE: But *why* . . . Lou *knew* himself! He knew where he *stood.* It's impossible!

QUENTIN *(Staring)*: Maybe it's not enough—to know yourself. Or maybe it's too much. . . . I think he did it.

LOUISE: But *why?* It's inconceivable!

QUENTIN: When I saw him last week, he said a dreadful thing. I tried not to hear it.

LOUISE: What?

QUENTIN: That I turned out to be the only friend he had.

LOUISE *(Genuinely)*: Why is that dreadful?

QUENTIN *(Evasively, almost slyly)*: It just was.

(He starts moving.)

I don't know why.

(He arrives at the edge of the stage, tears forming in his eyes.)

I didn't dare know why! But I dare now. It was dreadful, because I was not his friend either, and he knew it. I'd have stuck it to the end, but I hated the danger in it for myself, and he saw through my faithfulness; and he was not telling me what a friend I was, he was praying I would be—"Please be my friend, Quentin" is what he was saying to me, "I am drowning, throw me a rope!" Because I wanted out, to be a good American again, kosher again—and he saw it, and proved it in the joy . . . the joy . . . the joy I felt now that my danger had spilled out on the subway track! So it is not bizarre to me . . .

(The Tower blazes into life, and he walks with his eyes up. Holga appears with flowers.)

This is not some crazy aberration of human nature to me. I can easily see the perfectly normal contractors and their cigars, the carpenters, plumbers, sitting at their ease over lunch pails. I can see them laying the pipes to run the blood out of this mansion; good fathers, devoted sons, grateful that someone else will die, not they, and how can one understand that, if one is innocent . . . if somewhere in the soul there is no accomplice . . .

(The Tower fades, Holga too. Louise brightens in light where she was standing before.)

of that joy, that joy, that joy when a burden dies . . .

(He moves back into the "room.")

and leaves you safe?

(Maggie's breathing is heard.)

MAGGIE: Quentin?

(He turns in pain from it, comes to a halt on one side of the sheets and pillow lying on the floor—Louise is on the other side. He looks down at the pile.)

QUENTIN: I've got to sleep; I'm very tired.

(He bends to pick up the sheets. A split second later she starts to. And while he is still reaching down . . .)

LOUISE *(With great difficulty)*: I—I've always been proud you took Lou's case.

(He barely nods, waiting.)

It was . . .

(She picks up the pillow.)

courageous.

(She stands there with the pillow, not fully looking at him.)

QUENTIN: I'm glad you feel that way.

(But he makes no move. The seconds are ticking by. Neither can let down his demand for apology, for grace.)
(With difficulty:)

And that you told me. Thanks.

LOUISE: You are honest—that way. I've often told you.

QUENTIN: Recently?

LOUISE *(She bridles, hands him the pillow)*: Goodnight.

(He takes the pillow, she starts away, and he feels the unwillingness with which she leaves.)

QUENTIN: Louise, if there's one thing I've been trying to do, it's to be honest with you.

LOUISE: No. You've been trying to arrange things, that's all—to keep the home fires burning and see the world at the same time.

QUENTIN: So that all I am is deceptive, and cunning.

LOUISE: Not all, but mostly.

QUENTIN: And there is no struggle? There is no pain? There is no struggle to find a way back to you?

LOUISE: That isn't the struggle.

QUENTIN: Then what are you doing here? What the hell are you compromising yourself for if you're so goddamned honest!

(On the line he starts a frustrated clench-fisted move toward her and she backs away, terrified and strangely alive. Her look takes note of the aborted violence, and she is very straight and yet ready to flee.)

LOUISE: I've been waiting for the struggle to begin.

(He is dumbstruck—by her sincerity, her adamance. With a straight look at him, she turns and goes out.)

QUENTIN *(Alone, and to himself)*: Can there be more? Can there be worse?

(Turning to the Listener):

See, that's what's incredible to me—three years more! What did I expect to save us? Suddenly, God knows why, she'd hold out her hand and I hold out mine, and laugh, laugh it all away, laugh it all back to . . . her dear, honest face looking up to mine. . . .

(Breaks off, staring.)

Back to some hidden, everlasting smile that saves. That's maybe why I came; I think I still believe it. That underneath we're all profoundly friends! I can't believe this world; all this hatred isn't real to me!

(Turns back to his "living room," and the sheets.)

To bed down like a dog in my living room—how can that be necessary? Then go in to her, open your heart, confess the lechery, the mystery of women, say it all . . . the truth must save.

(He has moved toward where she exited, now halts.)

But I did that. So the truth, after all, may merely be murderous? The truth killed Lou; destroyed Mickey. Then what else is there? A workable lie? Maybe there is only one sin, to destroy your own credibility. Strength comes from a clear conscience or a dead one. Not to see one's own evil—there's power! And rightness too! So kill conscience. Kill it.

(Glancing toward her exit.)

Know all, admit nothing, shave closely, remember birthdays, open car doors, pursue Louise not with truth but with attention. Be uncertain on your own time, in bed be absolute. And thus, be a man . . . and join the world.

(Reflectively he throws the sheet open on the couch. Then stops.)

And in the morning, a dagger in that dear little daughter's heart!

(Flinging it toward Louise's exit.)

Bitch!

(Sits.)

I'll say I have a cold. Didn't want to give it to Mommy.

(With disgust.)

Pah! Papapapapa.

(Sniffs, tries to talk through his nose.)

Got a cold in my dose, baby girl . . . .

(He groans. Pause. He stares; stalemate. A jet plane is heard. An airport porter appears, unloads two bags from a rolling cart as Holga, dressed for travel appears opening her purse, tipping him and now looking about for Quentin. He glances at his watch, and coming down to the chair . . .)

Six o'clock, Idlewild.

(Now he glances at Holga, who is still looking about for him as in a crowd, and speaks to the Listener.)

It's that the evidence is bad for promises. But how do you touch the world without a promise? And yet, I must not forget the way I wake; I open up my eyes each morning like a boy even now, even now! That's as true as anything I know; but where's the evidence? Or is it simply that my heart still beats? . . . Certainly, go ahead, I'll wait.

(He smiles, and sits, following the departing Listener with his eyes; a light moves upstage, going away. He talks upstage.)

You don't mind my staying? Good. I'd like to settle this. Although actually, I . . .

(Laughs.)

only came by to say hello.

(He turns front. The Listener's light is gone. Alone now, he stares ahead, a different kind of relaxation on him. From the darkness high on the upper level, the sucking breathing is heard; light dimly show. Maggie, her back to us, sitting up in the bed.)

MAGGIE: Quentin? . . . Quentin?

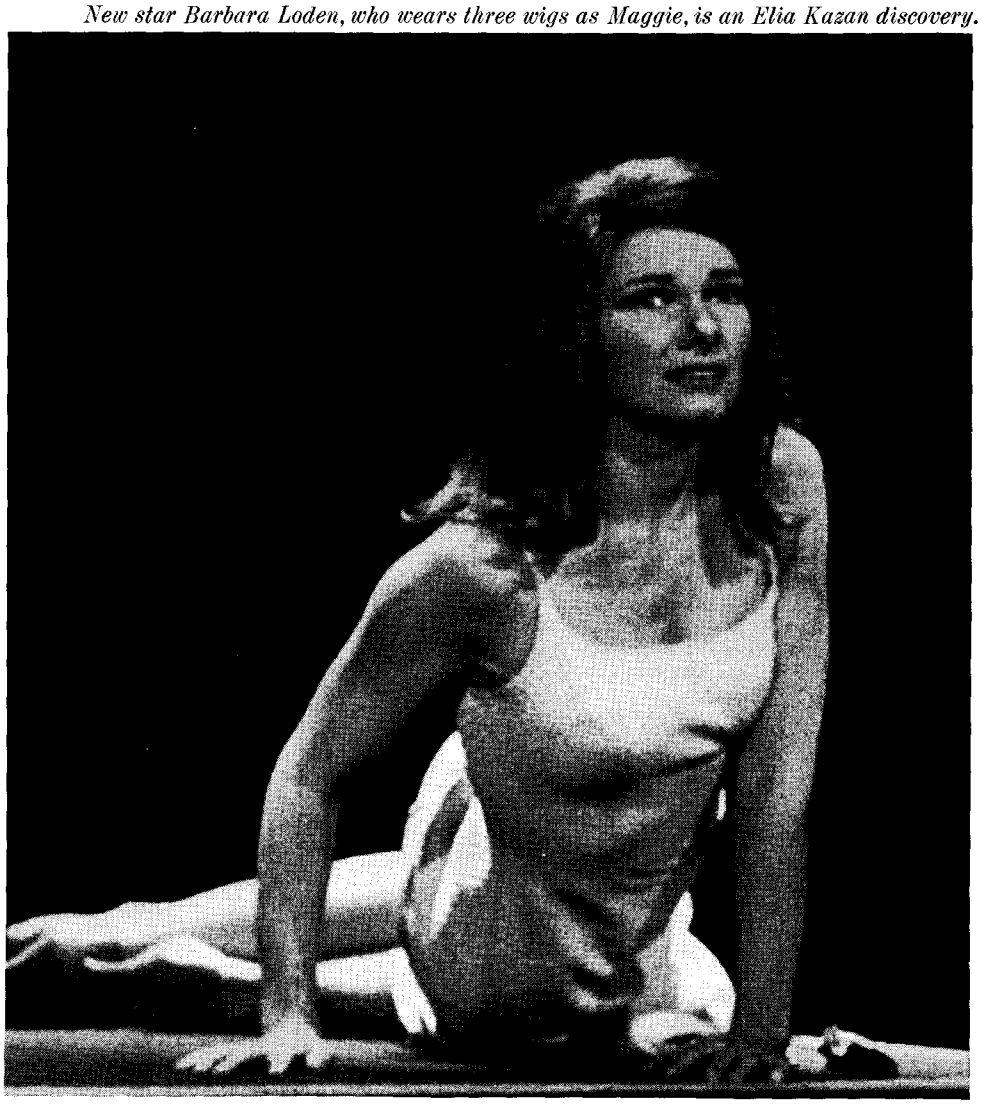
QUENTIN *(In agony)*: I'll get to it, Honey.

(He closes his eyes.)

I'll get to it.

(He stands, and as though wandering in a room, he moves at random, puts a cigarette in his mouth and strikes sparks from his lighter as darkness covers him.)

New star Barbara Loden, who wears three wigs as Maggie, is an Elia Kazan discovery.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Act Two

The stage is dark. A spark is seen; a flame fires up. When the stage illuminates, Quentin is discovered lighting his cigarette—no time has passed. He continues to await the Listener's return, and walks a few steps in thought, and as he does, a jet plane is heard, and the garbled airport announcer's voice: ". . . from Frankfurt is now unloading at gate nine, passengers will please . . ." It becomes a watery garble, and at the same moment Holga, beautifully dressed, walks onto the upper level with an airport porter who leaves her bags and goes. She looks about as in a crowd—then seeing "Quentin," stands on tiptoe and waves.

HOLGA: Quentin! Here! Here!

(She opens her arms as he evidently approaches.)

Hello!

(She is gone as Louise rushes on from another point; a ribbon in her hair, a surgical mask hanging from her neck, a lab technician's smock open to show her sweater and long skirt of the Thirties, and seeing "him" . . .)

LOUISE: Hello! I just got my final grades! I got an A on that paper you wrote! Ya—the one on Roosevelt. I'm a Master!

(Laughs.)

And guess what Halliday said! That my style has immeasurably improved!

(Laughs; and now she walks with "him")

If it wasn't for the mop I'd think you were an intern in that uniform; you look well in white.

(Her face falls, she halts.)

Oh!—then when would you be leaving?—No, I'm glad, I always heard Columbia Law was the best.

(Shyly.)

Actually, I could try some labs in New York; it'd be cheaper if I lived at home. . . . Well, then I'd look for something else; anyway there are more bacteriologists than bugs these days.

(With dread and shyness.)

Unless you wouldn't want me to be there.

(She bursts into an adoring smile.)

OK! You want a malt later? I have some money, I just sold all my textbooks! Oop!

(She stops abruptly, looking down at the floor.)

I'm sorry! I forgot it was wet! See you!

(With a happy wave of her hand she picks her way on tiptoe over a wet floor into darkness as a light moves downstage over the floor, and Quentin turns toward the returning Listener and smiles.)

QUENTIN: Oh, that's all right, I didn't mind waiting. How much time do I have?

(He looks at his watch, coming down to the chair. Maggie appears, above, in a lace wedding dress; Lucas, a designer, is on his knees finishing the last hem. Carrie, a Negro maid, stands by, holding gloves. Maggie is nervous, on the edge of life, looking into a "mirror." Quentin sits in the chair. He looks forward now, to speak . . .)

I, ah . . .

(Lucas gets up and quickly goes as . . .)

MAGGIE *(In an ecstasy of fear and hope)*: All right, Carrie, tell him to come in!

(As though trying the angular words.)

. . . My *husband*!

CARRIE *(Walking a few steps to a point, halts)*: You can see her now, Mister Quentin.

(They are gone. He continues to the Listener.)

QUENTIN: I think I can be clearer now, it shouldn't take long. I am bewildered by the death of love. And my responsibility for it.

(Holga appears again, looking about for him at the airport.)

This woman's on my side; I have no doubt of it. And I wouldn't want to outlive another accusation. Not hers.

(He stands, agitated.)

I suddenly wonder why I risk it again. Except . . .

(Slight pause, he becomes still.)

You ever felt you once saw yourself—absolutely true? I may have dreamed it, but I swear, I feel that somewhere along the line—with Maggie, I think—for one split second I saw my life; what I had done, what had been done to me, and even what I ought to do. And that vision sometimes hangs behind my head, blind now, bleached out like the moon in the morning; and if I could only let in some necessary darkness it would shine again. I think it had to do with power.

(Felice appears, about to remove the bandage.)

Maybe that's why she sticks in my mind; she brings some darkness. Some dreadful element of power.

(He walks around her, peering.)

. . . Well, that's power isn't it? To influence a girl to change her nose, her life? . . . It does, yes, it frightens me, and I wish to God . . .

FELICE *(Raising her arm)*: I'll always . . .

QUENTIN: . . . She'd stop blessing me!

(He laughs uneasily, surprised at the force of his fear.)

. . . Well I suppose because there is a fraud involved; I have no such power.

(Maggie suddenly appears in a satin bed, talking into a phone.)

MAGGIE *(With timid idolatry)*: Hello? Is . . .? How'd you know it's me?

(Laughs.)

You really remember me? . . . Maggie? From that park that day? Well 'cause it's almost four years so I . . .

(He comes away from her; she continues talking unheard.)

QUENTIN *(Halting near the chair; and glances toward a point where again Felice appears, raising her arm in blessing and instantly disappears, and he says to the Listener)*: I do, yes, I see the similarity.

(Laughter is heard as Holga appears at a café table, an empty chair beside her.)

HOLGA: I love the way you eat! You eat like a Pasha, a grand duke!

QUENTIN *(He looks toward her, and to Listener)*: . . . Yes, adored again! But . . . there is something different here.

(As he moves toward Holga, he says to Listener:)

Now keep me to my theme, I spoke of power.

(As he speaks now, Holga's aspect changes; she becomes moody, doesn't face him, seems hurt. And sitting beside her he tells the Listener:)

We were in a café one afternoon in Salzburg, and quite suddenly, I don't know why—it all seemed to be dying between us. And I saw it all happening again. You know that moment, when you begin desperately to talk about architecture?

HOLGA: 1535. The Archbishop designed it himself.

QUENTIN: Beautiful.

HOLGA *(Distantly)*: Yes.

QUENTIN *(As though drawing on his courage he suddenly turns to her)*: Holga. I thought I noticed your pillow was wet this morning.

HOLGA: It really isn't anything important.

QUENTIN: There are no unimportant tears.

(Takes her hand, smiles.)

I know that much anyway. Unless it doesn't concern me. Is it about the concentration camp?

(She wipes her eyes, unhappy with herself.)

Even during the day, sometimes, you seem about to weep.

HOLGA: I feel sometimes . . .

(Breaks off, then:)

. . . that I'm boring you.

(Louise appears.)

LOUISE: I am not all this uninteresting, Quentin!

(Louise is gone.)

HOLGA: I really think perhaps we've been together too much.

QUENTIN: Except, it's only been a few weeks.

HOLGA: But I may not be all that interesting.

QUENTIN *(He stares at her, trying to join this with his lost vision, and in that mood he turns out to the Listener)*: The question is power, but I've lost the connection.

(Louise appears brushing her hair.)

Yes!

(He springs up and circles Louise.)

I tell you there were times when she looked into the mirror and I saw she didn't like her face, and I wanted to step between her and what she saw. I felt guilty even for her face! But . . . that day . . .

(He returns to the café table and slowly sits.)

there was some new permission . . . not to take a certain blame. There was suddenly no blame at all but that . . . we're each entitled to . . . our own unhappiness.

HOLGA: I wish you'd believe me, Quentin; you have no duty here.

QUENTIN: Holga, I would go. But the truth is, I'd be looking for you tomorrow. I wouldn't know where the hell I thought I had to be. But I see it very clearly; the time does come when I feel I must go. Not toward anything, or away from you . . . But there is some freedom in the going . . .

(Mother appears, and she is raising her arm.)

MOTHER: Darling, there is never a depression for great people! The first time I felt you move, I was standing on the beach at Rockaway . . .

(Quentin has gotten up from the chair, and is moving toward her.)

QUENTIN: But power. Where is the . . .?

MOTHER: And I saw a star, and it got bright, and brighter, and brighter! And suddenly it fell, like some great man had died, and you were being pulled out of me to take his place, and be a light, a light in the world!

QUENTIN *(To Listener)*: Why is there some . . . air of treachery in that?

FATHER *(Suddenly appearing—to Mother)*: What the hell are you talking about? We're just getting a business started again, I need him!

(Quentin avidly turns from one to the other as they argue.)

MOTHER: You've got Dan, you don't need him! He wants to try to get a job, go to college, maybe . . .

FATHER: He's got a job!

MOTHER: He means with pay! I don't want his young years going by. . . . He wants a life!

FATHER *(Indicating Dan)*: Why don't he "want a life"?

MOTHER: Because he's different!

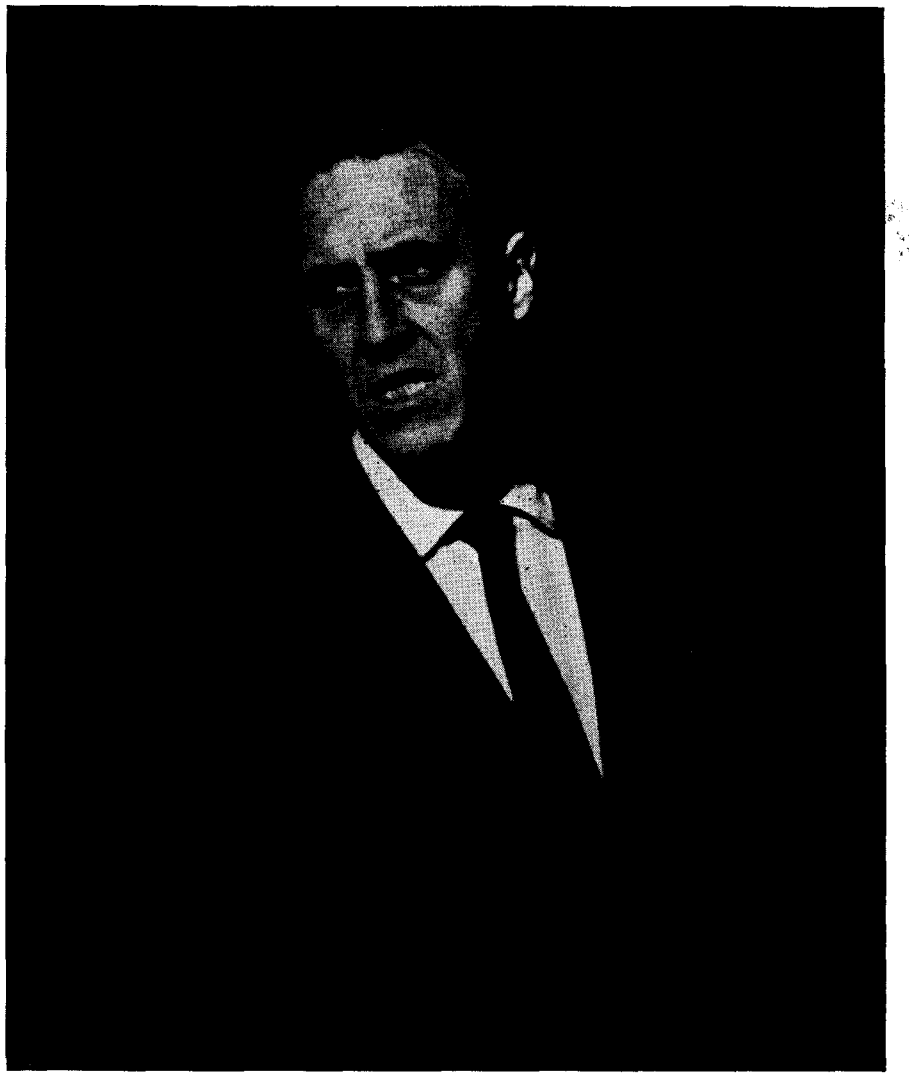
IKE: Because *he* knows what's *right!*

(Indicating Mother and Quentin together.)

You're two of a kind—what you "want"! Chrissake, when I was his age I was supporting six people!

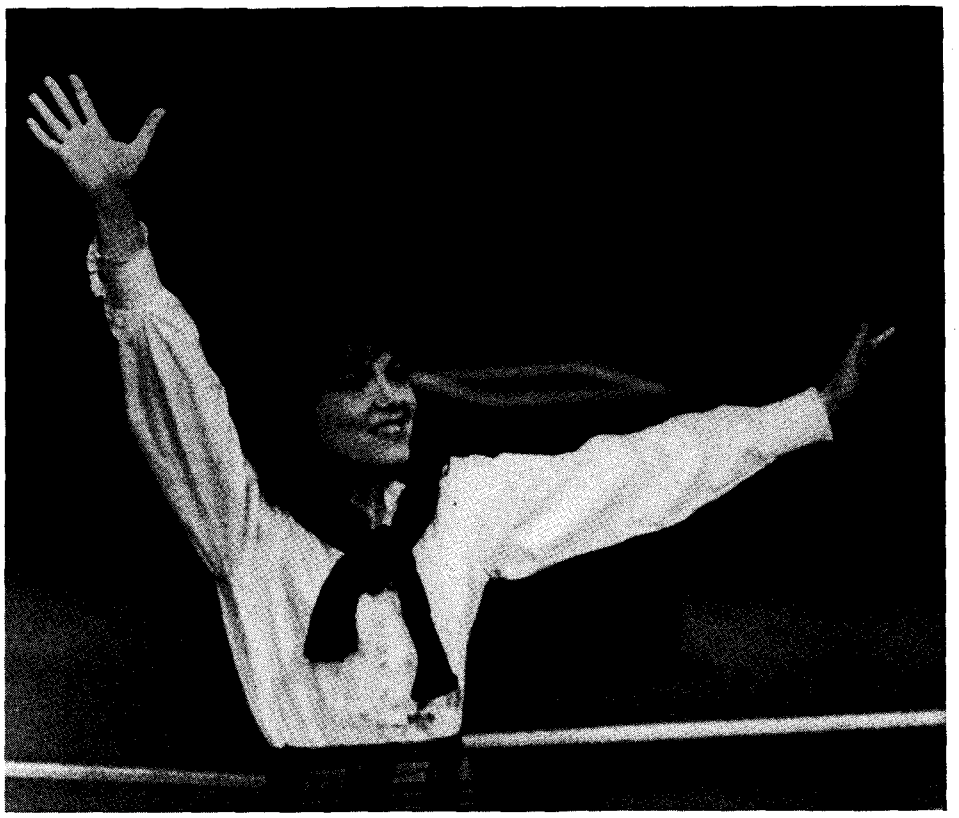
(He comes up to Quentin.)

What are you, a stranger? *What are you!*



Veteran star Robards—Quentin—was one of the first to join new repertory company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Felice, exuberantly played by Zohra Lampert, is another woman in Quentin's tangled life.

AFTER THE FALL

QUENTIN (*He is peering into the revulsion of his Father's face*): Yes, I felt a power in the going . . . and treason in it. . . . Because there's failure, and you turn your back on failure.

DAN: No, kid, don't feel that way. I just want to see him big again, but you go. I'll go back to school if things pick up.

QUENTIN (*Peering at Dan*): Yes, good men stay . . . although they die there . . .

DAN (*Indicating a book in his hand*): It's my Byron, I'll put it in your valise, and I've put in my new argyles; just don't wash them in hot water. And remember, kid, wherever you are . . .

(*Dan jumps onto a platform, calling; a passing train is heard.*)

wherever you are, this family's behind you. So you buckle down, now . . . I'll send you a list of books to read . . .

MAGGIE (*Suddenly appearing on her bed; she is addressing an empty space at the foot*): But could I read them!

QUENTIN (*He spins about in quick surprise*): Huh!

(*All the others have gone dark but him and Maggie.*)

MAGGIE: I mean what kind of books? 'Cause, see . . . I never really graduated high school. Although in Social Science he liked me so he let me keep the minutes. Except I didn't know what's a minute!

(*Laughs.*)

I like poetry, though.

QUENTIN (*He breaks his stare at her and quickly comes down to the Listener*): It's that I can't find myself in this vanity anymore. It's all contemptible!

MAGGIE (*Enthralled on bed*): I can't hardly believe you came! Can you stay five minutes? I'm a singer now, see? In fact . . .

(*With a laugh at herself.*)

I'm in the top three. And for a long time I been wanting to tell you that . . . none of it would have happened to me if I hadn't met you that day.

QUENTIN: Yes I see the power she offered me; but I saw beyond it once, and there was some salvation in it. . . . All right . . .

(*Turns to her.*)

I'll try.

MAGGIE: I'm sorry if I sounded frightened on the phone but I didn't think you'd be in the office after midnight ——

(*Laughs at herself nervously.*)

See I only pretended to call you. . . . Can you stay like five minutes?

QUENTIN (*Backing into the chair*): Sure. Don't rush.

MAGGIE: That's what I mean, you know I'm rushing! Would you like a drink? Or a steak? . . . They have two freezers here. My agent went to Jamaica, so I'm just staying here this week till I go to London Friday. It's the Palladium, like a big vaudeville house, and it's kind of an honor, but I'm a little scared to go.

QUENTIN: Why? I've heard you; you're marvelous. Especially . . .

(*He can't remember a title.*)

MAGGIE: No, I'm just flapping my wings yet, I mean, if you ever heard like Ella Fitzgerald or one of those . . . But did you read what that *News* fellow wrote? He keeps my records in the frigerator 'case they melt!

QUENTIN (*Laughs with her*): *Little Girl Blue*— it's very moving the way you do that.

MAGGIE (*Surprised and pleased*): Really? 'Cause you see it's not I say to myself, "I'm going to sound sexy," I just try to come *through* . . . like, in love or . . .

(*Laughs.*)

I really can't believe you're here!

QUENTIN: Why? I'm glad you called; I've often thought about you the last couple of years. All the great things happening to you gave me a secret satisfaction for some reason.

MAGGIE: Maybe 'cause you did it.

QUENTIN: Why do you say that?

MAGGIE: I don't know, just the way you looked at me. I didn't even have the nerve to go see an agent before that day.

QUENTIN: *How did* I look at you?

MAGGIE (*Squinching up her shoulders; a mystery*): Like . . . out of your *self*. Most people they . . . just look *at* you. I can't explain it. And the way you talked to me . . .

LOUISE (*Appearing*): You think reading your brief is talking to me?

QUENTIN (*To Listener, of Louise*): Yes, I see that, but there was something more. And maybe power isn't quite the word . . .

MAGGIE: What did you mean . . . it gave you a secret satisfaction?

QUENTIN: Just that . . . like in the office, I'd hear people laughing that Maggie had the world at her feet. . . .

MAGGIE (*Hurt, mystified*): They laughed!

QUENTIN: In a way.

MAGGIE (*In pain*): That's what I mean; I'm a joke to most people.

QUENTIN: No, it's that you say what you mean, Maggie; you don't seem to be upholding anything. You're not . . . ashamed of what you are.

MAGGIE: Wh—what do you mean of what I am?

QUENTIN (*Suddenly aware he has touched a nerve. Louise appears, she is playing solitaire*): Well . . . that you love life, and . . . It's hard to define, I . . .

LOUISE: The word is tart. But what did it matter as long as she praised you?

QUENTIN (*To Listener, standing, and moving within Maggie's area*): But there's truth in it—I hadn't had a woman's praise, even a girl I'd laughed at with the others . . .

MAGGIE: But you didn't, did you?

(*He turns to her in agony; Louise vanishes.*)

Laugh at me?

QUENTIN: No.

(*He suddenly stands and cries out to Listener.*)

Fraud! . . . From the first five minutes! . . . Because! . . . I should have agreed she *was* a joke, a beautiful piece trying to take herself seriously! Why did I lie to her, played this cheap benefactor, this . . . What?

(*Listens, and now unwillingly . . .*)

Yes, that's true too; she had; a strange, surprising honor . . .

(*He turns back to her.*)

MAGGIE: Oh hey! I just bought back two records I made!

QUENTIN: Bought them back how?

MAGGIE: Well they're no good, just stupid rock-and-rolly stuff, and I start to think . . .

(*Laughs shyly.*)

maybe you'd turn on your radio, and I didn't want you to hear them. Is that crazy?

QUENTIN: No, but's pretty unusual to care that much.

MAGGIE: I didn't used to either. Honest.

QUENTIN (*Mystified*): But I hardly said anything to you that day.

MAGGIE: Well like . . .

(*Afraid she is silly.*)

when you told me to fix where my dress was torn?

QUENTIN: What about it?

MAGGIE: You wanted me to be . . . proud of myself. Didn't you?

QUENTIN (*Surprised*): I guess I did, yes. . . . I did.

MAGGIE (*Feeling she has budged him*): Would you like a drink?

QUENTIN (*Relaxing*): I wouldn't mind . . .

(*Glancing around.*)

What's all the flowers?

MAGGIE (*Pouring*): Oh, that's that dopey prince or a king or whatever he is. He keeps sending me a contract . . . whereas I get a hundred thousand dollars if we ever divorce. I'd be like a queen or something, but I only met him in El Morocco *once!* And I'm supposed to be his girl! I don't know why they print those things!

(*She laughs, handing him his drink.*)

QUENTIN: Well, I guess everybody wants to touch you now.

MAGGIE: Cheers!

(*They drink, she makes a face.*)

I hate the taste but I love the effect! Would you like to take off your shoes? I mean just to rest.

QUENTIN: I'm OK. I thought you sounded on the phone like something frightened you.

MAGGIE (*Evasively*): You have to go home right away?

QUENTIN: You all alone here?

MAGGIE (*With a strong evasiveness*): I don't mind that, I've always been alone. Oh, hey . . . !

(*As though afraid to lose his interest, she digs into a pile of papers beside the bed, coming up with a small framed photo.*)

I cut your picture out of the paper last month. When you were defending that Reverend Harley Barnes in Washington? See? I framed it.

QUENTIN (*Pleased and embarrassed*): What'd you do that for?

MAGGIE: It's funny how I found it. I was on the train . . .

QUENTIN: Is something frightening you, Maggie?

MAGGIE: No, don't worry! I'm just nervous you're here. See, what I did, they kept interviewing me and asking where you were born and all, and I didn't know what to answer. Whereas my father, see, he left when I was like eighteen months, and I just thought . . . if I could see him. And maybe he would like me. Or even not. Just so he'd look. I can't explain it.

QUENTIN: Maybe so you'd know who you were.

MAGGIE: Yes! So I took the train—he's got a business upstate there—and I called him from the station. And I said, "Can I see you?" And he said, "Who is it?" And I said, "It's Maggie, your daughter." Whereas he said I wasn't from him, although my mother always said I was. And he said, "I don't know who you are, see my lawyer." And I told him, "I just want you to look at me and . . ." And he hung up.

(*She laughs, lightly.*)

So I had time and I walked around the town and I thought maybe if I could find where he eats. And I would go in, and he'd see me and maybe . . . pick me up!

(*Laughs.*)

'Cause my mother said he always liked beautiful girls!

QUENTIN: And then you'd tell him?

MAGGIE: I don't know. Maybe. Maybe . . . afterwards. I don't know why I tell you that . . . oh yes! On the train back I found this picture in the paper. And you see the way you're looking straight in the camera? That's very hard to do, you know . . . to look absolutely straight in?

QUENTIN: You mean I was looking at you.

MAGGIE: Yes! And I said, "I know who I am. I'm Quentin's friend."

(*Afraid she's gone too fast.*)

You want another drink or . . . I mean, you don't have to do anything; you don't even have to see me again!

QUENTIN: Why do you say that?

MAGGIE: 'Cause I think it worries you.

QUENTIN: It does, yes.

MAGGIE: But why? I mean, can't you just be somebody's friend?

QUENTIN (*Slight pause, and with resolve*): Yes. I can. It's that you're so beautiful, Maggie. I don't mean only your body and your face.

MAGGIE (*With a sudden rush of feeling*): I would do anything for you, Quentin. You . . .

(*It bursts from her.*)

you're like a god! 'Scuse me I say that but I . . .

QUENTIN (*With half a laugh*): Maggie, anybody would have told you to mend your dress.

MAGGIE: No, they wouldn't.

QUENTIN: What then?

MAGGIE (*In great pain*): Laugh. Or just . . . try for a quick one. You know.

QUENTIN (*To Listener*): Yes! It's all so clear: the honor! The first honor . . . was that I hadn't tried to go to bed with her! God, the hypocrisy! . . . Because, I was only afraid, and she took it for a tribute to her . . . "value"! And yet . . .

(*He has gotten to his feet in agony.*)

MAGGIE: Oh hey—I christened a submarine! But you know what I did?

QUENTIN: What?

MAGGIE: I was voted the favorite of the Croton Shipyard! You know, by the workers. So the Admiral hand me the champagne bottle and I said, "How come there's no workers in the ceremony, you know?" And they all laughed! So I yelled down, and I got about ten of them to come up on the platform! Whereas they're the ones built it, right?

QUENTIN: That's wonderful!

MAGGIE: And you know what the Admiral said? I better watch out or I'll be a Communist. Honestly! So I said, "I don't know what's so terrible. . . . I mean they're for the poor people." Aren't they? The Communists?

QUENTIN: It's a lot more complicated, honey.

MAGGIE: But I mean, like when I was little I used to get free shoes from the Salvation Army. Although they never fit.

(*Embarrassed, with waning conviction.*)

But if the workers *do* everything, why shouldn't they have the honor? Isn't that what you believe?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUENTIN: I did, yes. But the question is whether the workers don't end up just where they are, and some new politicians on the stand.

MAGGIE: Oh.

(With open longing and self-loss.)

I wish I knew something!

QUENTIN: Honey, you know how to see it all with your own eyes; that's more important than all the books.

MAGGIE: But I don't know if it's true, what I see. But you do. You see and you know if it's true.

QUENTIN: What do you think I know?

MAGGIE *(Some guard falling, her need rising)*: Well like . . . that I was frightened.

QUENTIN: You frightened *now?* . . . You are, aren't you?

(Maggie stares at him in tension; a long moment passes.)

QUENTIN: What is it, dear? You frightened to be alone here?

(An involuntary half-sob escapes her. He sees she is in some great fear.)

Why don't you call somebody to stay with you?

MAGGIE: I don't know anybody . . . like that.

QUENTIN *(Slight pause)*: Can I do anything?... Don't be afraid to ask me.

MAGGIE *(In a struggle she finally says)*: Would you . . . open that closet door?

QUENTIN *(He looks off, then back to her)*: Just open it?

MAGGIE: Yes.

(He walks into the dark periphery; she sits up warily, watching. He returns. And she lies back.)

QUENTIN: Do you . . . want to tell me something?

MAGGIE: I just never know what's right to say and I ——

QUENTIN: Well, say it, and find out; what are people for? I'm not going to laugh.

(Sits.)

What is it?

MAGGIE *(With great difficulty)*: When I start to go to sleep before. And suddenly I saw smoke coming out of that closet under the door. It kept coming and coming. It start to fill the whole room!

(She breaks off near weeping.)

QUENTIN *(He reaches and takes her hand)*: Oh, kid, that's nothing to ——

MAGGIE: But it kept coming and coming!

QUENTIN: Oh kid. You've often dreamed such things, haven't you?

MAGGIE: But I was awake!

QUENTIN: Well, it was a waking dream. It just couldn't stay down till you went to sleep. These things can be explained if you trace them back.

MAGGIE: I know. I go to an analyst.

QUENTIN: Oh . . . then tell him about it, you'll figure it out.

MAGGIE: It's when I start to call you before.

(She is now absorbed in her own connections.)

See, my mother . . . she used to get dressed in the closet. She was very . . . like moral, you know? But sometimes she'd smoke in there. And she'd come out . . . you know? with a whole cloud of smoke around her.

QUENTIN: Well . . . possibly you felt she didn't want you to call me.

MAGGIE *(Astounded)*: How'd you know that!

QUENTIN: Because you said she was so moral. And here you're calling a married man.

MAGGIE: Yes! See, she tried to kill me once with a pillow on my face, whereas I would turn out bad because of her . . . like her sin. And I have her hair, and the same back.

(She turns half from him, showing a naked back.)

'Cause I have a good back, see? Every masseur says.

QUENTIN: Yes, it is. It's beautiful. But it's no sin to call me.

MAGGIE *(Shaking her head like a child—with a relieved laugh at herself)*: Doesn't make me bad. Right?

QUENTIN: You're a very moral girl, Maggie.

MAGGIE *(Delicately and afraid)*: Wh—what's moral?

QUENTIN: You tell the truth, even against yourself. You're not pretending to be . . .

(Turns out to the Listener, with a dread joy.)

innocent! Yes, that suddenly there was someone who—would not club you to death with their innocence! . . . It's all laughable!

(Felice begins to brighten, her arms raised, just as Mother appears and she is raising her arm . . .)

MOTHER: I saw a star . . . .

MAGGIE: I bless you, Quentin!

(Mother and Felice vanish as he turns back to Maggie, who takes up his photo.)

Lot of nights when I go to sleep, I take your picture, and I bless you. You mind?

(She has pressed the picture against her cheek. He bends to her, kisses her; for an instant she is unprepared, then starts to raise her arms to hold him. But he stands and backs away.)

QUENTIN: I hope you sleep.

MAGGIE: I will now!

(Lies back.)

Honestly! I feel . . . all clear!

QUENTIN *(With a wave of his hand, backing away)*: Good luck in London.

MAGGIE: And . . . what's moral, again?

QUENTIN: To live the truth.

MAGGIE: That's you!

QUENTIN: Not yet, dear; but I intend to try.

(He halts. Across the room they look at one another. He walks back to her; now he bends in and she embraces him this time, offering herself, raising her body toward him. He stands, breaking it off. And as though he knows he is taking a step . . .)

Don't be afraid to call me if you need any help.

(She is suddenly gone. Alone, he continues the thought.)

Anytime . . .

(Dan appears in crew-necked sweater with his book.)

you need anything, you call, y'hear?

DAN: This family's behind you, Quentin.

(Backing into darkness, with a wave of farewell.)

Anytime you need anything . . .

QUENTIN *(Surprised, he has turned quickly to Dan, who disappears. And to the Listener, as he still stares at the empty space Dan has left)*: You know? . . . It isn't fraud, but some . . . disguise. I came to her like Dan . . . his goodness! No wonder I can't find myself!

(Felice appears, about to remove the bandage . . . and he grasps for the concept.)

. . . And that girl the other night.

(Felice turns and goes.)

When she left. It's still not clear, but suddenly those two fixtures on my wall.

(He walks toward a "wall" looking up.)

I didn't do it, but I wanted to. Like . . .

(He turns and starts to spread his arms in crucifixion.)

this!

(In disgust he lowers his arms.)

. . . I don't know! Because she . . . *gave* me something! She . . . let me change her! As though I . . .

(Cries out.)

felt something!

(He almost laughs.)

What the hell am I trying to do, love *everybody?*

(The line ends in self-contempt and anger. And suddenly, extremely fast, a woman appears in World War I costume—a Gibson Girl hat and a veil over her face, ankle-length cloak, and in her hand a toy sailboat. She is bent over as though offering the boat to a little boy, and her voice is like a whisper, distant, obscure . . .)

MOTHER: Quentin? Look what we brought you from Atlantic City! . . . from the boardwalk!

(The boy evidently runs away; Mother instantly is anxious and angering and rushes to a point and halts, as though calling through a closed door.)

Don't lock this door! But darling, we didn't trick you. We took Dan because he's older and I wanted a rest! . . . But Fanny told you we were coming back, didn't she? Why are you running that water! Quentin, stop that water! Ike, come quick! Break down the door! Break down the door!

(She has rushed off into darkness, and he has started after her as though to complete the memory. Halts, and to the Listener . . .)

QUENTIN: They sent me for a walk with the maid, when I came back the house was empty. God, why is betrayal the only truth that sticks?

(He almost laughs.)

. . . Yes, "Love everybody!" And I can't even mourn my own mother. It's monstrous.

(The park bench lights. Maggie appears in a heavy white man's sweater, a red wig over a white angora skating cap, moccasins and sunglasses.)

MAGGIE *(To the empty bench)*: Hi! It's me!

(Lifting the glasses.)

Maggie!

QUENTIN *(Looking toward Maggie)*: Or mourn her either. Is it simply grief I want? . . . No, this isn't mourning! . . . Because there's too much hatred in it!

(He has come away from the adoring Maggie to the chair, shaking his head.)

. . . No, it's not that I think I killed her. It's. . .

MAGGIE *(To the empty bench)*: See? I told you nobody recognizes me! Like my wig?

QUENTIN: . . . that I can't find myself in it; it's like another man. . . . Only the guilt comes. Yes, or the innocence!

MAGGIE *(Sitting beside "him" on the bench)*: When you go to Washington tonight . . . you know what I could do? I could get on a different car on the same train!

QUENTIN *(To Listener)*: But is it enough to tell a man he is not guilty? . . . Yes.

(Glances at her.)

My name is on this man! Why can't I say "I"?

(Quietly, turning toward her.)

I did this. I want what I did! And I saw it once! I saw *Quentin* here! . . . For one moment like the moon sees, I saw us both unblamed!

MAGGIE: Golly, I fell asleep the minute you left the other night! I didn't even hear you close the door! You like my wig? See? . . . And moccasins!

(Slight pause. Now he smiles.)

QUENTIN: All you need is roller skates.

MAGGIE *(Clapping her hands with joy)*: You're funny!

QUENTIN *(Half to Listener)*: I keep forgetting . . .

(Wholly to her.)

how beautiful you are. Your eyes make me shiver.

(She is silent, adoring. He breaks it, sitting.)

MAGGIE: Like to see my new apartment? There's no elevator even, or a doorman. Nobody would know. If you want to rest before you go to Washington. 'Cause I just found out—I go to Paris after London. I'm on for two weeks, which is supposed to be unusual. But I won't be back for a while.

QUENTIN: How long will you be gone?

MAGGIE: Maybe two months, I think.

(They both arrive at the same awareness—the separation is pain. Tears are in her eyes.)

Quentin?

QUENTIN: Honey . . .

(Takes her hand.)

Don't look for anything more from me.

MAGGIE: I'm not! See, all I thought, if I went to Washington . . .

QUENTIN *(With a laugh)*: What about London?

MAGGIE: Oh, they'll wait. 'Cause I could register in the hotel as Miss None.

QUENTIN: N-u-n?

MAGGIE: No—n-o-n-e—like nothing. I made it up once 'cause I can never remember a fake name, so I just have to think of nothing and that's me!

(She laughs with joy.)

I've done it.

QUENTIN: It *is* a marvelous thought. The whole government's hating me, and meanwhile back at the hotel . . .

MAGGIE: That's what I mean! Just when that committee is knocking on your head, you could think of me like naked.

QUENTIN: What a lovely thought.

MAGGIE: And it would make you happy.

QUENTIN *(Smiling warmly at her)*: And nervous.

MAGGIE: Because it should all be one thing, you know? Helping people, and sex. You might even argue better the next day!

QUENTIN *(With a new awareness, astonishment)*: You know? . . . There's one word written on your forehead.

MAGGIE: What?

QUENTIN: "Now."

MAGGIE: But what else is there?

QUENTIN: A future. And I've been carrying it around all my life, like a vase that must never be dropped. So you can't ever touch anybody, you see?

MAGGIE: But why can't you just hold it in one hand?

(He laughs.)

. . . And touch with the other! I would never bother you, Quentin.

(He looks at his watch, as though beginning to calculate if there might not be time. . . . Encouraged, glancing at his watch:)

Can't somebody just give you something? Like when you're thirsty. And you drink, and walk away, that's all.

QUENTIN: But what about you?

MAGGIE: Well . . . I would have what I gave.

(Slight pause.)

QUENTIN: You're all love, aren't you?

MAGGIE: That's all I am! A person could die any minute, you know!

(Suddenly.)

Oh hey! . . . I've got a will!

(Digging into her pocket she brings out a folded sheet of notepaper.)

Could—could I show it to you?

QUENTIN *(Taking it)*: What do you want with a will?

MAGGIE: Well I'm going to do a lot of flying now, and I just got my payment yesterday. . . . Should I tell you how much?

QUENTIN: How much?

MAGGIE: Two hundred thousand dollars.

QUENTIN: Huh! You remember we sat right here, and I gave you five dollars?

MAGGIE *(With great love)*: Yes!

(They stare at each other.)

Really, Quentin, there's not even an elevator man.

QUENTIN: You want me to look at that? Honey, I've got to do one thing at a time.

(He opens the will.)

MAGGIE: I understand!

(He starts reading the will, and indicating it . . .)

See, I'm supposed to be like a millionaire in about two years!

(Laughs. He goes on reading.)

Is it legal if it's not typewritten?

QUENTIN *(Looks at her)*: Who wrote this?

MAGGIE: That's Jerry Moon. He's a friend of my agent Andy in the building business, but he knows a lot about law, so he signed it for a witness. I saw him sign it. In my bedroom. . . . Isn't it good?

QUENTIN: It leaves everything to the agency.

MAGGIE: I know, but just for temporary, till I can think of somebody to put down.

QUENTIN: But what's all the rush?

MAGGIE: Well in case Andy's plane goes down. He's got five children, see, and his ——

QUENTIN: But do you feel responsible for his family?

MAGGIE: Well no. But he did help me, he loaned me money when I ——

QUENTIN: A million dollars?

MAGGIE *(With a dawning awareness)*: Well not a million . . .

(With fear.)

You mean I shouldn't?

QUENTIN: Who's your lawyer?

(Two boys with bats and gloves pass; see her, walk off backward, whispering.)

MAGGIE: Well nobody. But what's good for Andy's good for me, right?

QUENTIN *(With a certain unwillingness, even a repugnance about interfering, he sounds neutral)*: Didn't anybody suggest you get your own lawyer?

MAGGIE: But if you trust somebody, you trust them . . . don't you?

QUENTIN *(Slight pause. A decision seizes him; he takes her hand)*: Come on, I'll walk you home.

MAGGIE *(As she stands with him)*: OK! 'Cause I mean, if you trust somebody, right?

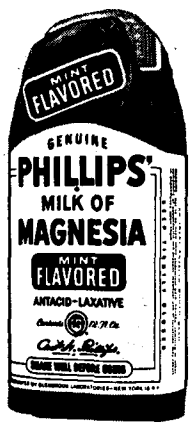
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Milk of Magnesia
is the laxative
doctors recommend
and . . .

Lots of people think the mint flavor in Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is the best thing that's happened to laxatives in a long time. It makes the world's best laxative the best tasting, too.

Even more important, doctors recommend milk of magnesia. We asked thousands of doctors, "Do you ever recommend milk of magnesia?" The overwhelming majority said, "Yes!"

Like regular Phillips', Mint-Flavored Phillips' is both a laxative and an antacid, so it relieves both irregularity *and* acid indigestion. Yet it's so gentle, it's ideal for all ages.



So get Mint-Flavored Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and prove to yourself that the world's best laxative is the best tasting, too!

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

AFTER THE FALL

QUENTIN: I can't advise you, honey; maybe you get something out of this that I don't understand. Let's go.

MAGGIE: No! I'm not involved with Andy. I . . . don't really sleep around with everybody, Quentin! Will you come upstairs for a minute too?

QUENTIN: Sure, come on.

(He starts to take her but she continues.)

MAGGIE *(Suddenly brightening, as she stands)*: 'Cause . . . I was never a prostitute. I was with a lot of men, but I never got anything. Not even for a job. I mean I'm changing. My analyst says I used to think it was like charity—sex. Like I give to those in need . . .

(Laughs shyly.)

whereas I am not an institution. Will you come in for a minute too?

QUENTIN *(He takes her arm)*: Sure; come on!

(A small gang of boys with baseball equipment obstruct them; one of the first pair points at her.)

BOY: It's Maggie, I told you!

MAGGIE *(Pulling at Quentin's arm, defensively)*: No, I just look like her, I'm Sarah None!

CROWD: How about an autograph, Maggie?
Whyn't you come down to the club!
When's your next spectacular!
Hey, Mag, I got all your records!
Sing something!

(Handing over a paper for her to sign.)

For my brother, Mag!
Take off your sweater, Mag. It's hot out!
How about that dance like you did on TV?

QUENTIN: Let's go!

(Quentin has been thrust aside; he now reaches in, grabs her, and draws her away as she walks backward, still signing, laughing with them. Now the boys are gone and she turns to him):

MAGGIE: I'm sorry!

QUENTIN: It's like they're eating you. You like that?

MAGGIE: No, but they're just people. Could you sit down till the train? All I got so far is this French Provincial.

(Taking off her sweater.)

You like it? I picked it out myself. And my bed, and my record player. But it could be a nice apartment, couldn't it?

(In silence Quentin takes her hand; now he draws her to him; now he kisses her. . . . Enflamed:)

I love you, Quentin. I would do anything for you. And I would never bother you, I swear.

QUENTIN: You're so beautiful it's hard to look at you.

MAGGIE: You didn't even see me!

(Backing away.)

Why don't you just stand there and I'll come out naked! Or isn't there a later train?

QUENTIN *(Pause)*: Sure. There's always a later train.

(He starts unbuttoning his jacket.)

MAGGIE: I'll put music!

QUENTIN *(Now he laughs through his words)*: Yeah, put music!

(She rushes into the dark, and he strives for his moment . . . to the Listener as he opens his jacket:)

Here, it was somewhere here! . . . I don't know, a—a fraud!

(A driving jazz comes on and she comes back still dressed.)

MAGGIE: Here, let me take off your shoes!

(She drops to his feet, starting to unlace. Stiffly, with a growing horror he looks down at her. Now shapes move in the darkness. He moves his foot away involuntarily.)

QUENTIN: Maggie?

MAGGIE *(Looking up from the floor, leaving off unlacing)*: Yes?

(He looks around in the darkness; and suddenly his Father charges forward.)

FATHER: What you *want!* Always what you *want!* Chrissake, *what are you?*

(Now Louise appears, reading a book, but Dan is standing beside her, almost touching her with his hand.)

DAN: This family's behind you, kid.

(And Mother, isolated, almost moving sensuously—and Quentin is moved, as though by them, away from Maggie.)

MOTHER: Oh, what poetry he brought me, Strauss, and novels and . . .

QUENTIN *(He roars out to all of them, his fists angrily in air against them)*: But where is *Quentin?*

(Going toward Mother in her longing.)

. . . Yes, yes! But I know that treason! And the terror of complicity in that desire.

(Turning toward Dan who has moved alongside Father; the music breaks off.)

Yes, and to not be unworthy of those loyal, failing men! But where is Quentin? Instead of taking off my clothes, this

(He bends to Maggie, raises her to her feet.)

. . . posture!

MAGGIE: OK. Maybe when I get back we ——

QUENTIN: I have to say it to you, Maggie.

(Pause.)

You . . . have to tear up that will.

(To Listener.)

Can't even go to bed without a principle. . . . But how can you speak of love, she had been chewed and spat out by a long line of grinning men! Her name floating in the stench of locker rooms and parlor-car cigar smoke! She had the truth that day. I brought the lie that she had to be "saved"! From what? Except my own contempt—heh?

(He is evidently caught by the Listener's contradicting him, steps closer to the chair, avidly listening.)

MAGGIE *(To the empty space where Quentin was)*: But I showed the will to my analyst, and he said it was OK. . . . 'Cause a person like me has to have somebody . . .

QUENTIN: Maggie . . . honest men don't draw wills like that.

MAGGIE: But it's just for temporary . . .

QUENTIN: Darling, if I went to Andy, and this adviser, and the analyst too, perhaps . . . I think they'd offer me a piece, to shut up. They've got you on a table, honey, and they're carving you . . .

MAGGIE: But . . . I can't spend all that money anyway! I can't even *think* over twenty-five dollars!

QUENTIN: It's not the money they take, it's the dignity they destroy. You're not a piece of meat; you seem to think you owe people whatever they demand!

MAGGIE: I know.

(She lowers her head with a cry, trembling with hope and shame.)

QUENTIN *(Tilting up her face)*: But Maggie, you're somebody! You're not a kid anymore running around looking for a place to sleep! It's not only your success or that you're rich—you're straight, you're serious, you're first-class, people *mean* something to you; you don't have to go begging shady people for advice like some—some tramp.

(With a sob of love and desperation, she slides to the floor and grasps his thighs, kissing his trousers. He watches, then suddenly lifts her and with immense pity and joy.)

Maggie, stand up!

(The music flies in now, and she smiles strangely through her tears, and with a kind of statement of her persisting nature begins unbuttoning her blouse, her body writhing to the beat within her clothing. And as soon as she starts her dance, his head shakes . . . and to the Listener . . .)

No, not love; to stop impersonating, that's all! To live . . .

(Groping.)

to live in good faith if only with my guts! To . . .

(Suddenly Dan and Father appear together; and to them:)

Yes! To be "good" no more! Disguised no more! Afraid no more to show what Quentin, Quentin, Quentin . . . is!

LOUISE: You haven't even the decency to ——

QUENTIN: That decency is murderous! Speak truth not decency—I curse the whole high administration of fake innocence! I declare it, I am not innocent! . . . Nor good!

(A high tribunal dimly appears; a chairman bangs his gavel once; he is flanked by others looking down on Quentin from on high. Maggie is dropping her blouse.)

CHAIRMAN: But surely Reverend Barnes cannot object to answering whether he attended the Communist-run Peace Congress in Prague, Czechoslovakia. No-no, counsel will not be allowed to confer with the witness, this is not a trial! Any innocent man would be . . .

QUENTIN: And this question . . . Innocent! How many Negroes you allow to vote in your patriotic district! And which of your social, political or racial sentiments would Hitler have disapproved? And not a trial? You fraud, your "investigators" this moment are working in this man's church to hound him out of it!

HARLEY BARNES *(Appears rising to his feet; has a clerical collar)*: I decline on the grounds of the First and Fifth Amendments to the Constitution.

QUENTIN *(With intense sorrow)*: But are we sure, Harley—I ask it, I ask it—if the tables were turned, and they were in front of you . . . would you permit *them* not to answer? Hateful men that they are?

(Harley looks at him indignantly, suspiciously.)

I am not sure what we are upholding anymore—are we good by merely saying no to evil? Even in a righteous "no" there's some disguise. Isn't it necessary . . . to say . . .

(Harley is gone, and the tribunal. Maggie is there, snapping her fingers, letting down her hair.)

to finally say yes . . . to *something?*

(Turning toward Maggie. . . . A smile of pain and longing has come onto his face, and she expands now, slipping out of her skirt, dancing in place. He goes to her and grasps her body, moving with her serpentine motion.)

A fact . . . a fact . . . a fact, a thing.

(Maggie embraces him and then lies down on the bed with the imagined Quentin.)

MAGGIE: Sing inside me.

(Quentin moves to the chair facing the Listener; she continues on the bed behind him.)

QUENTIN: Even condemned, unspeakable like all truth!

MAGGIE: Become happy.

QUENTIN *(Still to Listener)*: Contemptible like all truth.

MAGGIE: That's all I am.

QUENTIN: Covered like truth with slime; blind, ignorant.

MAGGIE: But nobody ever said to me, "Stand up!"

QUENTIN: The blood's fact, the world's blind gut . . . yes!

MAGGIE: Now.

QUENTIN: To this, yes.

MAGGIE: Now . . . now.

(Her recorded number ends and only the thumping needle in the empty groove is heard through the lengthening darkness. Then her voice, pillowed and soft.)

Quentin?

(Light finds her prone on a bed, alone on the stage, a sheet partly covering her naked body. Her chin rests languidly on her hands. She glances toward a point, off.)

Quenny? That soap is odorless, so you don't have to worry.

(Slight pause.)

It's OK! Don't rush; I love to wait for you!

(Her eye falls on his shoe on the floor. She picks it up, strokes it.)

I love your shoes. You have good taste!

(Slight pause.)

'Scuse me I didn't have anything for you to eat, but I didn't know! I'll get eggs, though, case maybe in the mornings. And steaks—case at night. I mean just in case. You could have it just the way you want, just anytime.

(Quentin stands looking front; she speaks to empty space from the bed.)

Like me?

(He glances back at her adoring face, as Holga appears above in the airport, looking about for him. Maggie remains on the bed stroking his shoe.)

QUENTIN: It's all true, but it isn't the truth. I know it because it all comes back too cheap; my bitterness is making me lie.

(Glancing at Maggie.)

I'm afraid. To make a promise. Because I don't know who'll be making it. I'm a stranger to my life.

MAGGIE *(She has lifted a tie off the floor)*: Oh, your tie got all wrinkled! I'm sorry—but hey, I have a tie!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Jumping up with the sheet around her.)

It's beautiful, a regular man's tie . . .

(Catching herself.)

I . . . just happen to have it!

(She tries to laugh it off and goes into darkness. Holga is gone.)

ENTIN: I tell you, below this fog of tawdriness and vanity, there is a law in this disaster, and I saw it once as hard and clear as a statute. But I think I saw it . . . with some love. Or simply wonder, but not blame. It's . . . like my mother; so many of my thoughts of her degenerate into some crime; the truth is she was a light to me whenever it was dark. I loved that nut, and only love does make her real and mine. Or can one ever remember love? It's like trying to summon up the smell of roses in a cellar. You might see a rose, but never the perfume. And that's the truth of roses, isn't it?—the perfume?

(As before, Maggie appears in light in a wedding dress; Carrie, the maid, is just placing a veiled hat on her head; Lucas is on his knees hurriedly fixing the last hem. Maggie is turning herself wide-eyed in a mirror. Quentin begins to rise.)

MAGGIE: OK! Let him in, Carrie! Thanks, Lucas, but I don't want him to wait anymore; the ceremony is for three! Hurry, please!

(Lucas sews faster; Carrie goes to a point, calls down.)

QUENTIN: I want to see her with . . . that love again! Why is it so hard! Standing there, that wishing girl, that victory in lace. We had turned all mockery to purpose, and purpose moved around us like the natural shadows of the day!

MAGGIE *(Looking ahead on the edge of life as Lucas bites off the last threads)*: You won't hardly know me anymore, Lucas! He saved me, I mean it! I've got a new will and I even changed my analyst; I've got a wonderful doctor now! And we're going to do all my contracts over, which I never got properly paid. And Ludwig Reiner's taking me! And he won't take even opera singers unless they're, you know, like artists! No matter how much you want to pay him. I didn't even dare, but Quentin made me go—and now he took me, imagine!

(Now she turns seeing Quentin entering. An awe of the moment takes them both; Lucas goes. Carrie lightly touches Maggie's forehead and silently prays, and walks off.)

QUENTIN: Oh my darling. How perfect you are.

MAGGIE: Like me?

QUENTIN: Good God! . . . To come home every night—to *you*.

(He starts for her open-armed, laughing, but she touches his chest, excited and strangely fearful.)

MAGGIE: You still don't have to do it, Quentin. I could just come to you whenever you want.

QUENTIN *(It hurts him but he tries to laugh again)*: You just can't believe in something good really happening. But it's real, darling; you're my wife!

MAGGIE *(With a hush of fear on her voice)*: I want to tell you something.

QUENTIN: I know enough.

MAGGIE *(Slipping her hand out of his)*: I just want to tell you!

QUENTIN: Darling, you're always making new revelations, but that stuff doesn't matter anymore.

MAGGIE: *(Pleased, and like a child wanting some final embrace)*: But the reason I went into analysis! I never told you *that!*

QUENTIN *(Smiling above his own foreboding)*: All right, what?

MAGGIE: 'Cause you said we have to love what happened, didn't you? Even the bad things?

QUENTIN *(Seriously now, to match her intensity)*: Yes, I did.

AGGIE: I . . . was with two men . . . the same day.

(She has turned her eyes from him.)

I mean the same day, see. But I didn't realize it till that night. And I got very scared.

(She almost weeps now, and looks at him, subservient and oddly chastened.)

I'll always love you, Quentin. But don't be afraid what people say, we could just tell them we changed our mind, and get in the car and maybe go to a motel . . .

QUENTIN: Look, darling. It wasn't you . . .

(Reaching for her hand again.)

MAGGIE: But maybe in a way it was. In a way . . . I don't know—

QUENTIN: Sweetheart, everyone does things that . . .

(To Listener, with sudden realization.)

Here, here is part of it! One part is . . .

(Back to her.)

an event itself, dear, is not important; it's what you took from it. Whatever happened to you, this is what you made of it and I love this!

(Quickly to Listener, rapidly.)

Yes—that we conspired to violate the past, and the past is holy and its horrors are holiest of all!

(Turning back to Maggie.)

And . . . something . . . more . . .

MAGGIE *(With hope now)*:

Maybe . . . it would even make me a better wife, right?

QUENTIN *(With hope against the pain)*: That's the way to talk!

MAGGIE *(With gladness, seeing a fruit of the horror)*: 'Cause I'm not curious! You be surprised; a lot of women they smile and their husbands never know, but they're curious. But I *know*—I have a king, and *I know!*

(A wedding march strikes up. It shatters her fragile vision; he takes her arm.)

There's people who . . . going to laugh at you.

QUENTIN: Not anymore, dear; they're going to see what I see. Come!

MAGGIE *(Not moving with him)*: What do you see? Tell me!

(Bursting out of her.)

'Cause I think . . . you were ashamed once, weren't you?

QUENTIN: I see your suffering, Maggie; and once I saw it, all shame fell away.

MAGGIE: You . . . were ashamed?

QUENTIN *(With difficulty)*: Yes. But you're a victory, Maggie, for yourself and me. And somehow for everyone.

(He kisses her hand.)

Believe it, darling, you're like a flag to me, a kind of proof, somehow, that people can win.

MAGGIE: And you . . . you won't ever look at any other woman, right?

QUENTIN: Darling, a wife can be loved! You never saw it but . . .

MAGGIE *(With a new intensity of conflict)*: Before, though—why did you kiss that Elsie?

QUENTIN: Just hello. She always throws her arms around people.

MAGGIE: But . . . why'd you let her rub her body against you?

QUENTIN *(Laughs)*: She wasn't rubbing her . . .

MAGGIE *(Downing a much greater anxiety)*: I saw it. And you stood there.

QUENTIN *(Trying to laugh)*: Maggie, it was a meaningless gesture . . .

MAGGIE: But you told me yourself that I have to look for the meaning of things, didn't you? You want me to be like I used to be—like nothing means anything, it's all a fog?

(Now pleadingly, and vaguely wronged.)

I'm just trying to understand; you mustn't laugh. Why did you let her do that?

QUENTIN: She came up to me and threw her arms around me. What could I do?

MAGGIE *(A flash of contemptuous anger)*: What do you mean? You just tell her to knock it off!

QUENTIN *(Taken aback)*: I . . . don't think you want to sound like this, honey.

MAGGIE *(Frightened she has shown a forbidden side)*: Sound like what?

QUENTIN *(Trying to brush it away)*: Darling, you're just frightened and it magnifies every threat. Come, they're waiting.

(He puts her arm in his; they turn to go):

MAGGIE *(Almost in tears)*: Teach me, Quentin! I don't know how to be!

QUENTIN: Yes, darling. Now we start to be. Both of us.

(They begin moving in processional manner.)

Only Preparation H® Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Relieves Itching and Pain in Minutes.
Speeds Healing of Inflamed, Injured Tissues.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It relieves itching and pain in minutes, then speeds healing of the injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so – even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind.

The secret is the astonishing new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids – Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. And it helps prevent infection, a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easy to use away from home). Available at all drug counters.

You can easily earn within a single week one of these nationally advertised Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand.

Just send us four 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.95 each and we'll rush your bowling ball to you. All subscriptions must be sold to persons outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name, address and full remittance. As soon as your order has been processed, we will send you the bowling ball. Be sure to specify weight desired.

This offer is good in the U.S. only, until April 30, 1964. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
974 Independence Square
Philadelphia Pennsylvania 19105

Pain, Burning AT SOLE OF FOOT?

Soft Foam Cushion Brings Fast Relief!

You never tried anything so wonderful as Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion for relieving pains, cramps, callouses, burning at sole of your foot! Made of soft Latex Foam. Loops over your toe. No adhesive. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion

NOW—FAST RELIEF FROM MODERATE ARTHRITIC RHEUMATIC MUSCULAR PAINS WHENEVER THEY OCCUR

DOLCIN®
TABLETS
Money-back guarantee

FLORIDA

AD 63052

CAMPSITES—deep in the heart of the great (440,000 acre) Ocala National Forest. Isolated, yet accessible. Electricity. Best fishing, hunting. Warranty deed. **FREE maps and photos.**
Word Vernor, DeLand, Florida

BOYS
Earn Money and Prizes

Sell **The Saturday Evening Post**—build up a route among your friends right in your own neighborhood. You can get valuable business training plus cash and prizes in your spare time. Fill out the coupon below and mail it today!

CURTIS CIRCULATION CO.
973 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA 5, PENNA.

Name_____ **Age**____

Street_____

City_____ **State**_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAGGIE: It's that nobody's here . . . from me. I'm like a stranger here! If my mother or my father or anybody who loved me . . .

QUENTIN: Be calm, dear; everyone here adores you.

MAGGIE (*Now as she speaks she continues in processional tread, but he remains behind staring at her; and she goes on to "him," her arm still held as before, but in midair now*): I'm sorry if I sounded that way, but you want me to say what I feel, don't you? See, till you, I never said anything. Quentin; you like gave me my feelings to say! You don't want me just smiling, like most women, do you?

(*During her speech Louise has appeared.*)

QUENTIN (*As against the vision of Louise*): No. *Say* what you feel; the truth is on our side; always say it!

(*Louise is gone.*)

MAGGIE (*Faltering, but going on*): You're not holding me!

QUENTIN (*Half the stage away now, and turning toward the empty air*): I am, darling, I'm with you!

MAGGIE (*As she walks into darkness*): I'm going to be a good wife. . . . I'm going to be a good wife. . . .

CARRIE: God bless this child.

MAGGIE: Quentin, I don't feel it.

QUENTIN (*Both frustrated and with an appeal to her*): I'm holding you! See everybody smiling, adoring you? Look at the orchestra guys making a V for victory! Everyone loves you, darling! Why are you sad?

(*Suddenly the wedding march is gone as from the far depths of the stage; her shape undefined, she calls out with a laugh.*)

MAGGIE: Surprise! You like it? They rushed it while we were away!

QUENTIN (*A slight pause; they are half a stage apart. The dialogue is now condensed, like time, swiftly passing in the mind*): Yes, it's beautiful!

MAGGIE: See how large it makes the living room? And I want to take down that wall too! OK?

QUENTIN (*Not facing her direction; to his memory of it*): But we just finished putting those walls in.

MAGGIE: Well it's only money; I want it big, like a castle for you! You want it beautiful don't you?

QUENTIN: It's lovely, dear, but . . . maybe wait till next year with the other wall. . . . we're behind in the taxes, darling.

MAGGIE: But we could die tomorrow! Used to say—I have one word written on my forehead—why can't it be beautiful now? I get all that money next year.

QUENTIN: But see, dear, you owe almost all of it . . .

MAGGIE: Quentin, don't hold the future like a vase—touch now, touch me! I'm here, and it's now!

QUENTIN: OK! Tear it down! Make it beautiful! Do it now! Maybe I *am* too cautious. . . . Forgive me!

(*Her voice is suddenly heard in a vocal number. He breaks into a genuine smile of joy.*)

Maggie, sweetheart—that's magnificent!

(*Now she appears, in blouse, leotards, high heels, listening and pacing. Several executives in dark suits appear, listening carefully.*)

MAGGIE: No! Tell me the truth! That piano's off, you're not listening!

QUENTIN: But nobody'll ever notice that!

(*A pianist moves near her out of the executive group.*)

MAGGIE: I know the difference! Don't you want me to be good? I *told* Weinstein I wanted Johnny Block, but they give me this fag and he holds back my beat! Nobody listens to me; I'm a joke!

QUENTIN: All right, dear, maybe if I talked to Weinstein . . .

MAGGIE: No, don't get mixed up in my crummy business; you've got an important case.

QUENTIN: Weinstein, get her Johnny Block!

(*The music turns over into another number and her voice, swift, sure . . .*)

There now! Listen now!

(*She listens in suspense; he almost struts with his power.*)

See? There's no reason to get upset; just tell me and I'll talk to these people anytime you . . .

MAGGIE: Oh, thank you, darling! See? They respect you. Ask Ludwig, soon as you come in the studio my voice flies! Oh, I'm going to be a good wife, Quentin; I just get nervous sometimes that I'm . . .

(*She sits as the music goes out.*)

only bringing you my problems. But I want my stuff to be good, and all they care is if they can get rich on it.

(*The executives are gone.*)

QUENTIN: Exactly, dear—so how can you look to them for your self-respect? Come, why don't we go out for a walk? We never walk anymore.

(*Sits on his heels beside her.*)

MAGGIE: You love me?

QUENTIN: I adore you. I just wish you could find some joy in your life.

MAGGIE: Quentin, I'm a joke that brings in money.

QUENTIN: I think it's starting to change, though—you've got a great band now, and Johnny Block, and the best sound crew . . .

MAGGIE: Only because I fought for it. You'd think somebody'd come to me and say, "Look, Maggie, you made us all this money; now we want you to develop yourself. What can we do for you?"

QUENTIN: Darling, they'd be selling frankfurters if there were more money in it. How can you look to them for love?

MAGGIE (*Alone, alone*): But where will I look?

QUENTIN (*Thrown down*): Maggie, how can you say that?

MAGGIE (*She stands—there is an underlying suspiciousness now*): When I walked into the party, you didn't even put your arms around me. I felt like one of those *wives* or something!

QUENTIN: Well, Donaldson was in the middle of a sentence and I . . .

MAGGIE: So what? I walked into the room! I hire him—he doesn't hire me!

QUENTIN: But he is directing your TV show, and I was being polite to him.

MAGGIE: You don't have to be ashamed of me, Quentin—I had a right to tell him to stop those faggy jokes at my rehearsal. Just because he's cultured? I'm the one the public pays for, not Donaldson! Ask Ludwig Reiner what my value is!

QUENTIN: I married you, Maggie; I don't need Ludwig's lecture on your value.

(*Looking at him with strange eyes—with a strange laugh.*)

Why . . . why you so cold?

QUENTIN: I'm not cold, I'm trying to explain what happened.

MAGGIE: Well, take me in your arms, don't explain.

(*He takes her in his arms, and plaintively instructing . . .*)

Not like that. *Hold* me.

QUENTIN: Let's go for a walk, honey. Come on . . .

MAGGIE (*Sinking*): What's the matter?

(*Louise appears, playing solitaire.*)

QUENTIN: Nothing.

MAGGIE: But Quentin . . . you should look at me more. I mean . . . like I *existed* or something. Like you used to look—out of your *self*.

(*Louise vanishes. Maggie moves away into darkness, deeply discouraged.*)

QUENTIN (*Alone*): I adore you, Maggie; I'm sorry; it won't ever happen again. Never! You need more love than I thought. But I've got it, and I'll make you see it, and when you do, you're going to astound the world!

(*A rose light floods the area; Maggie emerges in a dressing gown, indicating an unseen window.*)

MAGGIE: Surprise! You like it? See the material?

QUENTIN: Oh, that's lovely! How'd you think of that?

MAGGIE: All you gotta do is close them and the sun makes the bed all rose . . .

QUENTIN (*Striving for joy*): Yes, it's beautiful! . . . You see? An argument doesn't mean disaster! Oh, Maggie, I never knew what love was!

(*Takes her in his arms.*)

MAGGIE (*Her spirit gradually falling*): Case during the day, like maybe you get the idea to come home and we make love again in daytime.

(*She ends sitting in a weakness; nostalgically.*)

Like last year, remember? In the winter afternoons? And once there was still snow on your hair. See, that's all I am, Quentin.

QUENTIN: . . . I'll come home tomorrow afternoon.

MAGGIE: Well don't *plan* it.

(*He laughs, but she looks at him; her stare is piercing. His laugh dies.*)

QUENTIN: What is it? . . . See, I don't want to hide things anymore, darling. The truth saves, always remember that—tell me, what's bothering you?

MAGGIE (*Shaking her head, seeing*): I'm not a good wife. I take up so much of your work.

QUENTIN: No, dear. I only said that because you . . .

(*Striving, against his true resentment.*)

you kind of implied that I didn't fight the network hard enough on that penalty, and I got it down to twenty thousand dollars. They had a right to a hundred when you didn't perform.

MAGGIE (*With rising indignation*): But can't I be sick? I was sick!

QUENTIN: I know, dear, but the doctor wouldn't sign the affidavit.

MAGGIE (*Furious at him*): I had a pain in my side, for Christ's sake, I couldn't stand straight! . . . You don't believe me, do you!

QUENTIN: Maggie, I'm only telling you the legal situation.

MAGGIE: Ask Ludwig what you should do! You should've gone in there roaring! 'Stead of a polite liberal and affidavits and ——

QUENTIN (*Hurt*): Don't say that, Maggie.

MAGGIE: Well ask him! You don't know what a star's rights are! I make millions for those people!

QUENTIN: Maggie, I always thought I was a pretty good lawyer . . .

MAGGIE: I'm not saying Ludwig is a lawyer!

QUENTIN: I know, dear, but he's always got these brave solutions, but the two-three times I've tried to pin him down to specifics, he gets full of oxygen.

MAGGIE: Now you're hurt! I can't *say* anything!

QUENTIN: Well, honey, I'm putting in forty percent of my time on your problems . . .

MAGGIE: You are not putting ——

QUENTIN (*Horrified she doesn't know—an outburst*): Maggie, I keep a log; I know what I spend my time on!

(*She looks at him shaking her head; mortally wounded, tears in her eyes. She goes to a bottle and pours.*)

I'm sorry, darling, but when you talk like that I feel a little . . . like a fool. Don't start drinking, please. (*She drinks.*) Look, I don't object to the time I spend, I'm happy to do it, but ——

MAGGIE: Should never gotten married. I knew it. Soon's they get married, it all changes. Every man I ever knew they hate their wives.

QUENTIN: Honey, it always comes down to the same thing, don't you see? Now listen to me.

(*Turns her.*)

You're still proceeding on the basis that you're alone. That you can be disposed of. And the slightest contradiction of your wishes makes the earth tremble. But . . .

MAGGIE: You taught me speak out, Quentin, and when I do you get mad.

QUENTIN: I'm not mad, I'm frustrated that you can't seem to pick up the joy we could have. My greatest happiness is when I know I've helped to make you smile, to make you ——

MAGGIE: But the only reason I want to improve is so you be proud of me, so you could say, "See? I found her she was a little lost nut, and look, look what became of Maggie!" It's all for you!

QUENTIN: Then what are we arguing about? We want the same thing, you see?

(*Suddenly to Listener.*)

Power! Yes, the power, the power to . . . Wait a minute, I had it, and I lost it.

MAGGIE (*Pouring another drink*): So maybe the best thing is if I get a lawyer . . . you know, just a stranger.

QUENTIN (*Slight pause. Hurt*): OK.

MAGGIE: It's nothing against you; but see, like that girl in the orchestra, that cellist—I mean, Andy took too much, but he'd have gone in there and got rid of her. I mean you don't laugh when a singer goes off key.

QUENTIN: But she said she coughed.

MAGGIE (*Furiously*): She didn't cough, she laughed! And you stand there going ho ho ho to her high-class jokes? Christ sake, just because she played in a symphony?

QUENTIN: Maggie, I stopped by to pick you up, I said hello to her and ——

MAGGIE: I'm not finishing this tape if she's in that band tomorrow! I'm entitled to my conditions, Quentin—

(*Commanding.*)

and I don't have to plead with anybody! I want her out!

QUENTIN (*Quietly*): All right. I'll call Weinstein in the morning.

MAGGIE: You won't. You're too polite.

QUENTIN: I've done it before, Maggie; three others in three different bands.

MAGGIE: Well, so what? You're my husband. You're supposed to do that. Aren't you?

QUENTIN: But I can't pretend to enjoy demanding people be fired.

MAGGIE: But if it was your daughter you'd get angry, wouldn't you? Instead of apologizing for her?

QUENTIN (*Envisions it*): I guess I would, yes. I'm sorry. I'll do it in the morning.

MAGGIE (*With desperate warmth*): That's all I mean. If I want something, you should ask yourself why, why does she want it, not why she shouldn't have it. That's why I don't smile; I feel I'm fighting all the time to make you *see*. You're like a little boy, you don't see the knives people hide . . .

QUENTIN: I see the knives, but . . . It's the same thing again. You still don't believe you're not alone.

MAGGIE: Then make me believe it!

QUENTIN: I'm trying, darling, but sometimes you say a thing that cuts me down. Maggie, I'm not cold to you.

MAGGIE: I didn't mean you're cold. It's just . . . I've seen such terrible things, Quentin. I never told you most of it.

QUENTIN: But sweetheart, that's all gone. You've got a husband now who loves you.

(*Pause. She seems to fear greatly.*)

MAGGIE: But it's not all gone. When your mother tells me I'm getting fat, I know where I am—and when you don't do anything about it.

QUENTIN: But what can I do?

MAGGIE: Slap her down, that's what you do!

QUENTIN: But she says anything comes into her head, dear. . . .

MAGGIE: She insulted me! She's jealous of me!

QUENTIN: Maggie, she adores you.

MAGGIE: What are you trying to make me think, I'm crazy?

QUENTIN: Why does everything come down to ——

MAGGIE: I'm not crazy!

QUENTIN (*Carefully, on eggs*): The thought never entered my mind, darling—I'll . . . talk to her.

MAGGIE (*Mimicking him as though he were weak*): "I'll talk to her." She hates me!

QUENTIN: I'll tell her to apologize.

MAGGIE: But at least get a little angry!

QUENTIN: All right, I'll do it.

(*She drinks.*)

MAGGIE: I'm not going to work tomorrow.

(*She lies down on the bed as though crushed.*)

QUENTIN: OK.

MAGGIE (*Half springing up*): You know it's not "OK"! You're scared to death they'll sue me—why don't you say it!

QUENTIN: I'm not scared to death; it's just that you're so wonderful in this show and it's a pity to ——

MAGGIE (*Sitting up furiously*): All you care about is money! Don't s——t me!

QUENTIN (*Quelling a fury—his voice very level*): Maggie, don't use that language with me, will you?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAGGIE: Calling me vulgar, that I talk like a truck driver! Well, that's where I come from. I'm for Negroes and Puerto Ricans and truck drivers!

QUENTIN: Then why do you fire people so easily?

MAGGIE (*Her eyes narrowing, she is seeing him anew*): Look. You don't want me. What the hell are you doing here?

QUENTIN (*With a quavering, mountainous restraint*): I live here. And you do too. You don't know it yet, but you're going to. I ——

FATHER: Where's he going, I need him! What are you!

QUENTIN: I'm here, and I stick it. That's who I am. And one day you're going to catch on. Now go to sleep, I'll be back in ten minutes; I'd like to take a walk.

MAGGIE: Where you going to walk?

QUENTIN: Just around the block.

(*She watches him carefully. He sees her suspicion.*)

There's nobody else, kid; I just want to walk.

MAGGIE (*With great suspicion*): 'Kay.

(*He goes a few yards, halts, turns to see her taking a pill bottle and unscrewing the top.*)

QUENTIN (*Coming back*): You can't take pills on top of whiskey, dear.

(*He has reached for them; she pulls them away, but he grabs them again and puts them in his pocket.*)

That's how it happened the last time. And it's not going to happen again. Never. I'll be right back.

MAGGIE (*She pours again*): Why you wear those pants?

(*He turns back to her knowing what is coming.*)

I told you the seat is too tight.

QUENTIN: Well, they made them too tight, but I can take a walk in them.

MAGGIE: Fags wear pants like that; I told you.

(*He looks with amazed eyes.*)

They attract each other with their asses.

QUENTIN: You calling me a fag now?

MAGGIE (*She is very drunk*): Just I've known fags and some of them didn't even know themselves that they were . . . And I didn't know if you knew about that.

QUENTIN: That's a hell of a way to reassure yourself, Maggie.

MAGGIE (*Staggering slightly*): I'm allowed to say what I see . . .

QUENTIN: You trying to get me to throw you out? Is that what it is? So it'll get real?

MAGGIE (*Pointing at him, at his control*): Wha's that suppose to be, strong and silent? I mean what is it?

(*She stumbles and falls. He makes no move to pick her up.*)

QUENTIN (*Standing over her; quite knowing she is beyond understanding*): And now I walk out, huh? And everything is real again, huh?

(*He picks her up angrily.*)

Is that what you want?

MAGGIE (*Breaking from him*): I mean what *is it?*

(*She pitches forward. He catches her and roughly puts her on the bed.*)

Wha's the angle? I mean what is it?

(*She gets on her feet again.*)

You gonna wait till I'm old? You know what another cab driver said to me today? . . . "I'll give you fifty dollars . . ."

(*An open sob, wild and contradictory, flies out of her.*)

You know what's fifty dollars to a cab driver?

(*Her pain moves into him, his anger is swamped with it.*)

Go ahead, you can go; I can even walk a straight line, see? Look, see?

(*She walks with arms out, one foot in front of the other.*)

So what is it, heh? I mean what is it? I mean, you want dancing? You want dancing?

QUENTIN: Please. Don't do that.

MAGGIE (*Breathlessly she turns on the phonograph and goes into a hip-flinging step around him*): I mean what do you want? What is it?

(*He hasn't been looking at her, but beyond her and now she starts tumbling about and he catches her and lays her down on the bed.*)

I mean, you gonna wait till I'm old? Or what? I mean, what is it? What is it?

(*She lies there gasping. He stares down at her, addressing the Listener.*)

QUENTIN: If there is love, it is limitless; a love not even of persons, but blind, blind to insult, blind to the spear in the flesh, like justice blind, like . . .

(*Felice appears. Quentin slowly raises up his arms; holds them there. But his face is drawn together in his quest. Maggie again asks . . . from the bed, half-asleep.*)

MAGGIE: Heh?

(*Felice vanishes. He lowers his arms, peering for his answer, as . . .*)

I mean, what do you want? Whyn't you beat it? I mean, what is it?

(*Father appears.*)

FATHER: What are ——

(*Quentin shakes his head, and an unformed word of negation from his mouth. Dan appears.*)

DAN: This family is always behind you, boy; anything you need just . . .

(*Mickey appears; Quentin moves toward him.*)

MICKEY: . . . That we both go back, Lou, you and I together; and name the names.

QUENTIN (*Shaking the vision out of his head as false and crying out—as Dan and Father disappear*): No! I had it! In whose name you turn your back! I saw it clear! I saw the name!

(*Lou appears on high—and the approaching sound of a subway train is heard, and he seems to fall off a platform to the wracking squeal of brakes, crying.*)

LOU: Quentin!

(*He is gone, and Mickey is gone. Quentin's hands are a vise against his head. The Tower lights as . . .*)

QUENTIN (*With a new level of angry terror*): In whose name? In whose blood-covered name do you look into a face you loved, and say, "Now, you have been found wanting, and now in your extremity you die"? It had a name, it . . .

(*Behind his back, in the farthest extremity of the stage, hardly visible excepting as a bent-over shape, Mother appears in pre-World War I costume, calling in a strange whisper.*)

MOTHER: Quentin? Quentin?

(*She is moving rapidly through shadow. He hurries toward her, but in fear.*)

QUENTIN: Hah? Hah?

MOTHER: See what we brought you from Atlantic City! From the boardwalk!

(*A tremendous crash of surf spins him about, and Mother is gone and the light of the moon is rising on the pier.*)

QUENTIN: . . . By the ocean. That cottage. That last night.

(*Maggie in a rumpled wrapper, a bottle in her hand, her hair in snags over her face, staggers out to the edge of the pier and stands in the sound of the surf. Now she starts to topple over the edge of the pier, and he rushes to her and holds her in his hands. She slowly turns around and sees it's he. Now the sound of jazz from within is heard, softly.*)

MAGGIE: You were loved, Quentin; no man was ever loved like you.

QUENTIN (*Releasing her*): Carrie tell you I called? My plane couldn't take off all day . . .

MAGGIE (*Drunk, but aware*): I was going to kill myself just now.

(*She walks past him. He is silent. She turns.*)

Or don't you believe that either?

QUENTIN (*With an absolute calm, a distance, but without hostility*): I saved you twice, why shouldn't I believe it?

(*Going toward her.*)

This dampness is bad for your throat, you oughtn't be out here.

MAGGIE (*She defiantly sits, her legs dangling*): Where've *you* been?

QUENTIN: I've been in Chicago. I told you. The Hathaway estate.

MAGGIE (*A sneer*): Estates!

QUENTIN: Well, I have to pay our debts before I save the world.

(*He goes into the bedroom, removing his jacket.*)

MAGGIE (*From the pier*): Didn't you hear what I told you?

QUENTIN: I heard it. . . . I'm not coming out there, Maggie, it's too wet.

(*She looks out a moment, wide-eyed at the neutrality of his tone; then gets up and unsteadily comes into the room. He is taking off his tie.*)

MAGGIE: What's *this* all about?

QUENTIN: Just going to sleep. I'm very tired. I don't feel too hot.

MAGGIE: Tired.

QUENTIN: Yep. I can get tired too.

MAGGIE: Poor man.

QUENTIN: Not anymore, no.

(*He sits on the bed unlacing his shoes. Sensing, she sits on a chair, the pill bottle in her hand.*)

MAGGIE (*Like a challenge to him*): I didn't go to rehearsal today.

QUENTIN: I didn't think you did.

MAGGIE: I called Weinstein; I'm not working on his label anymore, and I don't care if he's got ten contracts. And I called the network; I'm not doing that stupid show, and I don't owe it to them regardless of any promise you made me make. I'm an artist, and I don't have to do stupid shows, no matter what contract!

QUENTIN: Maggie, I'm not your lawyer anymore; tell it to ——

MAGGIE: I told him. And he's getting me out of both contracts. And no lawsuits either.

QUENTIN: That's nice. I'll sleep in the living room. I've got to rest.

(*He starts out.*)

MAGGIE (*Holding up the bottle*): Here, count them if you want to, I only took a few.

QUENTIN: I'm not counting pills anymore, Maggie, I've given up being the policeman. But if you want to, I wish you'd tell me how many you had before I came. 'Cause they should know that in case they have to pump you out tonight.

MAGGIE (*Hurt and bewildered*): What is this?

QUENTIN: Just that I can't pull on the other end of that rope anymore. And I see the signs, honey, so I'm telling you in advance. The last two times when we got you out of it you thanked me for saving your life, and for days everything was warm and sweet. I'm not your analyst, but if this is

Quentin admiringly listens as Maggie sings. An instant later she snaps: "You're not listening," and the destructive accusations begin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the final scene of the play, Quentin tries to dissuade Maggie from swallowing the sleeping pills she holds and killing herself. Agonized, he pleads with her: "Do the harde

AFTER THE FALL

how you create a happy reunion, forget it—this time I call the ambulance, so if you do wake up it'll be in the hospital, and that means the newspapers. I'm just trying to remove one of the motives, if a happy reunion is one of them—because I'm not going to be the rescuer anymore. It's only fair to tell you, I just haven't got it anymore. They're your pills and your life; you keep the count.

(He starts out.)

MAGGIE: What—what's all this? Well, don't run away like a kid. What is all this?

QUENTIN (*Halts; a pause*): Well . . . one thing is that I've been fired.

MAGGIE: You're not fired.

QUENTIN: In fact, it's the second time in six months. I can't make a decision anymore without something sits up inside me and busts out laughing.

MAGGIE: That my fault, heh?

QUENTIN: Maggie, I only tell it to you so you'll understand that the question is no longer whether you'll survive, but also whether I will. Because I'm backed up to the edge of the cliff, and I haven't one inch left behind me. And that's the difference tonight, Maggie. So take care what you ask me, dear, because all I've got left is the truth. You know that feeling?

(They hold each other's gaze. She unscrews the bottle and takes out a pill and swallows it.)

OK.

MAGGIE: What are you doing?

QUENTIN: I'll sleep at the Inn tonight. I think you're safer without the ogre.

(He gets his tie.)

MAGGIE (*Her speech thicker; but she is doped, rather than drunk*): Don't . . . do that.

(He looks at her lost face.)

Please. Please . . . sit down.

(And as she did when they first met, but in a caricature of that invitingness, she indicates a chair.)

Could you . . . just while I . . . go to sleep? Please?

QUENTIN (*Gently, moved*): OK, if you lie down and go to sleep.

MAGGIE: I'll . . . lie down here. See?

(She quickly goes to the bed, clutching her pills. And lies down.)

See?

(He sits facing her, a yard away. Silence.)

'Member? How used talk to me till I fell asleep?

QUENTIN: I've sat beside you for days and weeks at a time, Maggie, but you never remember. I've taken you for long drives to soothe you; sailed you around the bay for hours, and my office looking high and low for me, but all you remember is the bad.

MAGGIE: Could you stay . . . like five minutes?

QUENTIN (*Pause. He tries not to weep*): Yes.

MAGGIE (*Slight pause. Suddenly she puts the pills on the floor*): See? I'm not taking any more.

(He is silent.)

I only had . . . about fifteen, I think. You—you can have the bottle if you want, even.

QUENTIN (*Without rancor; explaining*): I don't want the bottle; I'm not the policeman anymore.

MAGGIE: Please don't call the ambulance.

QUENTIN: Then don't take any more. I just can't go through it alone again, and I'm telling you.

MAGGIE (*Slight pause*): You going back to your former wife, right?

QUENTIN: No, I've . . . *been* there.

MAGGIE: What then?

QUENTIN (*Long pause*): Well, the first thing I've got to do is . . . get somebody to take care of you.

MAGGIE (*Very carefully*): What do you mean, take care of me?

QUENTIN (*Pause; under terrific stress he begins to touch his face, then puts his hand down.*) I talked to your doctor this afternoon.

MAGGIE (*The terror growing*): About what? . . .

QUENTIN: I didn't want to have this conversation when you ——

MAGGIE: I hear everything. What'd you talk to my doctor about? You going to put me somewhere? Is that it?

QUENTIN: No. But you should be supervised. And I shouldn't be with you anymore. I shouldn't have been for at least a year, in fact.

MAGGIE: Well now you got what you wanted, didn't you?

QUENTIN: No, exactly the opposite. But we shouldn't argue anymore.

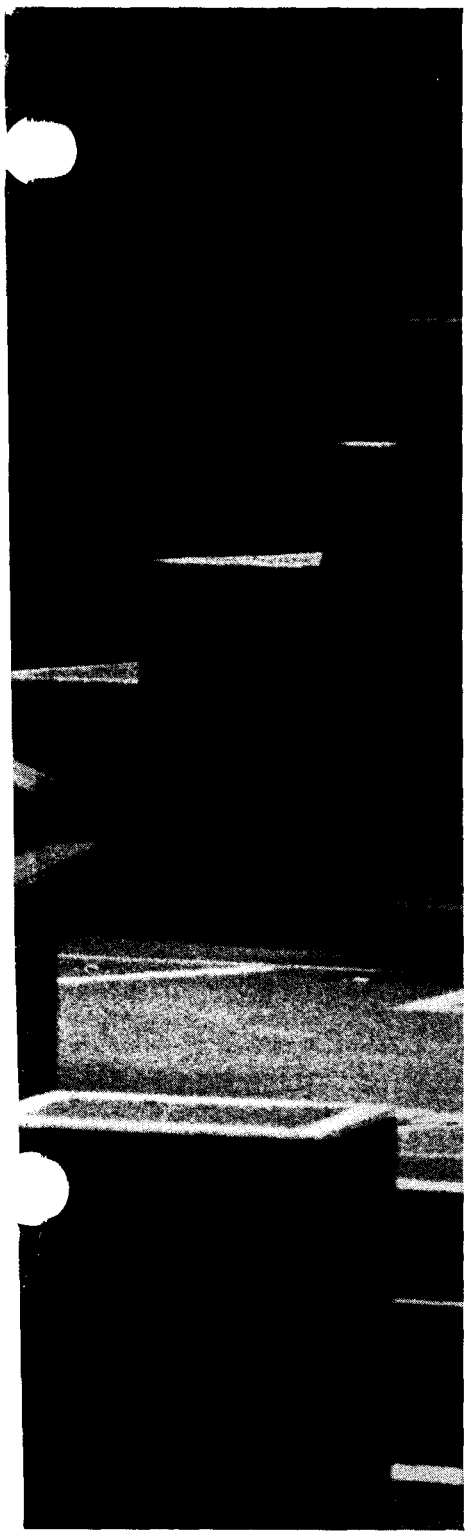
MAGGIE (*With a knowing, determined smile*): You're not going to put *me* anywhere, Mister.

QUENTIN: I've nothing to do with that, Maggie, it's between you and him.

MAGGIE: Why, what'd you say to him?

QUENTIN: Maggie, you want to die and I don't know anymore how to prevent it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ing of all . . . see your own hatred, and live."

Maybe it was just my being out in the real world for twenty-four hours again, but it struck me that I'm playing with your life out of some idiotic hope of some kind that you're suddenly going to come out of this endless spell. I think somebody ought to be with you who has no illusions of that kind, and simply watches constantly to prevent it.

MAGGIE: Maybe a little love would prevent it.

QUENTIN: But how would you know, Maggie? Do you know who I am anymore? Aside from my name? I'm all the evil in the world, aren't I? All the betrayal, the broken hopes, the murderous revenge?

MAGGIE: And how'd that happen? Takes two to tango, kid.

(With a sneer she opens the bottle. He stands at once.)

QUENTIN: I'm not sitting here if you take any more. Especially on top of whiskey; that's the way it happened the last time.

(She spills out a few into her palm and he walks a step away.)

OK. Carrie's in her room; I've told her to look in here every few minutes, and if she sees the signs, she's to call the ambulance. Good night.

MAGGIE: She won't call the ambulance; she loves me . . .

QUENTIN: That's why she'll call the ambulance. Which is what I should have done two years ago, but I didn't know what I know now.

MAGGIE (*Sneering*): What do you know now? You're spoiled. What do you know?

QUENTIN: A suicide kills two people, Maggie. That's what it's for. So I'm removing myself and perhaps it will lose its point.

(She appears to consider for a moment; then carefully takes two pills and swallows them.)

Right.

(He walks determined upstage. And when he is a far distance . . .)

MAGGIE (*On a new level; softly, and without any antagonism*): What's Lazarus?

(He halts, without turning back. She looks about for him, not knowing he left.)

Quentin?

(Not seeing him, she starts up off the bed; a certain alarm. . .)

Quen?

(He comes halfway back.)

QUENTIN: Jesus raised him from the dead. In the Bible. Go to sleep now.

MAGGIE: Wha's at suppose the prove?

QUENTIN: The power of faith.

MAGGIE: What about those who have no faith?

QUENTIN: They only have the will.

MAGGIE: But how you get the will?

QUENTIN: You have faith.

MAGGIE: Some apples.

(He smiles, turns again to go.)

I want more cream puffs.

(He turns back; doesn't answer.)

And my birthday dress? If I'm good? Mama? I want my mother.

(She sits up, looks about as in a dream, turns and sees him.)

Why you standing there?

(She gets out of bed, squinting, and comes up to him, peers into his face; her expression comes alive.)

You . . . you want music?

QUENTIN: All right, you lie down, and I'll put a little music on.

MAGGIE: No, you; you, sit down. And take off your shoes. I mean just to rest. You don't have to do anything.

(She goes to the machine, turns it on; jazz.)

Was I sleeping?

QUENTIN: For a moment, I think.

MAGGIE: Was she. . . . was anybody else here?

QUENTIN: No. Just me.

MAGGIE: Is there smoke?

(In fright she presses against him; to move her to the bed he slowly dances with her in his arms.)

QUENTIN: Your mother's dead and gone, dear; she can't hurt you anymore; don't be afraid.

MAGGIE (*In a helpless voice of a child*): Where you going to put me?

QUENTIN (*His chest threatening a cry*): Nowhere, dear—he'll decide with you.

MAGGIE: See? I'll lay down.

(She lies down.)

See?

QUENTIN: Good.

MAGGIE: 'Member how used to talk to me till I went to sleep?

QUENTIN: Yes, dear.

(He sits beside the bed.)

MAGGIE (*She struggles for lucidity, for some little pose of quiet charm*): It nice in Chicago?

QUENTIN: Yes, very nice.

(The caricature of the pleasantry nearly shakes off the world.)

Was it nice here?

MAGGIE (*She takes a strange, deep breath.*) Ya. Some birds came. And a mouse. You—you could have the pills if you want.

QUENTIN (*Stands*): I'll have Carrie come in and take them.

(He starts to move.)

MAGGIE (*Clutching the bottle*): No. I won't give them to Carrie.

QUENTIN: Why do you want me to have them?

MAGGIE (*Extending them*): Here.

QUENTIN (*Pause*): Do you see it, Maggie? Right now? You're trying to make me the one who does it to you? I take them; and then we fight, and then I give them up, and you take the death from me. You see what's happening? You've been setting me up for a murder. Do you see it?

(He moves backward.)

But now I'm going away; so you're not my victim anymore. It's just you, and your hand.

MAGGIE (*Slowly retracting her hand, looking at it*): But I only wanted to be wonderful so you be proud, and you ——

QUENTIN: And for yourself, dear, mostly for yourself. You were ambitious; it's no crime. You would have been everything you are without me.

MAGGIE (*About to weep*): You ran out of patience, right?

QUENTIN: That's right. Yes.

MAGGIE: So you lied. Right?

QUENTIN: Yes, I lied. Every day. We are all separate people.

MAGGIE: You wanted a happy whore. Right?

QUENTIN: Not a whore, but happy, yes. I didn't want too much trouble.

MAGGIE: But Jesus must have loved her. Right?

QUENTIN: Who?

MAGGIE: Lazarus?

QUENTIN (*Pause. He sees, he gropes toward his vision*): That's right, yes! He . . . loved her perfectly enough to raise her from the dead. But he's God, see . . .

(Felice appears, raising her arm in blessing.)

and God's power is love without limit. But when a man dares reach for that . . .

(He has moved toward Felice, pursuing his truth.)

he is only reaching for the power. Whoever goes to save another person with the lie of limitless love throws a shadow on the face of God. And God is what happened, God is what is; and whoever stands between another person and her truth is not a lover, he is ——

(Breaks off.)

And then she said . . .

(He goes back to Maggie, crying out to invoke her.)

And then she said!

MAGGIE (*She is trying to wipe a film from before her thought*): But . . . but . . . will my father find me if you put me ——

QUENTIN: No!

MAGGIE: No. I mean . . . what's moral?

QUENTIN (*In the tension of trying to recall*): To tell the truth.

MAGGIE: No-no . . . against yourself even.

QUENTIN: Yes.

MAGGIE (*She turns to him—her look is insane, and the truth is purified of all restraint.*) Well?

(A cry is gathering in her; as though only now did she know there was no return.)

I hear you. Way inside. Quentin? My love? I hear you! Tell me what happened!

(Her tears tell her sanity. He weeps facing her.)

QUENTIN (*On the verge of the abyss*): Maggie, we . . . used one another.

MAGGIE (*Weeping, calling*): Not me, not me!

QUENTIN: Yes, you. And I. "To live," we cried, and "now" we cried. And loved each other's innocence as though to love enough what was not there would cover up what was. But there is an angel, and night and day he brings back to us exactly what we want to lose. And no chemical can kill him, no blindness dark enough to make him lose his way; so you must love him, he keeps truth in the world. You eat those pills like power, but only what you've done will save you. If you could only say, "I have been cruel," this frightening room would open. If you could say, "I have been kicked around, but I have been just as inexcusably vicious to others, called my husband idiot in public, I have been utterly selfish despite my generosity, I have been hurt by a long line of men but I have cooperated with my persecutors . . ."

MAGGIE (*She has been writhing in fury*): Son of a bitch!

QUENTIN: And I am full of hatred . . . I, Maggie, the sweet lover of all life—I hate the world!

MAGGIE: Get out of here!

QUENTIN: Hate women, hate men, hate all who will not grovel at my feet proclaiming my limitless love for ever and ever!

(She spills a handful of pills into her palm. He speaks desperately, trying not physically to take the pills from her.)

Throw them in the sea; throw Death in the sea and drink your life instead, your rotten, betrayed, hateful mockery of a life. That power is death, Maggie! Do the hardest thing of all . . . see your own hatred, and live!

(Dumbly, she raises her hand toward her open mouth. He cannot hold back his hand and grips her wrist.)

MAGGIE: What are you, goddam judge or something? Let go. You no judge.

(He lets go.)

You know when I wanted to die. When I read what you wrote, Judgey. Two months after we were married, Judgey.

QUENTIN (*Stricken, afraid, but remorseless*): Let's keep it true. It's not some words on a piece of paper destroyed us. You told me you tried to die long before you met me.

MAGGIE: So you're not even there, huh? I didn't even meet you.

(Tries to laugh.)

You coward. Coward!

(She staggers to her feet; he finds it hard to look directly at her. A clear line of accusation momentarily seems to steady her, and with the pills in her palm she stands straight.)

I was married to a king, you son of a bitch! I was looking for a fountain pen to sign some autographs. And there's his desk . . .

(She is speaking toward some invisible source of justice now, telling her injury.)

and there's his empty chair where he sits and thinks how to help people. And there's his handwriting. I wanted to touch his handwriting. And there's some words—

(She almost literally reads in the air, and with the same original astonishment.)

"The only one I will ever love is my daughter. If I could only find an honorable way to die."

(Now she turns to him.)

When you gonna face that, Judgey? Remember how I fell down fainted? On the new rug? 'Member? That's what killed me, Judgey. Right?

(She staggers up to him and into his face.)

'Zat right? When you gonna face that one, kiddo?

QUENTIN (*A pause. He is struggling with her accusation and his guilt*): All right. You pour them back and I'll tell you the truth about that.

MAGGIE: You won't tell truth.

QUENTIN: I will now.

(He tries to tip her hand toward the bottle, holding both her wrists.)

You can hold the bottle, just pour them back.

MAGGIE (*Closing her hand on the pills*): But that's why, right?

QUENTIN (*With difficulty*): We'll see. Pour them back, first.

(She lets him pour them back, but she keeps the bottle. She sits staring on the bed, holding it in two hands.)

MAGGIE (*She takes a deep breath*): Liar.

QUENTIN (*In quiet tension against his own self-condemnation*): We'd had our first party in our own house. Some important people, network heads, directors . . .

MAGGIE: And you were ashamed of me. Don't lie now! You're still playing God! That's what killed me, Quentin!

QUENTIN: All right. I wasn't . . . ashamed. But . . . afraid.

(Pause.)

I wasn't sure if any of them . . . had had you.

MAGGIE (*Astounded*): But I didn't know any of those!

QUENTIN (*Not looking at her*): I didn't know. But I swear to you, I did get to where none of it meant anything to me; I couldn't imagine what I'd ever been ashamed of. But it was too late. I had written that, and I was like all the others who'd betrayed you, and I could never be trusted again.

MAGGIE (*Shaking her head; it is all corroborated*): You never gave me a chance.

QUENTIN (*Consumed, desperate for the slightest absolution*): I did, Maggie, but it was too late. I laid down my life for you. But it was all too late.

MAGGIE (*With a mixture of accusation but near-sympathy*): Why did you write that?

(She sobs, once.)

QUENTIN: Because when the guests had gone, and you suddenly turned on me, calling

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me cold, remote; it was the first time I saw your eyes that way—betrayed, screaming that I'd made you feel you didn't exist . . .

MAGGIE: Don't mix me up with Louise!

QUENTIN: That's just it. That I could have brought two women so different to the same accusation—it closed a circle for me. And I wanted to face the worst thing I could imagine—that I could not love. And I wrote it down, like a letter . . . from Hell.

(She pours pills into her hand again.)

Well I've told you the truth. That's rock bottom. What more do you want?

(She starts to raise her hand to her mouth and he steps in and holds her wrist.)

What more do you *want?*

(She looks at him; her eyes unreadable.)

Maggie, we've got to have some humility toward ourselves; we were both born of many errors, a human being has to forgive himself! . . . You want me to say I killed you? All right, I killed you. Now what? What do you want!

(A strange calm overtakes her. She lies back on the bed. The hostility seems to have gone.)

MAGGIE: Just . . . be human. And help me. And stop arguing.

(He lets her hand go; it falls to the bed.)

And love me. Sit on the bed.

(He sits down.)

Cover me.

(He covers her.)

And take down the sand dune. It's not too expensive. I wanted to hear the ocean when we made love in here, but we could never hear the ocean.

QUENTIN: We're nearly broke, Maggie; and that dune keeps the roof from blowing off.

MAGGIE: Then you get a new roof. You'll have them take it away, right?

(He doesn't answer.)

I'm cold. Lie on me.

QUENTIN: I can't do that again, not when you're like this . . .

MAGGIE: Please. Just till I sleep!

QUENTIN (*Breaking down*): Maggie, it's a mockery. Leave me *something.*

MAGGIE: Just out of humanness! I'm cold!

(Downing self-disgust, he lies down on her but holds his head away. Pause.)

If you don't argue with me anymore, I'll get rid of that other lawyer. 'Kay? If you don't argue? Ludwig doesn't argue.

(He is silent.)

And don't keep saying we're broke? And the sand dune?

(The fear of his own total disintegration is growing in his face.)

'Cause I love the ocean sound; like a big mother—ssh, ssh, ssh.

(He slips off, and stands looking down at her. Her eyes are closed.)

You gonna be good now? 'Cause all I am . . . is love. And sex.

(She takes a very deep, ragged breath. He reaches in carefully and tries to slip the bottle out of her hand; she grips it.)

Whyn't you lie on me?

QUENTIN (*As a fact, simply*): It degrades me.

MAGGIE: But if Lazarus . . .

QUENTIN: I am not the Saviour and I am not the help . . . You are not going to kill me, Maggie, and that's all this is for!

MAGGIE: You liar!

QUENTIN: Not anymore—I am not guilty for your life! But I am responsible for my own. And I want those pills. I don't want to fight you, Maggie. Now put them in my hand.

(She looks at him; then quickly tries to swallow her handful, but he knocks some of them out—although she swallows many. He grabs for the bottle but she holds and he pulls, yanks. She goes with the force and he drags her onto the floor, trying to pry her hands open as she flails at him and tears at his face, digs at his eyes—her strength is wild and no longer her own, and, strangely, she is smiling, almost laughing. He grabs her wrist and squeezes it with both his fists.)

Drop them, you bitch! You won't kill me!

(She holds on, still smiling with a profound certainty, and suddenly, clearly, he lunges for her throat and lifts her with his grip.)

You won't kill me! You won't kill me!

(She drops the bottle as from the farthest distance Mother rushes to a point crying out—the toy sailboat in her hand.)

MOTHER: Darling, open this door! I didn't trick you! I told Fanny to tell you we'd gone as soon you got up from your nap! . . . I didn't trick you!

(Quentin springs away from Maggie, who falls back to the floor, his hands open and in air. . . . Mother, continuing without halt:)

Quentin, why are you running water in there?

(The sound of the sea comes up. She backs away in horror.)

Stop that water! Quentin, I'll die if you do that! I saw a star when you were born, a light in the world!

(He stands transfixed as Mother backs into his hand, and he begins to squeeze her throat and she to sink to the floor gasping for breath. And he releases her in horror.)

QUENTIN: Murder?

(She stumbles into darkness, her hands in prayer, whispering, "I will die, I will die!" He turns to Maggie who is now getting to her hands and knees, gasping. He rushes to help her, terrified by his realization, but she flails out at him, and on one elbow looks up at him in a caricature of laughter, her eyes victorious and wild with fear.)

MAGGIE: Now we both know. You tried to kill me, mister. I been killed by a lot of people, some couldn't hardly spell, but it's the same, mister. You're on the end of a long, long line, Frank.

(As though to ward off the accusation he desperately reaches again to help her up, and in absolute terror she skitters away across the floor.)

Stay 'way! . . . No! No—no, Frank. Don't you do that.

(Cautiously, as though facing a wild, ravening beast.)

Don't you do that . . . or I call Quentin if you do that.

(She glances off and calls quietly, but never leaving him out of her sight.)

Quentin? Qu . . .

(She falls unconscious, crumpled on the floor. Now deep, strange breathing. He quickly goes to her, throws her over onto her stomach, starts artificial respiration, but just as he's about to start, he stands. He calls upstage.)

QUENTIN: Carrie? Carrie!

(Carrie appears; praying with open hands almost shielding her eyes and as though it were a final farewell.)

Quick! Call the ambulance!

(Carrie bends to exorcize Maggie's demon.)

Stop wasting time and call the ambulance!

(Carrie hurries out.)

No-No, we saved her. It was just in time. For her. But not for me. . . . I knew why I had stayed; I packed up next morning. Her doctor tells me she had a few good months; he even thought for a while she was making it. Unless, God knows, he fell in love with her too.

(He almost smiles; it is gone.)

Look, I'll say it. It's really all I came to say. Barbiturates kill by suffocation. And the signal is a kind of sighing—the diaphragm is paralyzed.

(With more difficulty.)

And I'd noticed it when we'd begun to argue. . . . I know, it usually does subside, but if not—each second can be most precious, why waste them arguing? What can be so important to gamble her life to get?

(The Tower lights, fierce, implacable.)

My innocence, you see? To get that back you kill most easily. . . . No, don't; I want it . . . just the way it was.

(He looks up.)

And all those stars, still so fixed, so fortunate! And I stand there, her and her precious seconds squirming in my hand alive as bugs; and I heard. Those deep, unnatural breaths, like the footfalls of my coming peace—and knew . . . I wanted them. How is that possible—I loved that girl!

(Slight pause.)

And the name . . . yes, the name . . .

(Louise appears, young in her lab costume, then all the others.)

in whose name do you ever turn your back . . .

(He looks out at the audience.)

but in your own? In Quentin's name! Always in your own blood-covered name you turn your back!

(Holga appears on the highest level.)

HOLGA: But no one is innocent they did not kill!

QUENTIN: But love, is love enough? What love, what wave of pity will ever reach this knowledge—I know how to kill. . . . I know, I know . . . she was doomed in any case, but will that cure? Or is it possible . . .

(He turns toward the Tower, moves toward it as toward a terrible God.)

that this is not bizarre . . . to anyone? And I am not alone, and no man lives who would not rather be the sole survivor of this place than all its finest victims! What is the cure! Who can be innocent again on this mountain of skulls! I tell you what I know! . . . My brothers died here . . .

(He looks down at the fallen Maggie.)

but my brothers built this place; our hearts have cut these stones! And what's the cure?

(Father and Mother and Dan appear; and Lou and Mickey—all his people are in light now.)

. . . No, not love; I loved them all, all! And gave them willingly to failure and to death that I might live, as they gave me and gave each other, with a word, a look, a truth, a lie—and all in love!

HOLGA: Hello!

QUENTIN: But what will defend her?

(He cries up to her.)

That woman hopes!

(She stands, unperturbed, resolute.)

Or is that . . .

(Struck—to the Listener.)

exactly why she hopes, because she knows? What burning cities taught her and the death of love taught me—that we are very dangerous!

(Staring, seeing his vision.)

And that, that's why I wake each morning like a boy—even now, even now!—I swear to you, I could love this world again! . . . Is the knowing all? To know, and even happily, that we meet unblessed; not in some garden of wax fruit and painted trees, that lie of Eden, but after, after the Fall, after many, many deaths. Is the knowing all? . . . And the wish to kill is never killed, but with some gift of courage one may look into its face when it appears, and with a stroke of love—as to an idiot in the house—forgive it; again and again . . . forever?

(He is evidently interrupted by the Listener, glances at his watch.)

. . . Yes, I don't want to be late. Thanks for making time for me. . . . No, it's not certainty, I don't feel that. But it does seem feasible . . . not to be afraid. Perhaps it's all one has. I'll tell her that. . . . Yes, she will, she'll know what I mean. Well, see you again sometime. Good luck, and thanks.

(He turns upstage. He hesitates; all his people face him. He walks past Louise, pausing; but she turns her face away. He goes on and pauses beside Mother who lowers her head, in uncomprehended sorrow, and gestures as though he touched her chin, and she looks up at him and dares a smile, and he smiles back. He pauses at his dejected Father and Brother, and with a slight gesture magically makes them stand. Felice is about to raise her hand in blessing—he shakes her hand, aborting her enslavement. Mickey and Lou are standing together; he looks at them and neither of them is looking at him, but they move in behind him. Now he arrives at Maggie; she rises from the floor webbed in with her demons, trying to awake. And with his life following him he climbs toward Holga, who raises her arm as though seeing him, and with great love . . .)

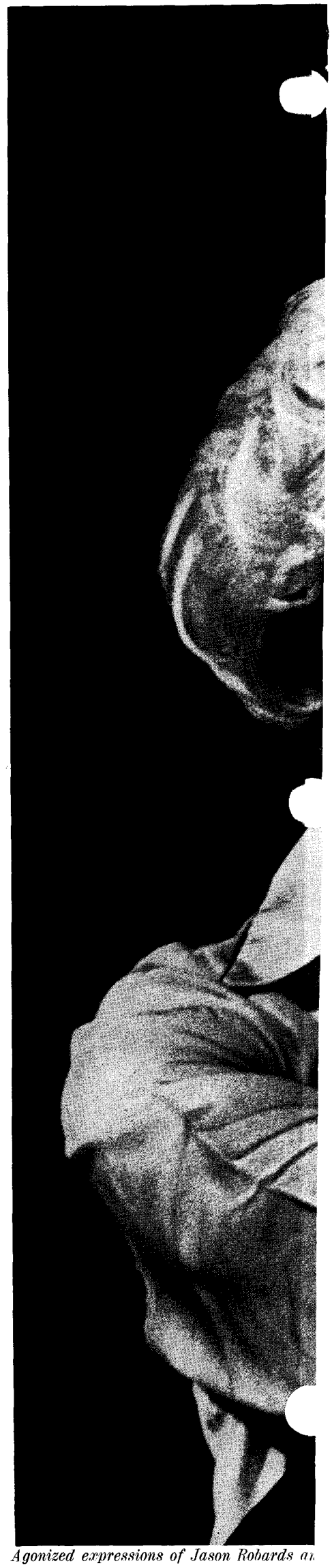
HOLGA: Hello!

(He comes to a halt a few yards from her. A whispering goes up from all his people. He straightens against it and walks toward her holding out his hand.)

QUENTIN: Hello.

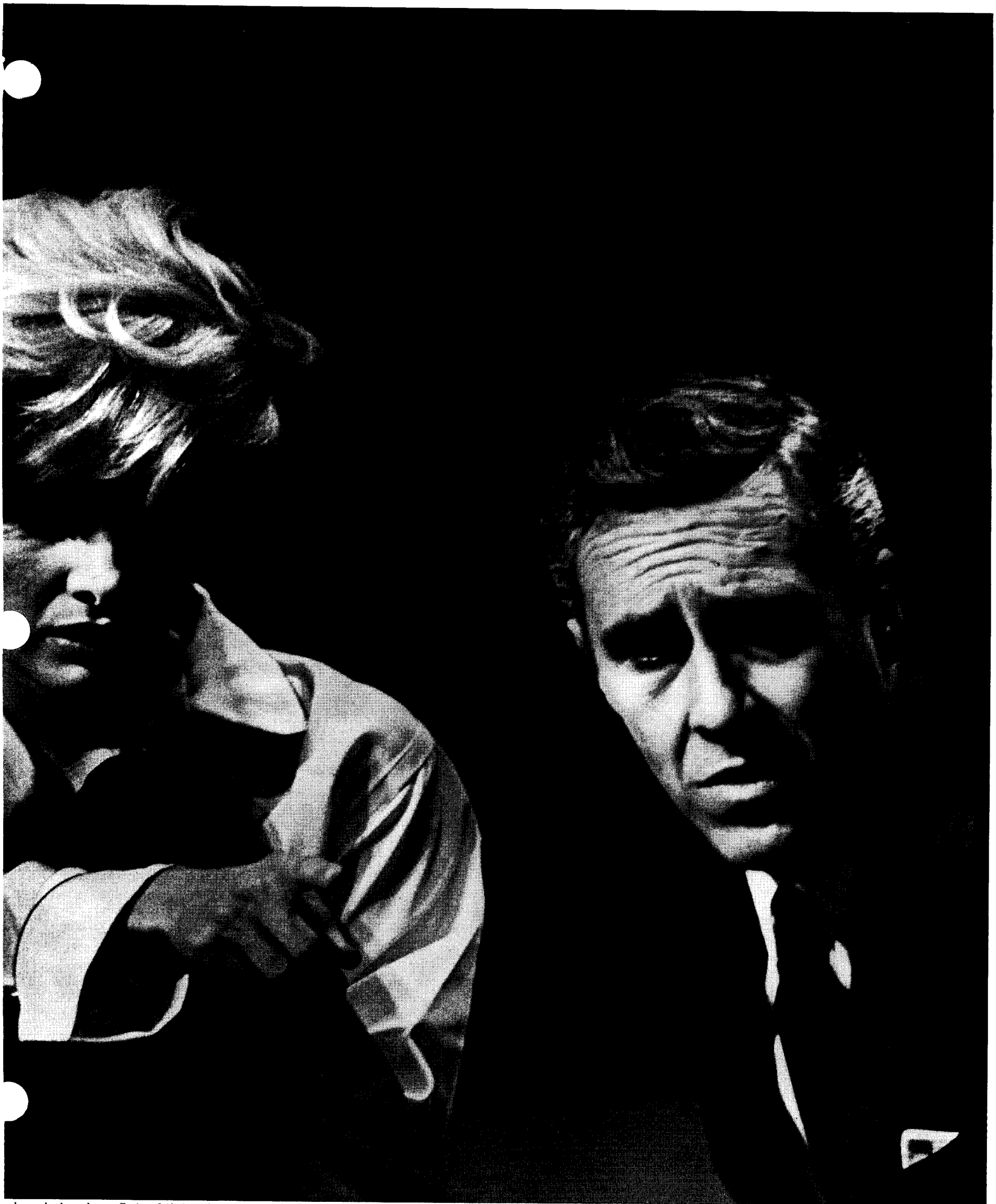
(The darkness takes them all.)

THE END



Agonized expressions of Jason Robards a

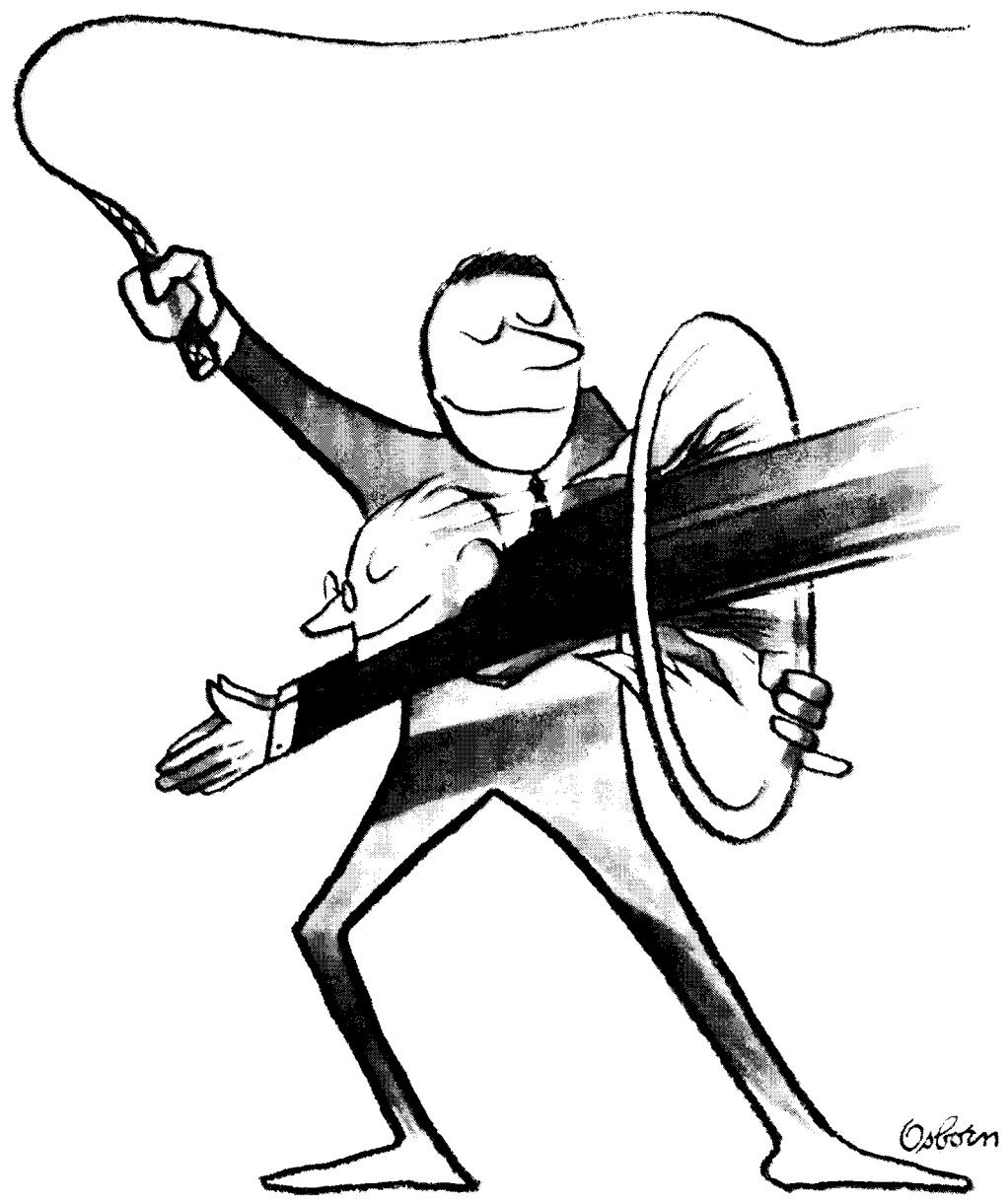
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



rbara Loden show effects of their roles. As Quentin, Robards is on stage throughout the play; he joins in active dialogue for three solid hours, an even longer role than Hamlet's.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

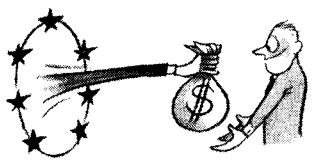
Every ambitious young man should own his own banker



But how?

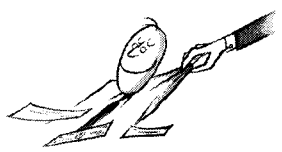
Nobody lives the good life anymore without the help of a banker. Just ask the man who owns one.

Oh, some people save faithfully for years and end up with a nice little nest egg. Fine. But that takes time, and if you're like most of us, you've



realized that to get the things you want, you'll probably need to borrow some money. Maybe to buy a house or a car, to put the kids through college, to start a business, or any number of other things.

So you need a banker who can make a lot of different kinds of loans when you need them at the lowest interest rates. Who? Where? How?



Pick a "Full Service" banker

The only kind of banker to own is one who works for a "Full Service" bank. "Full Service" means more than checking and savings accounts. It means all kinds of loans, too.

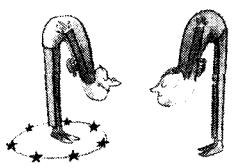
Other types of financial institutions lend money for *some* things. Some make real estate loans. Some make auto loans and others make personal loans. All at varying rates of interest.

But a "Full Service" bank consistently makes lower-cost loans for practically any purposes you can name.

Get to know your banker before you need him

Although a banker is willing (even *eager*) to lend money, he can't pass it out to a complete stranger. You've got to get acquainted. *Acquainted with a banker?* Sure. Like this:

1. Go to your "Full Service" bank, the one where you probably keep your checking account.



2. Pick out one of the bankers (not the pretty teller – one of the desk men) and introduce yourself.

3. Open a savings account (and, if you don't have one, a *checking* account) and make regular deposits.

Ah, you say, I knew there was a catch. But it works. Now you're starting to own your own banker, and the more you do for him, the more he can do for you. Let's face it – few things impress a banker more than money, at least during banking hours.

4. *Now*—when you need a little cash, borrow it from the bank instead of from your savings. Pay it back on time. Do this a few times and, believe us, you're on your way to a long, beautiful friendship with a banker of your own. (But get started *soon,* while there's still a good supply.)

FULL SERVICE BANK

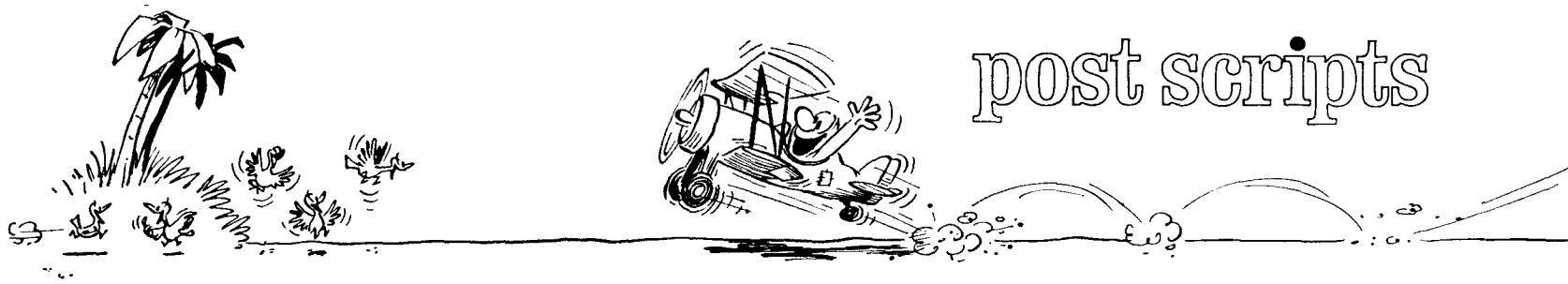
Your Full Service Commercial Bank

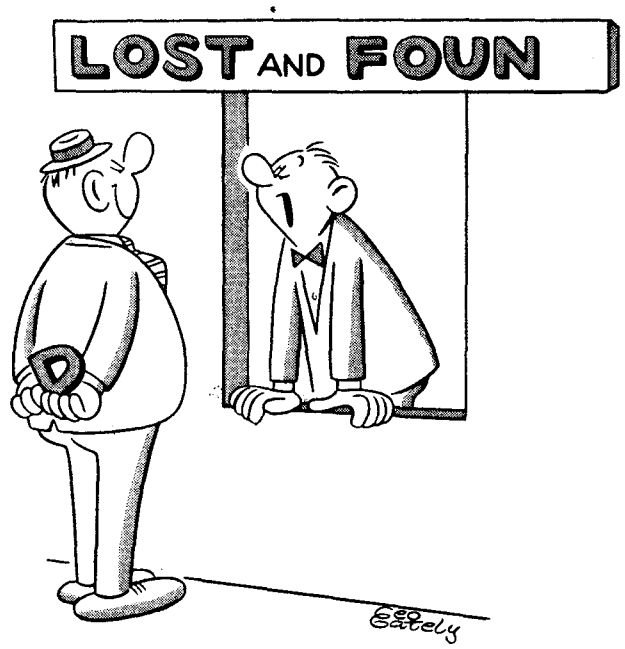
A "Full Service" bank is the only kind of financial institution that can—by law—offer a complete range of services, including a complete range of loans. You know where it is. It's the bank where you keep your checking and savings account.

COPYRIGHT 1963 · FOUNDATION FOR COMMERCIAL BANKS • PHILA. 1, PA.

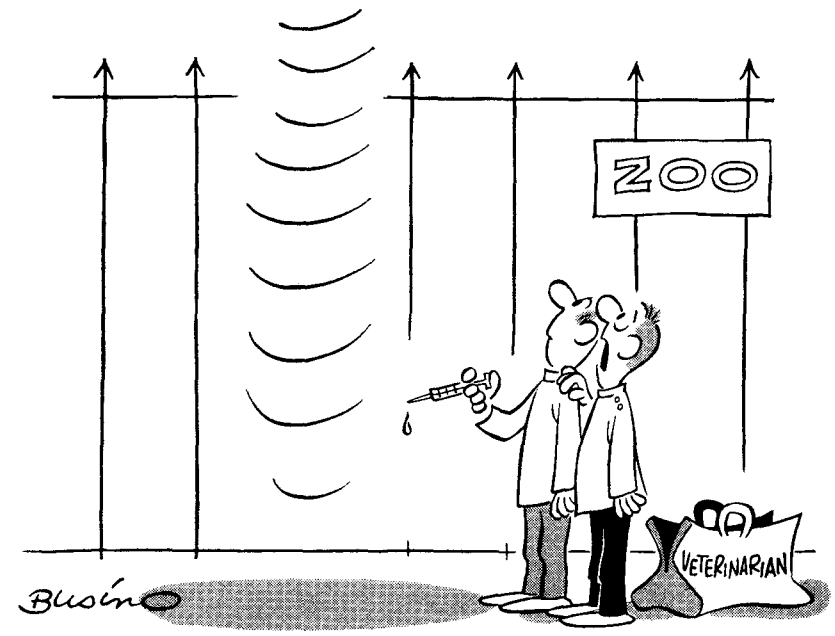
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts

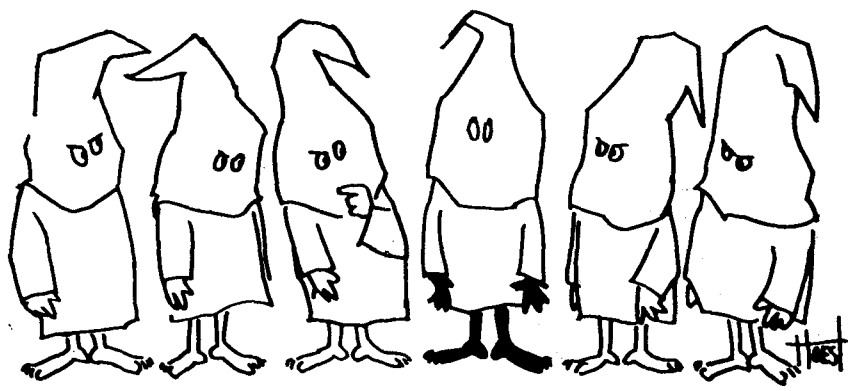




"Yes?"



"Let's get out of here! He's going to be one mad elephant when he comes down!"



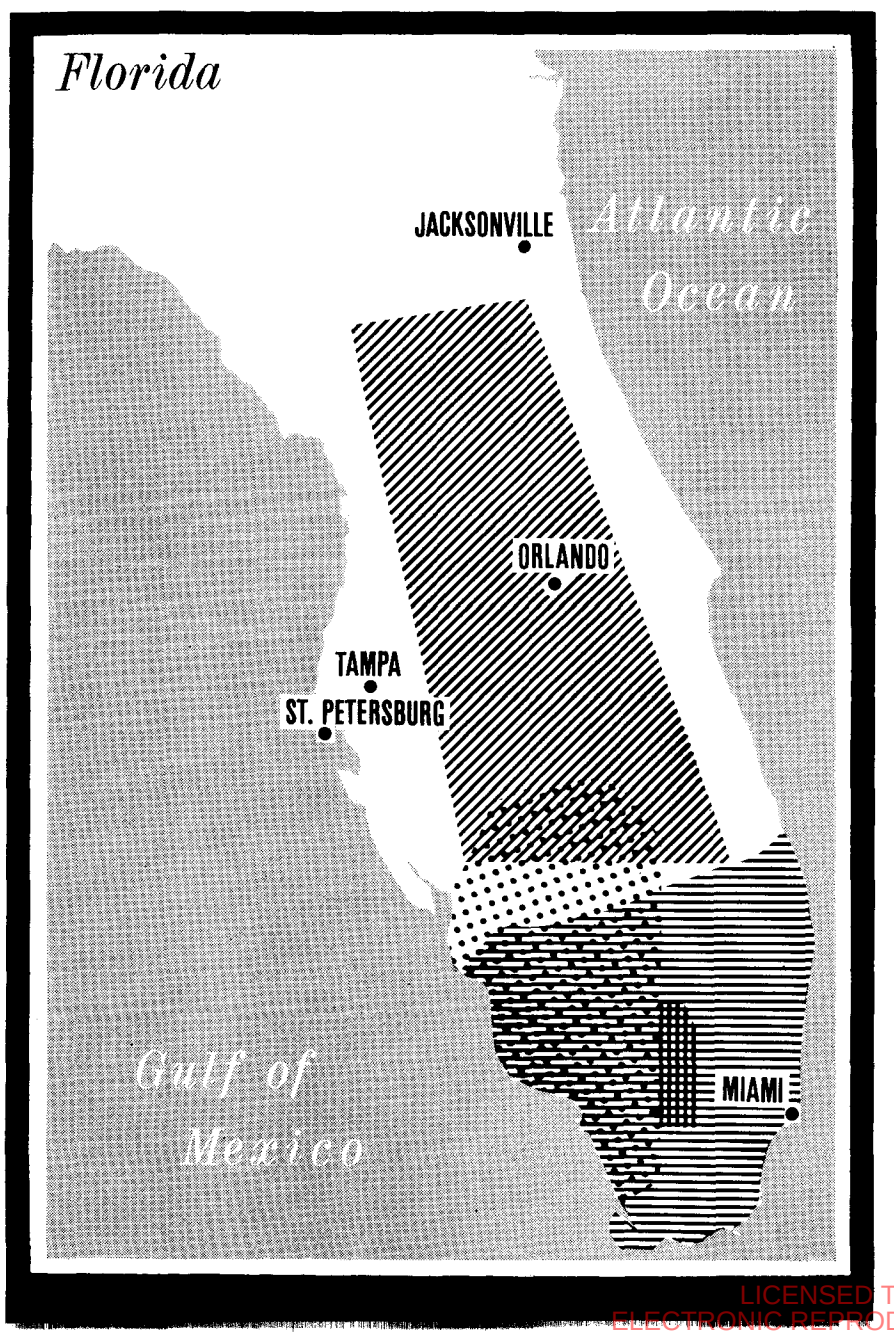
"Go stand around in the kitchen. Maybe your mother will burn herself."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■To the embarrassment of the paleface in Washington, a tiny tribe of Indians holds a legal claim to most of Florida, and demands it.

DO THESE INDIANS REALLY OWN FLORIDA?

John, Douglas, Homer, William McKinley and Howard Osceola hold a council-of-war meeting with almost the only white man they will listen to, lawyer Morton Silver.



From their dwindling stronghold just outside Miami, 200 angry Indians are waging war against the United States. The knowledge that they are outnumbered almost a million to one and that few Americans are even aware that the war is going on only adds to their fury. These warriors are the unconquered Miccosukee, the wilder of two tribes of Seminole who have never signed a peace treaty with our government. Officially they are claiming nearly the whole state of Florida; what they really want is clear title to their 143,000-acre corner of the Everglades so they can have their own nation and avoid the white man altogether.

The Miccosukee's land claim stems from a series of 18th-century treaties with France, Spain and Great Britain that the United States inherited when it took over Florida. With the take-over of the treaties, according to the Miccosukee, "the United States voluntarily, deliberately and irrevocably bound itself to respect the territory and rights of the sovereign Miccosukee nation." For many years Washington avoided the problem by saying the Miccosukees weren't real Indians at all. According to the Justice Department, they were "a small group of individuals who had voluntarily abandoned their tribal affiliation more than 100 years earlier and had taken refuge in the inaccessible swamplands of the Everglades." At last, five years ago, the Government finally recognized the Miccosukee as a tribe. Yet every time the Indians ask for a permanent grant to their land, the Indian Claims section of the Department of Justice gives them the same answer: Land claims can be settled only with money, because it is against the law to give land back to the Indians.

The Miccosukee keep insisting that they don't want any money. Asked what the white man intended to do about this impasse, Assistant Attorney General Ramsey Clark replied, "Please be informed, in answer to your inquiry, that the United States does not intend to do anything about the problem of the Miccosukee Indians of Florida."

The Miccosukee, however, have tried to do a lot about the problem of the United States. During 10 years of attempts to get somebody to listen to them they have threatened:

- To give Florida to Russia, Red China or Cuba. (Fidel Castro has been delighted to recognize the "sovereign Miccosukee nation" and to give the Indians, on a visit to Havana, a grandstand welcome, with television, three-hour speeches, cigars and all the other trimmings.)
- To found, with brother Tuscaroras, Mohawks, Utes, Senecas, Oneidas, Onondagas and Cayugas up north, a United Indian Republic.
- To enlist the military aid of their old allies—Spain, France and Great Britain.
- To present their case before the United Nations.
- To borrow $100 million from the World Bank for legal aid in going to the World Court with their troubles.

A federal official did take cognizance of the last proposal. "The United States," he said, "has not consented to be sued in that court on domestic matters." At this rebuff a delegation of Miccosukee entrained for Washington and tried to arrest the official—former Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the late Glenn Emmons. According to their leader, Emmons "hid behind his desk and wouldn't surrender."

Buffeted by such hostile snubs from the North, the Indians also rage against some of their own people. The depth of their passion to be left alone is illustrated by what they turn down when they refuse to bow before the white man's dollar, or, more precisely, $350 million, some $140,000 for every Indian in Florida. This is the amount of land compensation claimed by "tame" Miccosukee as well as Muskogees who live in the Big Cypress, Dania and Brighton reservations and are not cool to the idea of accepting cash for land. The rebels accuse the "poor, timid" reservation Indians of bartering their birthright. In their tradition, the Miccosukee insist, land is not bought and sold; it is not owned by one man or one family. Land is for the use of all, and is to be kept for coming generations. The Government would probably pay off at least part of the claim if all the Indians got together on it. Yet the Miccosukee show no inclination to get together with anybody.

They fired the opening round in this latest Seminole War nine years ago when they sent a "buckskin declaration" of their land demands to President Eisenhower, inviting him to negotiate. The painstakingly inscribed deerskin said in part, "We do not wish to become white men but wish to remain Indians." Instead of replying, the President sent the skin

Area allotted the Miccosukee under 1823 Treaty of Moultrie Creek, later ratified by the U.S. Senate.

Land granted Indians after Seminole War by treaty (never ratified) with Maj. Gen. Alexander Macomb.

Land claimed by Indians under terms of an earlier agreement made with General Macomb in 1839.

Most recent Miccosukee claim, pressed with the Eisenhower Administration—143,000 swamp acres.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY ROY BONGARTZ

to the Smithsonian Institution. Since then other Americans have also missed the point by offering the Miccosukee money, schools, handicraft shops, roadside concessions, free license plates, blankets and canned milk. When the Indians pleaded their claim with Gov. LeRoy Collins of Florida in 1959, he told them that what they really wanted was a souvenir factory, like the ones the Cherokee run up in North Carolina. He even offered to hire them a bus so they could go up and look the place over. They refused.

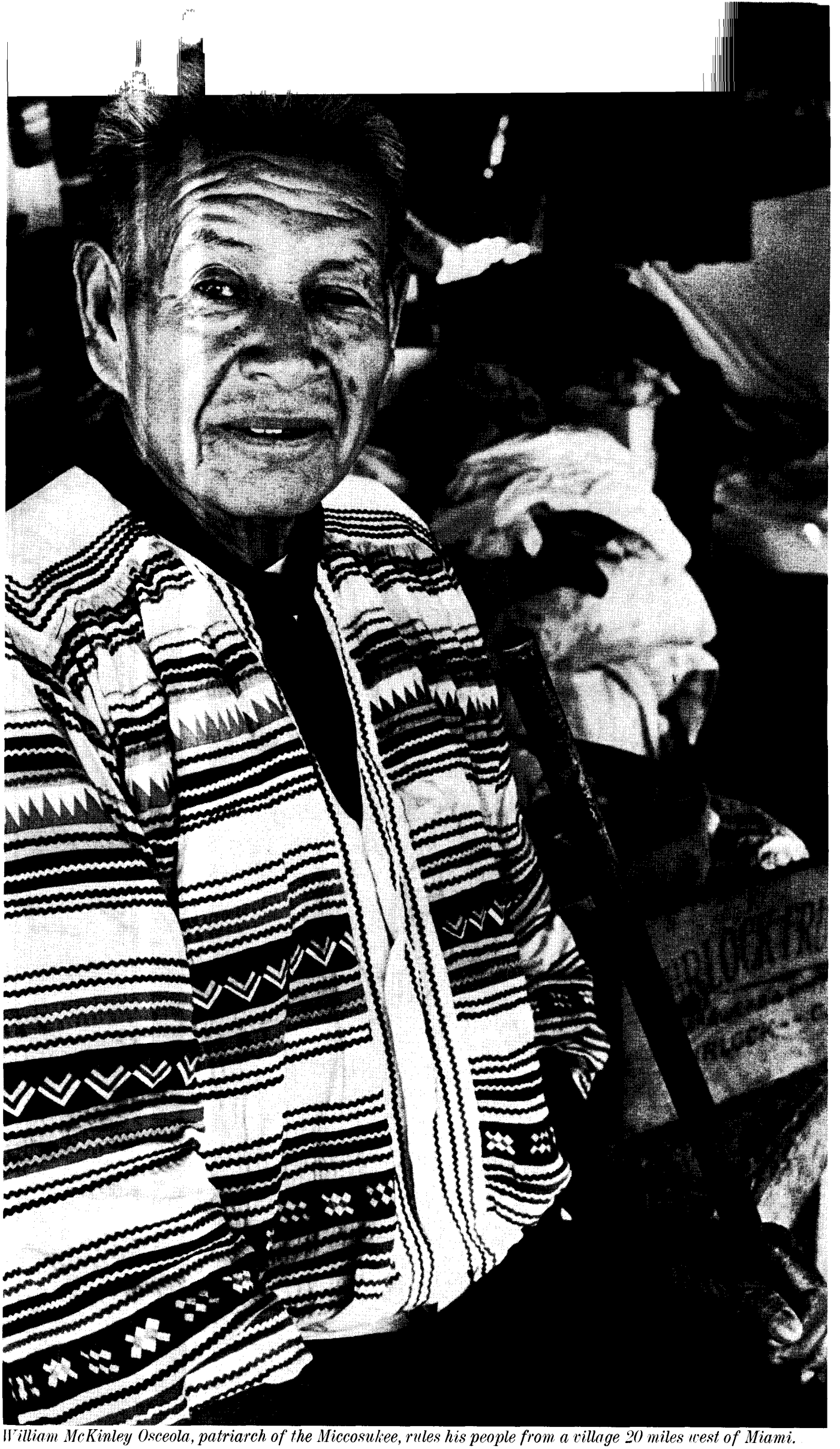
"The land I stand on is my own body," a Miccosukee leader told a federal official not long ago. For the Miccosukee, values haven't changed, but neither have problems. More than 100 years ago a Miccosukee named Neamathla said, "Do you think I am like a bat that hangs by its claws in a dark cave, and that I can see nothing of what is going on around me? Ever since I was a small boy I have seen the white people steadily encroaching upon the Indians and driving them from their homes and hunting grounds. I will tell you plainly, if I had the power, I would tonight cut the throat of every white man in Florida."

Until recently, of course, it didn't matter very much who owned the remote patch of swamp. But now civilization has begun to clatter in. The Army Engineers are engaged in a flood-control program—actually it's land reclamation—which is drying up the Everglades and killing off its wildlife. Some students of the situation—white ones—say the reclamation project, to cost $362 million, will benefit large landowners whose holdings are increasing in value enormously. Land speculation is unchecked, and there is no provision for repayment to the Federal Government. For an entire Indian village the engineers bulldozed, they paid just $300 damages. The Association on American Indian Affairs comments, "There seems good reason to fear that if the Miccosukee do not acquire title to their homeland within the next year or two, they will see the time when they will be unwelcome upon it, even as squatters."

White hunters and fishermen also have their eyes on the swamps, and some real estate agents have actually listed Miccosukee land for sale. In retaliation, the Miccosukee have gone from door to door in Miami selling $10 deeds for homeowners' house lots. They have sold well; the average Floridian likes to keep on the good side of the Miccosukee.

The Indians are also being invaded by oilmen who believe that their lands may cover huge untapped oil fields. Morrill M. Tozier, information officer of the Indian Bureau in Washington, reports that "the dynamiting for oil has killed large numbers of fish in the Everglades and thus destroyed an important part of the Indians' food supply."

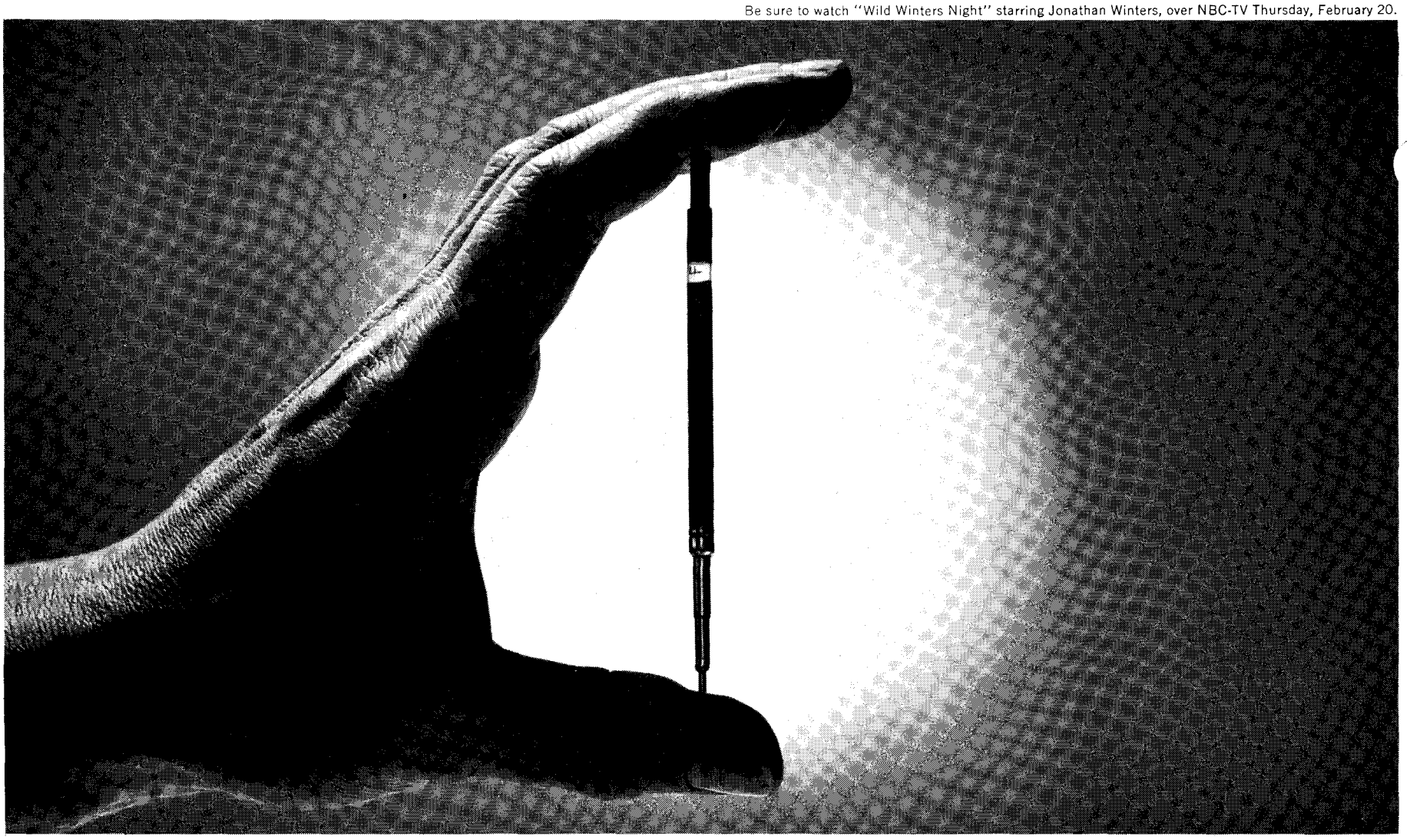
These losses in the Miccosukee's war of independence have made tribal headquarters tense and jumpy. One clan, named Billie, has become so fed up with white men that its members won't come



William McKinley Osceola, patriarch of the Miccosukee, rules his people from a village 20 miles west of Miami.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Be sure to watch "Wild Winters Night" starring Jonathan Winters, over NBC-TV Thursday, February 20.



Now, see Scripto's new TeleGauge Refill.

The refill that tells you when you'll need another refill, before you'll need another refill.

See what engineering with imagination does for you? It comes up with a great new idea in refills: the Scripto TeleGauge. When you're almost out of ink, TeleGauge tells you. And tells you before you're out, not after. An idea so simple, nobody thought of it before. An idea you'll find in every Scripto ball pen, from 29¢ to $1.98.

Scripto®MR

Engineering with imagination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLD PROPHECY: "WHITE MAN WILL BLOW HIMSELF OFF FACE OF THE EARTH."

out of the swamp at all. Another clan, the Osceolas, accuses the Indian Bureau of divide-and-conquer tactics. A recent bureau strategy succeeded in splitting off the Tigers, the third of the Miccosukee clans, outside the reservations. The agent talked clan leader Buffalo Tiger, longtime spokesman of all wild Miccosukee, into accepting federal help in setting up a hot-dog stand, a gas station, and—and this is particularly traitorous in the minds of the independent Miccosukee—a white man's school. The structures are going up west of Miami on the Tamiami Trail at Forty-Mile Bend—"sellout corner," the Miccosukee call it.

These days Buffalo Tiger says, "It makes me feel real good to see the kids speak English." But at a congressional hearing a few years ago he said of a proposed school, "They don't want it, but someday I think possibly change; but right now, just like I say, they don't really trust you people." Other Miccosukee spoke up. Ingraham Billie, the medicine man, said, "First thing they learn from white children is to lie, and next thing to steal. No. Don't want white school." Wilson Doctor: "I want my children to be Indian like me."

Indian agent Reginald Miller thinks the Miccosukee will one day accept the school. Already, he says, the older Indians come around at night to look the place over and sneak inside to take showers. In its own candid terminology, the Government's policy is to "terminate" Indian tribes by educating them into interchangeable parts of white society. Officials have even hinted that if the Miccosukee accepted a school, they might get their land. The Miccosukee say no.

The only white man who listens to the Miccosukee is their lawyer—a plump, jovial, myopic, indefatigable 40-year-old idea man named Morton Silver who for 10 years has been cooking up schemes to get the Miccosukee's land demands lodged in the skulls of government officials. These officials, in turn, frequently accuse Silver of leading the Miccosukee astray, of splitting up the tribe, and of planting devilish thoughts in their minds. To all such accusations, Silver replies that he only does what the Miccosukee tell him to do, which is probably true. Occasionally the Indians become disenchanted with the picaresque protests—like threatening to give Florida away to the Russians—and they try to fire him; but until recently he has always regained their confidence, or as much of it as the Miccosukee ever give a white man. Silver has never collected any money other than token expenses from the Indians; when he once suggested that they might like to go in with the reservation Indians for some of that $350 million they as much as accused him of being a saboteur in the service of the white man, and he had to talk fast not to get run out of the swamp.

Silver sticks with the Indians, it seems evident, only because he likes them and believes in their cause. Yet he must suffer occasional insecurity: He insists that anyone writing about the Miccosukee sign a statement agreeing to report that "Morton Silver is legal representative of the Miccosukee Nation, and Howard and Homer Osceola are cochairmen of the executive council with headquarters at William McKinley, Osceola's village twenty miles west of Miami."

Trying to find out what makes Silver tick, Rep. A.L. Miller of Nebraska, during a Subcommittee on Indian Affairs hearing, asked him, "When they get the whole state of Florida with these few exceptions, what does that make you?" "I don't know what it makes me," Silver replied. "I suppose I would go down in Robert Ripley's column."

Our trouble with the Seminole goes back to 1790, when Gen. Henry Knox, under orders from George Washington, tried to negotiate a trade of Negro slaves against land. Typically, the Seminole refused to sign. Withdrawing from Georgia into the wilds of Florida, they took 800 Negro wards with them. Some of these Negroes and their sons were among the most bloodthirsty warriors in the Seminole War of the 1830's and 1840's, which cost the United States a soldier dead and some $6,500 for every Indian killed. Although it was not generally known at the time, because of a Congressional gag rule on slavery debate, this war was essentially a slave-catching enterprise for the benefit of Georgia slaveholders.

At one stage the Americans tried to end the conflict by asking the great Seminole chief Osceola to sign a treaty which would have resulted in the deportation of his people to Oklahoma. He drove a dagger through the treaty and stalked out.

Later the Americans lured Osceola into their camp under a false flag of truce and clamped him into jail, where after two years he died. As a further insult to the Indians, Osceola's head was cut from his body and sent to New York to be put on exhibit; it was lost in a fire when the New York Academy of Medicine burned in 1886. Modern Miccosukee are as bitter about Osceola as they would be if he had died in that army guardhouse yesterday.

Eventually some 1,600 Seminole were caught and deported to Oklahoma, where the land they had been promised turned out to be occupied by Cherokee, who chased many of the newcomers clear across the border into Mexico. By 1850 only 200 Seminole—always hunted, and hiding deeper and deeper in the swamps—were left in Florida. Then the Civil War intervened, and they were left alone until the late 1930's, when the three Florida reservations were set up. Many of the Seminole went along with that program, but the wild Miccosukee refused.

The people who are causing the current ruckus are descendants of the few Seminole who escaped deportation to Oklahoma. They live in opensided, thatch-roofed huts called *chickees*, in villages along the Tamiami Trail west of Miami, or on islands called "hammocks" back in the Everglades. The latter can only be reached by dugout canoe poled through the saw grass, or by flat-bottomed airboats with motordriven airplane propellers. The younger Miccosukee who live out on the Trail speak some English; the older ones and those back in the swamp speak only their native Hitchiti, an unwritten language.

Of a Sunday, Silver and other well-wishers sometimes visit a Miccosukee village along the straight flat highway beside the Tamiami Canal. A Hialeah housewife from a women's Indian-aid group unloads canned milk from the trunk of her car, and a Miccosukee, after stolidly eyeing the woman a full five minutes, picks up a case and carries it into the village grumbling, "Well, they brought it; I guess we got to eat it."

On a whitewashed fence that hides the village from the highway are tall letters reading WILLIAM MCKINLEY OSCEOLA'S INDIAN VILLAGE. A sign says PLEASE GIVE THE CHILDREN COINS FOR POSING PICTURES FOR YOU. A willow, under which a number of fruitless conferences with government officials have taken place, is called the Promising Tree. Two Osceola brothers, Howard and Homer—rotund, sparkly-eyed, humorous—greet Silver. In a kind of practiced, worn-out desperation they discuss the latest legal moves. Howard would settle for 143,000 acres of swamp; in 10 years of meetings with the Indians, government officials have whittled the claim to this figure. Homer apparently believes the Miccosukee have as good a chance of getting the whole state as they do that small stretch of saw grass, and insists he wants all of Florida.

No competing with God

Tourists pay a quarter to wander around the village and ogle. The Indian women, in their multicolor, long-skirted Seminole dresses, cook over open-fire grilles or sew elaborate quilted jackets on old-fashioned treadle sewing machines sold to them at the turn of the century by an intrepid salesman, famous in Miccosukee history, named Miller. The women weave tiny, deliberate imperfections into each garment because they believe that only God can make a perfect thing, and they don't want to appear presumptuous by competing with Him. Their hair is worn in a ballooning, upswept Victorian style originally copied from Gibson Girl calendars 75 years ago. They also wear strands of beads, adding more at festive occasions each year until, in old age, they have a hundred or so laced about their straight necks.

Some of the young men work in Miami as parking-lot attendants or laborers; others are alligator wrestlers or airboat operators. Out in the swamp villages the Indians make sequins from garfish scales, and produce all the palm fronds American churchgoers use on Palm Sunday. In these tiny communities hidden in the changeless distance of saw grass, the Miccosukee fish, hunt deer and grow corn, pumpkins, bananas, grits, rice and sugar cane. They also catch frogs and raise turkeys, but these are only for sale to white men; Indians do not eat either, as Silver discovered to his chagrin when he invited a dozen Miccosukee to a Thanksgiving dinner.

In this maternalistic society the children belong to the mother and, if she dies, to her family. They are disciplined by her brother; the father's role is "mostly to give love and to give fun," explains Buffalo Tiger. The mother's family is supposed to receive the body of a dead Miccosukee, but recently, when a reservation Miccosukee died, his two sons, who are Baptists, wanted to bury him. The wild Miccosukee, with their faithful lawyer in tow, headed for the reservation to claim the body, and averted open warfare only by declaring finally that the body had been left unburied too long for them to bother with.

A few years ago a Miccosukee alligator wrestler named Joe Billie, whose wife had died, swore out a warrant before Broward County Sheriff Amos Hall for the arrest of the wife's mother, who he claimed had kidnapped his children and was hiding them in the swamp. But Miccosukee councilmen warned Gov. Collins in Tallahassee, and the governor called off the sheriff. "What are you trying to do down there, Amos—promote an Indian war?" the governor asked.

Along with their contention that the United States has no authority over them, they have no desire to enforce their law upon white men who chance upon their territory. "We believe a United States marshal should be available to deal with white men that break the laws applicable to our land," one of them said. But among themselves they have their own discipline, including capital punishment. It was last inflicted in 1938 when, on tribal order, an 85-year-old elder, John Osceola, executed a young Indian named John Billie, who had kicked a pregnant woman to death. Osceola shot the younger man. Traditionally, one of twin infants is put to death, and in the last century the birth of a half-breed brought on the execution of both mother and child. Adultery used to be punished by the cutting off of an ear. Modern Miccosukee, though, all have both ears, which may or may not indicate they have become more circumspect.

Drunkenness is usually handled by hog-tying the culprit and leaving him on the ground, a figure of fun for the women and children, until he sobers up. But when a Miccosukee was arrested in Miami for drunken driving, and Court of Crimes Judge Ray H. Pearson turned him over to the tribe for punishment, he was banished to the swamps for a week on slim rations. "Just enough to sharpen his wits," commented Ingraham Billie.

Yet all the wit-sharpening in the world cannot hide the fact that the Miccosukee are in grave danger of losing their homeland. They don't know what to do next, and privately they doubt that there is anything they *can* do. They are mildly cheered by the fact that no Miccosukee has ever had cancer, but they know that while this may keep them alive, it won't do much for their civilization. They also take comfort from an old Miccosukee prophecy which holds that the white man will blow himself off the face of the earth, leaving all the land free once more for the Indians. "We listen to our old people," says a young Indian. "They say white man gone haywire."

In their most recent letter to Washington, the Miccosukee wrote: "The first white people who came to Florida were so few that the Indians could have killed them all before they reached shore in rowboats. But the chief of our people said, 'Don't hurt them. Let them come ashore, and we'll find out what they want.'"

In the years since, the Miccosukee have learned a thousand times what the white man wants. But in that letter they hopefully asked once more for their land. They got no reply. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Betina, the female sumatrensis, and Vikki Ryhiner.

A PASSION FOR RHINOCEROS

Men have given their all for glory and gold, for love of woman and love of country, but few have traveled so far, or suffered so much, for such an ungainly beast.

By LEWIS H. LAPHAM

Peter Ryhiner introduced himself on the afternoon of a blizzard. A large and florid Swiss gentleman, he wore a fur hat and carried a canvas satchel. His red beard needed trimming; his eyes were melancholy. He said he had lost his rhinoceros.

I offered him a chair and sent out for coffee. For the next several days, speaking in a heavy guttural accent, he told his mournful tale. Nothing else mattered to him. The snow stifled all traffic in the city; the newspapers brought regular reports of famine, earthquake and revolution, but to Ryhiner these disturbances counted as petty trifles.

"My only object," he began, "is to save my rhino." And then, like a man admitting a fondness for golf or high-powered automobiles, he said, apologetically, "You know how it is when something gets hold of you."

I said I had a young cousin who felt the same way about field mice. He smiled bleakly and rummaged through his satchel for his maps and diaries.

It began, he said, with a Chinese travel agent in the lobby of the Trocadero Hotel in Bangkok. It was the summer of 1958, and he was traveling around the world with a white python that had eyes the color of sapphires. Being by trade a trapper of wild animals, Ryhiner also deals in gorillas, elephants and king cobras, but the market in animals that year had suddenly collapsed. Fortunately he had the snake, the only one of its kind on earth. He was employing it in a series of publicity stunts, posing with it in the windows of airlines offices or showing it off at cocktail parties and department-store openings.

The Chinese travel agent, however, ended all that by handing Ryhiner a brochure advertising the various attractions of Southeast Asia, among which was the shooting of rhinoceroses in the teak forests of northern Thailand.

The full extent of Ryhiner's anguish cannot be exaggerated. To most men a rhinoceros seems nothing more than a large and awkward pig, stupid, near-sighted and mean. But to Ryhiner the rhinoceros is a creature of unsurpassed loveliness, a beast on whose behalf he has suffered much.

The passion first took hold of him on the plains of Assam, where, in the winter of 1952, he captured a pair of one-horned Indian rhinoceroses [See MY BEAUTY AND MY BEASTS, by Peter Ryhiner, as told to Daniel P. Mannix, *The Saturday Evening Post*, May 24–June 7, 1958]. Every night on the subsequent voyage back to Switzerland he visited the animals in their cages, feeding them sugared palm leaves and learning to interpret their small squeaks. On the day that he at last delivered them to the zoo in Basel he refused to attend the ceremonial dinner in his own honor. He stayed instead in his hotel room, alone and woebegone, drinking himself into a maudlin stupor.

"A rhinoceros," he explained wistfully, "is a tame and affectionate creature. I was very sad."

For the next six years he roamed the world in search of lesser animals, contenting himself with only an occasional rumor of a rhinoceros in a distant thicket. He squandered his meager savings on the publication of a pamphlet titled, "Rhino S O S"—in which he defended the animal against the popular misconceptions concerning its malicious temperament. His first wife, failing to share his infatuation, divorced him in 1955.

Imagine, then, his dismay at the thought of so many tourists out after rhinoceroses. He realized at once that the rhino in question must be none other than the treasured *sumatrensis*, which, of the five species of rhinoceros still extant, is by far the most rare, so rare that many zoologists had actually thought it extinct. Also known as the "hairy dwarf," the *sumatrensis* is hunted down throughout Southeast Asia by orientals who believe, erroneously, that the powder ground from its horn serves as an incomparable aphrodisiac.

At the time there were no *sumatrensis* rhinoceroses in captivity and fewer than 40 such animals alive anywhere in the world. Ryhiner resolved to capture a male and a female for a European zoo, in hopes that the pair might produce offspring and so preserve the species.

"Obviously *something* had to be done," Ryhiner said. "The poor beast deserved a chance to survive into the next century."

The business of wild-animal trapping, however, is no longer the lighthearted affair that it was in the days of Frank Buck. Thirty years ago a man simply slogged off into the jungles, took his chances with fever, snakes and poison darts, and emerged, sooner or later, with a collection of assorted animals. He carted them off to a civilized country, where zoo keepers were happy to take them off his hands.

The present procedures are more complicated. Together with the snakes and poison darts, there are also currency restrictions, high transportation costs and uncertain political situations in the newly independent nations that invariably harbor the rarest animals. Ryhiner gladly accepted all the risks.

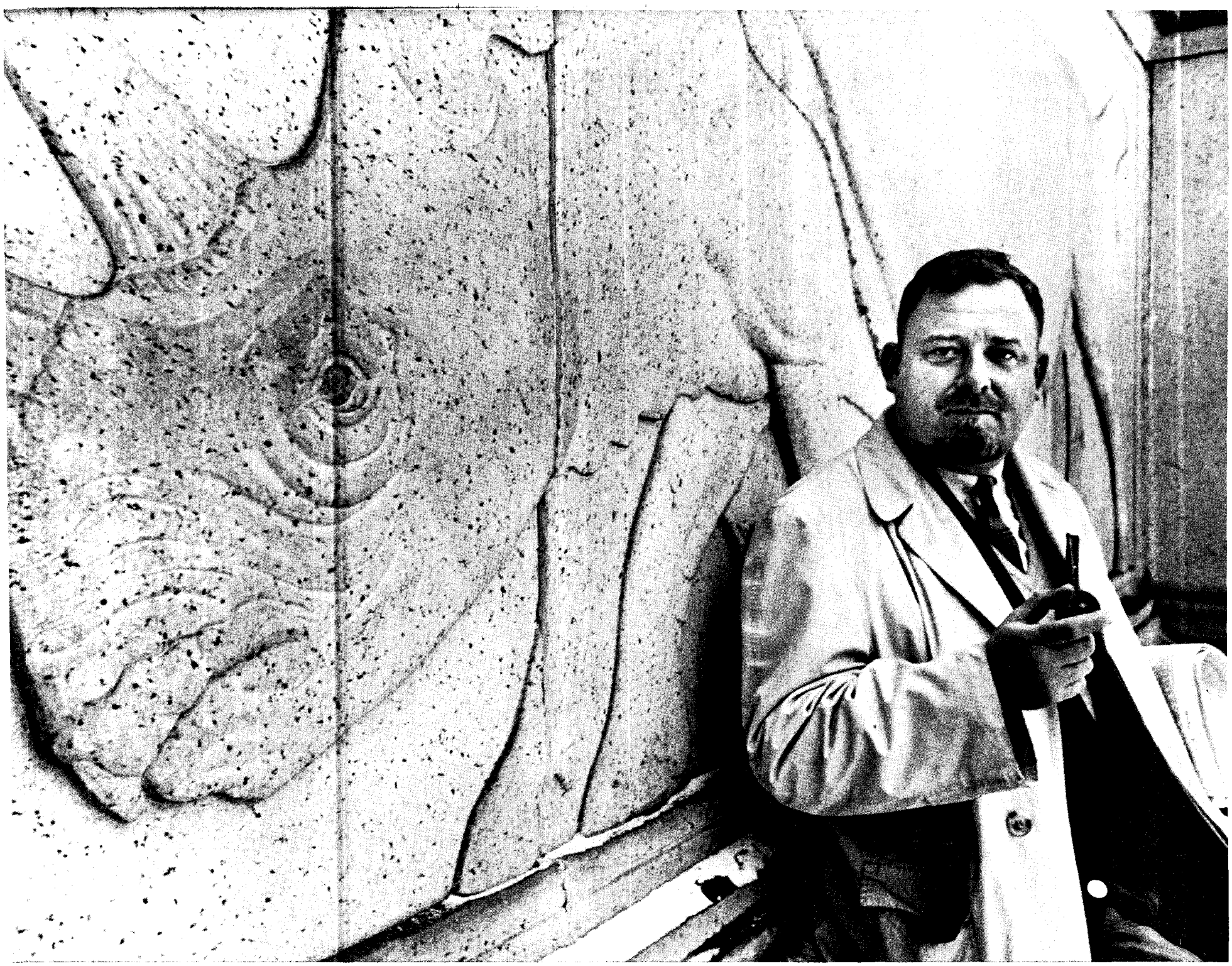
Guessing that any rhinoceros in Thailand must have strayed across the border from Burma, he sent urgent telegrams to U Tun Yin, a Burmese zoologist, and to Harry Gillmore, an American citizen employed by the Standard Vacuum Oil Company in Central Sumatra.

Ryhiner, by stone freize of African rhin

He had met U Tun Yin on previous occasions and knew him as a man friendly to the cause of rhinoceros. About Gillmore he had heard improbable but nevertheless intriguing rumors. It was said in the bazaars of Bangkok that Gillmore lived at the end of the pipeline on the Siak River, in a remote station on the edge of the impenetrable forest, and that there, among Indonesians who thought him a god, he kept a hairy dwarf rhino for a pet.

From the Burmese, Ryhiner received prompt encouragement. U Tun Yin sent word that at least 14 *sumatrensis* had been seen in the Kachin hills. The Burmese government would approve the expedition. Gillmore did not respond t his telegrams, and Ryhiner therefore dc cided to try for the animals in Burma. He returned immediately to Europe, leaving his snake with friends who promised to feed it a live mouse every other day. After four months of negotiation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New York museum, defends his quixotic odyssey. "Something had to be done. The poor beast deserved a chance to survive into the next century."

he managed to secure a contract with the Basel zoo. Ryhiner agreed to bring back both a male and a female *sumatrensis*. The zoo advanced $40,000 for the cost of the expedition.

He left Switzerland the night he signed the contract, the same night his second wife Vicki gave birth to their first child. Such is the enchantment that a rhinoceros can cast upon a man that Ryhiner did not stay long enough to learn if the delivery was successful or if the baby was a boy or a girl.

Again he smiled apologetically, interrupting the headlong rush of his narrative. "You must try to understand," he said, "how I feel about rhinos; it seemed proper to go as soon as possible."

I told him that my cousin sometimes refused to speak to his mother for a week if she disturbed his field mice. Ryhiner nodded in sympathetic understanding. "When I was a boy," he said, "I kept guinea pigs, salamanders, toads and a small crocodile."

Fearful that he might digress into nostalgic reminiscence, I asked him to continue with his story.

From Switzerland he went to Ceylon and thence to Singapore, where he found a letter from the mysterious Gillmore. On a ragged scrap of paper, Gillmore wrote that he had two *sumatrensis* grazing in the yard behind his house and that he would be delighted to get rid of them.

"You can imagine my feelings," Ryhiner said. "Good Lord, my dear fellow, as rare an animal as exists in the world, standing around somebody's backyard!"

Even though he knew that a civil war was then in progress in Sumatra, he canceled his Burma trip. Three days later, on December 5, 1958, he boarded a plane for Pakanbaru on the upper reaches of the Siak River.

Ryhiner was met at the airport by a small man in a straw hat who gave him a note from Gillmore. The note explained that the man could be trusted, and that he would conduct Ryhiner to Gillmore's station at Buatan, 30 miles farther down the river toward the Strait of Malacca.

The journey on the river took three hours in a dugout canoe equipped with an outboard engine. The river was sluggish and brown, yawing in wide curves, heavy with silt. An occasional hut, thatched with palm leaves, stood on poles set into the muddy banks. Bright-colored parrakeets screeched from the lower branches of the mangrove trees.

On the boat landing at Buatan, Harry Gillmore stood under a banyan tree, a tall and sorrowful man wearing faded khaki pants. He was then superintendent for the terminal of the pipeline that ran 100 miles inland to the Standard Vacuum oil fields at Lirik. The natives called him "*Tuan Besar*" or "The Big Man." He had been at Buatan for four years and had taught a number of monkeys how to operate a water faucet.

"We shook hands," Ryhiner said. "For me it was like Stanley meeting Doctor Livingstone."

Ryhiner, of course, asked to be taken directly to the rhinoceros. Gillmore led him around behind the house and there, switching away flies with her short tail, stood "Dimples." She was a full-grown *sumatrensis*, named by Gillmore in honor of a girl he had once admired in Murphysboro, Ill.

"It was the most fantastic thrill I've ever had in my life," Ryhiner said. "I couldn't say a word."

He sat dumfounded on the ground for two or three hours, gazing at Dimples, lost in a lovely dream. The object of Ryhiner's affections, like all rhinoceroses, first appeared about 50,000,000 years ago, in the Eocene period, which distinguishes it as one of earth's most antique animals. The *sumatrensis* is the smallest of the five living species, standing four feet high at the shoulder and weighing 1,500 pounds. (The other species are the black and the square-lipped rhinoceros, both indigenous to Africa; the Indian rhinoceros, and the *sondaicus* found on the island of Java.) The *sumatrensis* has two horns, both of which are in fact growths of hair. The first horn is a foot long; the second, between two and three inches long, supposedly contains the properties of an aphrodisiac. The animal has good hearing but weak eyesight. During the day it wallows in mud, and at night it forages for food, chiefly leaves, sugar cane and mangoes.

When Ryhiner had regained his composure, Gillmore introduced him to his other pets, a tapir named Henry and a baby elephant named Plop. Ryhiner hardly glanced at them. As for the second rhinoceros, the male of the pair, Gillmore said it was safe within a stockade in the forest, 20 miles away. Ryhiner's success seemed assured.

In order to export the animals from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sumatra, however, Ryhiner needed the permission of the Indonesian government. He therefore had to go to Bogor on the island of Java and petition the Indonesian Nature Conservation Service.

Ryhiner presented his credentials at Bogor on January 6, 1959, and found the labyrinths of the Indonesian bureaucracy far more treacherous than the comparatively straightforward perils of the jungle. Bewildered by the number of petty officials who claimed authority over rhinoceroses, he went from office to office, protesting that his intentions were honorable and that he only wanted to save the *sumatrensis* for future generations. He produced photographs of a female Indian rhinoceros giving birth in the Basel zoo, thus demonstrating that such animals could prosper and multiply in captivity. He told ghastly tales of Malayan poachers who drank the blood of butchered rhinoceroses in the belief that the blood gave them strength and valor.

Although impressed by Ryhiner's passionate eloquence, the Indonesians could do nothing because their laws expressly forbade the export of any rhinoceroses. Finally, though, at the end of February, they decided to make an exception and grant him the necessary permit. They did this, he believes, only because he could wiggle his ears.

"Every time I went to see the director of the Conservation Service," he said, "I wiggled my ears for the man's children. Finally they began to talk to their father of the funny man with the funny ears. [Ryhiner's ears are extremely large and wiggle impressively.] I think the fellow gave me the permit to please his children."

The permit also required Ryhiner to build, at his own expense, a concrete enclosure at the zoo in Bogor, presumably for a rhinoceros that the government hoped later to capture for itself. Ryhiner paid 100,000 rupiah—a sum roughly equivalent at the time to $2,250—for the construction of the enclosure, and hurried back to Buatan.

He found his dreams in ruins. Gillmore, falsely accused of smuggling animals on and off oil tankers, had fallen into disfavor with the Indonesian government. His contract with Standard Vacuum had expired and, without the company's protection, he had been forced to release the two rhinoceroses. Harassed by the police, no longer esteemed by the natives, he was now living unhappily on the outskirts of the settlement.

"A bad moment," Ryhiner said; "a very bad moment."

A week later, however, the faithful Dimples obligingly walked back into the stockade in which Gillmore had first trapped her. Ryhiner welcomed her effusively, and renamed her "Betina"—to avoid any association with the luckless Gillmore. On March 17, fearful that the Indonesian government might discover the ruse, he took her out of the country aboard a motor launch belonging to the Standard Vacuum Oil Company.

All the way across the Strait of Malacca Ryhiner sat beside the animal's cage, drinking warm beer and listening to American jazz on the radio.

"I could have kissed the whole world," he said. "The sky never seemed so blue or the sea so calm."

His wife, safely delivered of a baby girl, met him at the pier in Singapore. He bought her a new dress and the best dinner in town. Together they celebrated their good fortune over a period of three weeks, sending a flurry of triumphant telegrams to zoologists everywhere in Europe and the United States.

At the end of the third week Ryhiner's wife accompanied Betina (alias Dimples) and an assortment of subsidiary animals on their long flight back to Switzerland in a chartered DC-3. The animals on the plane, besides the rhinoceros, included 2 black panthers, 2 clouded leopards, a cage of myna birds, 8 giant frogs, 2 tapirs, 400 Java monkeys and 2 small elephants. The flight lasted the better part of a week.

"Vikki doesn't mind these things," Ryhiner said. "She has no commercial sense, but she's a good animal-keeper."

Unloaded in a wooden crate labeled "Rhino Ryhiner's Flying Ark," Betina was received in Basel with much pomp and ceremony. The newspapers published her photograph on the front pages; the president of the zoo made a fine speech.

Without a male *sumatrensis*, however, Ryhiner's mission could not be judged a success. Eventually Betina must die, and, unless she gave birth, the species would die with her.

Ryhiner returned to Sumatra, confidently expecting to collect a male rhinoceros before the end of the spring rains. But at Buatan the situation had been complicated in his absence by the arrival of a second expedition in search of rhinoceroses. This expedition was commanded by two Danes: Arne Dyhrberg, a taxidermist authorized to capture a *sumatrensis* for the Bogor zoo—to be kept in the enclosure that Ryhiner built—and Hakon Skafte, a journalist sent to fetch a *sumatrensis* for the zoo at Copenhagen.

Ryhiner resented their intrusion, but they had political connections in Bogor that could not be ignored. Reluctantly he agreed to join them, allowing them the use of his traps. It was understood that the first male rhinoceros caught would belong to Ryhiner.

"I never completely trusted either one of them," he said, "but what choice did I have?"

The three men remained in the jungle for the rest of the summer, living in tree huts made from leaves and flattened bark. Their camp was set so far from the river that even at noon only a weak and feeble light reached through the high branches of the immense trees. At night they baited their traps with salt and durian fruit. During the oppressively hot days they played poker dice, gathered wild orchids, listened to the cicadas or observed the comings and going of ants.

"Anything to keep one's mind occupied," Ryhiner said. "Otherwise you would go mad in that dreadful place."

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

HAZEL by Ted Key

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

His troubles never ceased. Herds of elephants trampled through the jungle and periodically destroyed the traps. Soldiers from local military garrisons came with machine guns, slaughtering whatever animals they could find for food and frightening those that escaped. The steady rains brought sudden floods. The Indonesian skinners attached to the expedition bickered among themselves and refused to watch the traps at night for fear of tigers.

In late August, Ryhiner's visa expired. The two Danes persuaded him to go to Bogor to renew it.

"They wanted me out of the way," Ryhiner said. "They were in it for the money and the glory and not for the sake of rhino."

The same day Ryhiner arrived in Bogor the Indonesian government announced the devaluation of its currency. In the general confusion and swindling that followed the announcement, Ryhiner lost the rest of the money advanced to him by the Basel zoo. He suddenly owed another 600,000 rupiah for the enclosure at the zoo in Bogor. He tried to buy the currency on the black market but was cheated by a Chinese tea merchant.

"It was a fearful situation," he said.

The final calamity, however, had yet to befall him. On September 30 he received word that his chief skinner, a man from Surabaja named Sabran, had actually caught a male rhinoceros. Throughout the summer Sabran had remained loyal to Ryhiner, ignoring the orders of the two Danes and setting his traps in a different part of the forest.

Once again, like an innocent soul who keeps thinking that next time for sure he will guess which shell the pea is under, Ryhiner gave way to transports of wild delight. He fired off telegrams. He went to the Swiss embassy and got gloriously drunk on champagne.

His triumph collapsed the next morning when a woebegone Sabran arrived in Bogor. The rhinoceros, he said, had escaped. For three days and three nights Sabran had squatted on top of the trap in the jungle. He became sick from malaria, but hung on. Skafte, the journalist, abandoned the camp for a weekend in Pakanbaru. Dyhrberg was entertaining the Danish trade commissioner who had come to Sumatra for a brief visit.

The Indonesian skinners employed by the two Danes refused to let Sabran nail together the wooden poles of the trap. The trap, they said, belonged to the Indonesian government and should not be damaged. On the third day, Sabran, weak from the malaria, could hold out no longer. He went to get help. When he returned, the rhinoceros was gone. It had butted its head against the poles, working them loose from the sand.

Ryhiner subsided into a gloomy silence, crushing his hat between his large hands and staring morosely at his thick-soled shoes.

"Well, my friend," he said at last, "that's the end of the story. I had the only male *sumatrensis* captured in this century, and I lost him."

He began to stuff his papers back into his satchel, a forlorn smile passing across his broad face as he looked at the photographs that he had taken of Dimples on that first sunny afternoon in the yard behind Gillmore's house.

He said his white snake succumbed from an infection two years ago in the zoo at Zurich, where he left it for a few months while he was off giving lectures on the plight of the rhinoceros.

I asked him if he hoped to return to Sumatra. "No," he said sadly, "the government refuses to grant any more permits, and the Basel zoo claims that I owe it $10,000 for not bringing back the male."

For several minutes he looked absently out the window, brooding on the cruel ironies of his quest. Beyond the drifting snow and the city traffic he seemed to see a green and distant land, loud with the noise of tropical birds and crowded with rhinoceroses. He suddenly smiled.

"But," he said, "I know another place where I might find one, and if I can raise the money. . . ."

Then the smile faded; he got heavily to his feet, bowed politely and trudged toward the door.

"Perhaps you should tell your cousin to forget about his field mice," he said, making a ponderous joke. "You never know what might come of it." THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your phone of the future from Western Electric

Here's a preview of the new transistorized phone for TOUCH-TONE® service that makes calling faster and easier.

While the new phones are being assembled at Western Electric, we are also manufacturing and installing complex switching equipment that will make this TOUCH-TONE service available in some parts of the United States this year.

Working with our Bell System teammates to bring America the finest in communications has been the prime job of Western Electric for 82 years.

It works this way: the Bell telephone companies constantly seek ways to bring you improved service. Bell Telephone Laboratories developed TOUCH-TONE service as one means of doing this. Now Western Electric is engineering the processes and machines to make the needed equipment—economically and to the Bell System's exacting quality standards.

This shared responsibility is the reason why you enjoy the world's best telephone service at the lowest possible cost. We work best because we work together. **WESTERN ELECTRIC**

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAST VOYAGE OF THE LAKONIA

Carefree and pleasure-bent, the vacationers embarked from wintry England for a Christmas cruise in the sun. It was supposed to be a holiday to remember. Certainly none of those who survived will ever forget.

The last cruise of the *Lakonia* was to have been the sort of voyage you would have taken years before the jet age. It conjured images of men in white duck reading Somerset Maugham in deck chairs, and of women in floppy hats and sensible shoes writing sonnets on scented paper. You could sit through the afternoons watching the weather change—the chill, deep blue of the North Atlantic softening to a murmurous, swelling green as the great white ship heaved on to the south. Then the sirocco would blow from Africa, and you would eat tangerines in Madeira and watch the coral mountain rise from the ocean at Tenerife. Christmas would be celebrated with waterfalls of champagne, and someone tinkling old songs on a holly-bedecked piano. It was to be an 11-day journey out of our time, a brief visit to a special, floating world that was civilized, leisurely and secure.

"Here is a holiday with all the risks removed," the brochure said. "Here is a holiday you will remember, and talk about, for the rest of your life. What are you hoping for? Above all, perhaps, *absolute freedom from worry and responsibility*." [original italics]

Perhaps it was the bubbly copy, but it was more probably the memory of the brutal winter of 1962–63 that brought passengers from all over the British Isles. They came in Kerry tweeds, in tartan mufflers, in bowler hats and with Chamberlain umbrellas. Others had nylon airline bags slung over younger and broader shoulders. There were more than 600 when the gangplank was lifted away. Among them were 32 children under 12, including babes in arms. All but 21 were British. The others included some Germans, Austrians, and four Americans. The crew totaled almost 400, of whom 110 were Germans hired as kitchen help, a scattering of Italians and Swiss, and eight Chinese laundrymen. The rest were Greek.

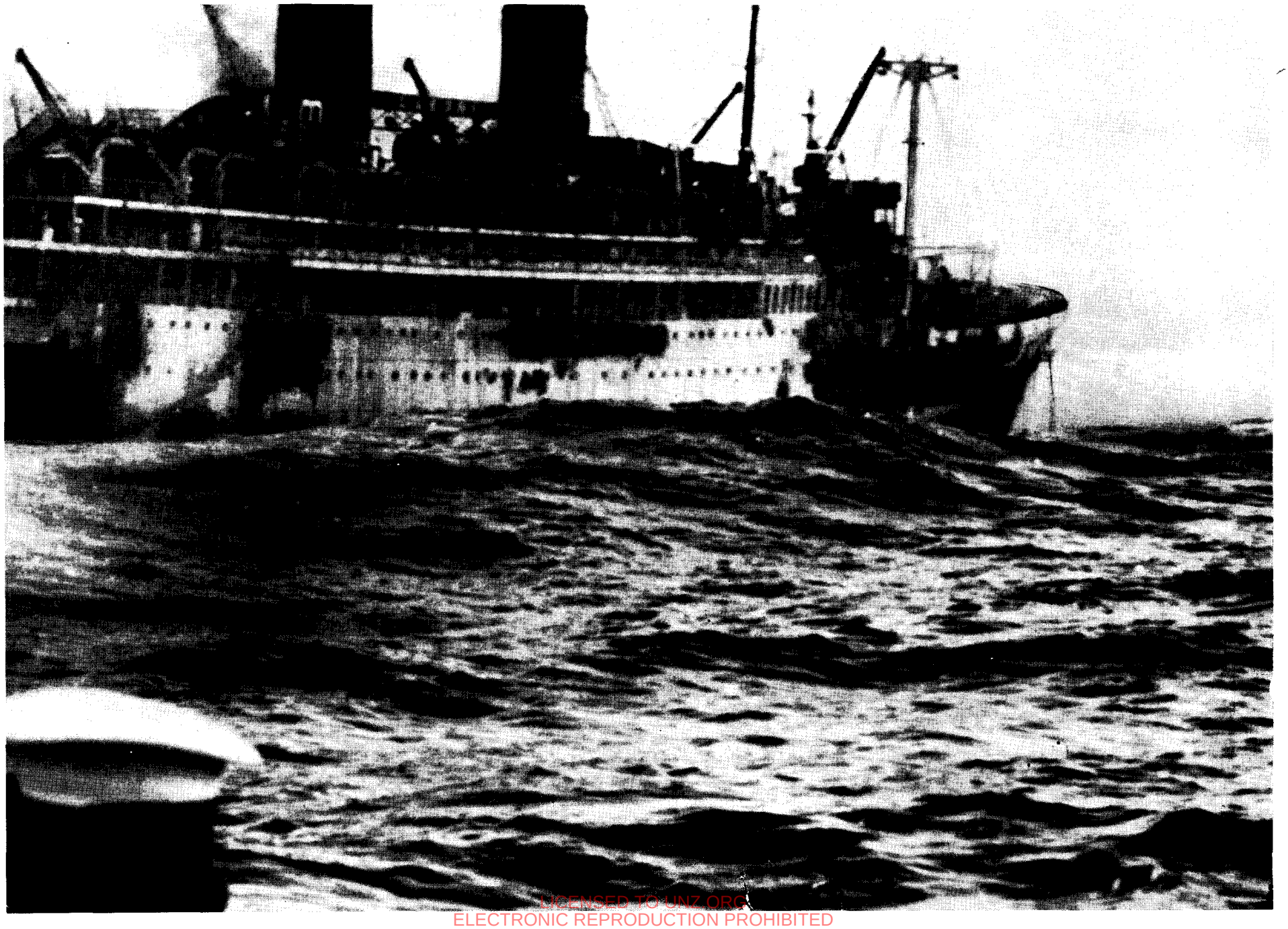
As the passengers arrived at dockside in increasing numbers on the morning of December 19, the crewmen finished polishing the brass, sweeping down decks, and changing linen. There were Christmas decorations, trees and holly and mistletoe, and some toys for the children. The crowd at Southampton was festive.

Quite early that morning, wine steward Costas Charalambaus leaned against a piling on the pier, smoking a cigarette. The *Lakonia* stood high out of the water before him, huge and white, its outline blurred in the damp haze. Then he saw it: muck-brown and moving forward with a swollen waddle, its furry bulk wiping a trail across the fog-damp dock. A rat. "He goes to where the ropes are," Costas said later, "and looks like he tries to go to the ship. There is a little kind of a step, and he jumps up there. And then, he turns around and comes back. It didn't really seem ominous then."

On the first day at sea the passengers learned that a brochure extolling luxury, and luxury itself, were different matters. For all the ornate, curlicued woodwork and spanking bright uniforms, there seemed to be termites of inefficiency eating at the *Lakonia*. There was, for example, the lifeboat drill on the first day.

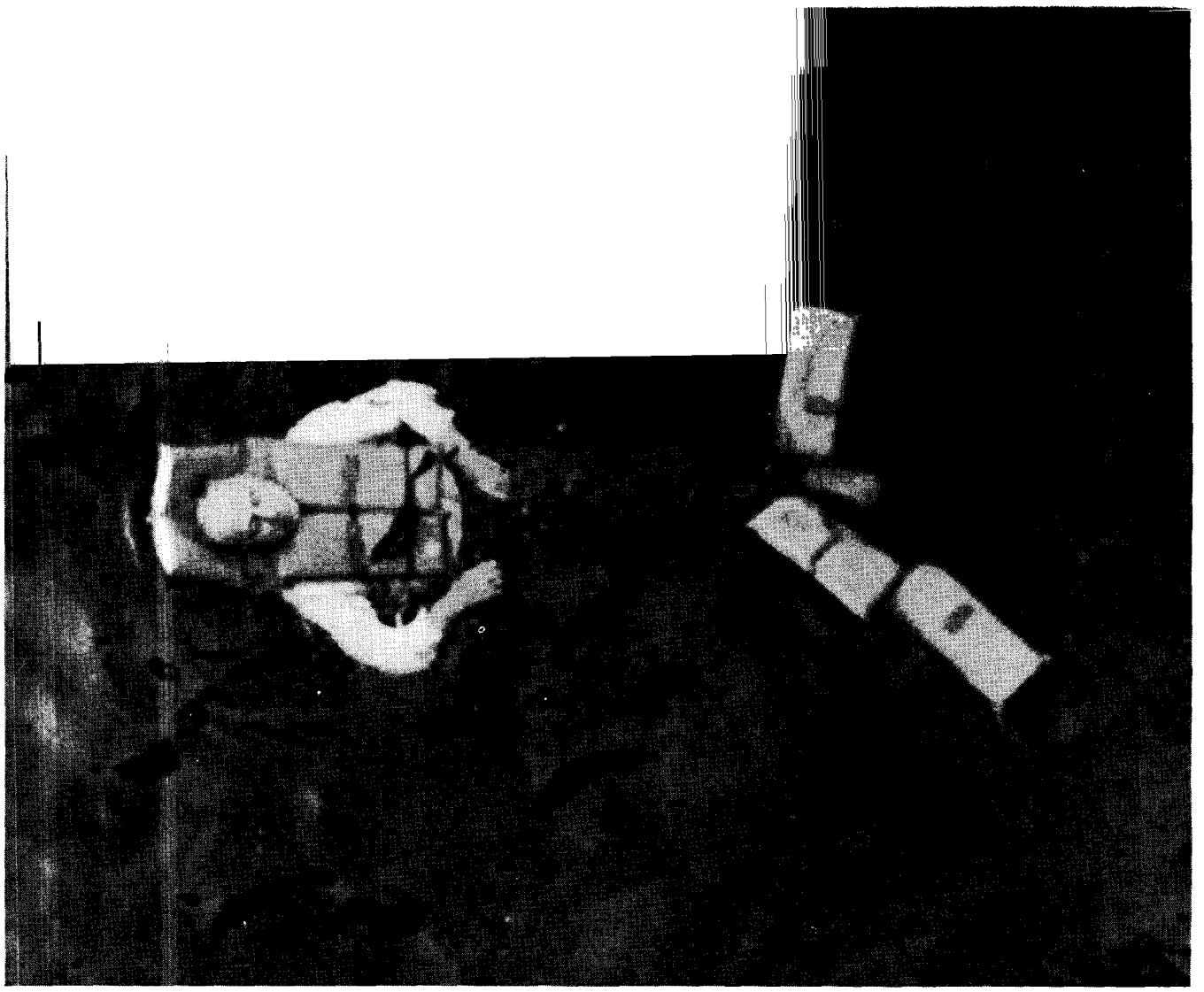
"We were told to report for lifeboat drill," said David Decent, a well-built,

Unable to help, a crewman aboard the British carrier Centaur *surveys the derelict* Lakonia. *Later taken in tow by ocean-going salvage tugs, the blackened hulk sank west of Gibraltar.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By PETE HAMILL and FRANK LEE



A Lakonia *victim, kept afloat by life jackets, washes alongside the Argentine liner* Salta, *second rescue ship to arrive at the scene.*

black-haired 34-year-old London photographer who was on the cruise with his wife and 18-month-old daughter. "It struck me as farcical. We stood for twenty minutes. An officer came by and counted the number of people in front of each boat, nodded his head in approval and went on. The passengers had their life belts on in various ways, but no one showed them the correct way. The officer did notice that my daughter Mandy had no life belt and said one would be delivered to our cabin. It never was."

And there were other things. Some passengers found that the showers in their cabins did not work, owing to low water pressure, and that the heating regulators did not function properly, so that it was either oven-hot or icebox-cold. Crew members were seen working on electrical equipment in several sections of the ship on both the 19th and 20th. Decent called for a plumber to fix his shower on the first day, was still waiting on the evening of the fourth. "The cabin service was poor," said Decent, who had paid $825 for the cruise. "You would ask for something and they would say 'Yes, sir; of course, sir,' and that would be the last you'd see of them. The passengers began to call it The Good Ship Do-It-Yourself, but we accepted most of the inconveniences because this was a pleasure cruise. It was supposed to be festive. We laughed it off."

The men of the sea talk about their ships as if they were human, and always the gender is feminine. Through most of her life there was little to suggest that *Lakonia* was a girl who would someday get into trouble. When she was built in 1930, she received the decidedly unromantic name of *Johan van Oldenbarnevelt*. At 20,314 tons and 608 feet long, she was too big to be racy and too small to be majestic. Instead she was more like the Dutch woman painted by Frans Hals: cheerful, comfortable, dependable.

She did have a bit of difficulty on her maiden voyage when, with Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands on board, she collided with another ship in the North Sea channel. But for the subsequent years of her life, she lived rather obscurely. She conveyed American troops to Sicily during World War II, and in the postwar years made the run between Holland and Australia.

She seemed slated for a gritty middle age and a shabby, unceremonious end. Then just about a year ago she was bought by the Greek Line, part of the Goulandris family complex of shipping companies. The largest private fleet in the world, the group's 140 ships are estimated in shipping circles to be worth more than one billion dollars.

Renamed the *Lakonia*, she sailed from Australia to Genoa, Italy, for a facelifting. At 33, she was to become a cruise ship, decked out in maritime finery, carrying pleasure seekers from England to Madeira, the Azores and to Las Palmas and Tenerife in the Canary Islands. It was as if, by some unlikely metamorphosis, Tugboat Annie had become Auntie Mame.

The captain selected for the *Lakonia* was a short, doughy-faced 53-year-old named Mattios Zarbis. Like the ship he commanded, Zarbis had had a career that was unspectacular, quiet, steady. He first went to sea at 19, joined the Greek line in 1947. Before commanding the *Lakonia* he had served as master of five major ships in six years. One of his men said later that Zarbis once told him that after 34 years at sea he neither loved it nor hated it. "He just respected it." He was soft-spoken and generous with his men, polite and friendly with passengers. "I was happy to serve with him," said *Lakonia* waiter George Democritos, a curly-haired 21-year-old who lives in London. "He was good. He was nice." Later, less-generous estimates of the captain would be made.

At the captain's table

On the morning of the 22nd, Mrs. Margery Craige decided that she had had enough of overdone meat and underdone potatoes. She and her husband complained directly to Captain Zarbis. The captain is nothing if not a gentleman. He asked the Craiges to come to his table as his special guests that night. There was to be a "hobo dance," and if they sat at the captain's table, would it be possible not to have a good meal?

And so the *Lakonia* plowed on southward. By afternoon the sun was bright and warming, and the color of the sea had changed. Men walked in their shirt-sleeves, and women went to and from the hairdresser's in shorts. There were many older people on board, and the sun seemed to charge them with youth. "It was still daylight," steward Charalambaus recalled later, "and they were dancing already."

Night seemed to arrive suddenly, and the lights of the ship blazed on, making it like a huge floating palace. Glasses tinkled in the Atlantic bar, where passengers drank tax-free liquor and smoked tax-free cigarettes. On deck, men in white suits stood looking out at the ink-dark sea, the only sound that of the great engines throbbing below.

After dinner some of the older people retired to their cabins, but other passengers dispersed about the ship. There was carol-singing, the "hobo dance," movies. Nothing indicated that somewhere inside her the *Lakonia* was dying.

"My husband Willie was ill in bed in our cabin on the main deck," said Mrs. Kitty Scott, 55, who was quartered right across from the hairdresser's, where the trouble apparently began. "I was getting prepared for bed myself when I thought I smelled smoke. I opened the door, and down the passageway I saw little fingers of flame."

Fire. Cutting through the sea on the fourth day of her voyage, 180 miles north of Madeira at 35 degrees north, 15.2 degrees west, the *Lakonia* was on fire. Captain Zarbis was smiling politely at his table in the ballroom, watching the dance, laughing occasionally at the more outlandish costumes. The captain got up to dance with Mrs. Craige. "It was a quickstep," Mrs. Craige remembered. "After the dance we returned to the captain's table to rejoin my husband for a drink. Just then a message came that the liner was on fire."

It was exactly 11:05, and threads of smoke were already coming into the ballroom. The captain shot up, his face pale and fixed, and bolted for the bridge. In the ballroom, the guests were still unaware of what was happening. In a corner, the *Lakonia*'s entertainments manager was organizing a game of musical chairs. The ship's band played *As Time Goes By*.

The ship moved on. Outside, a breeze had come up, very slightly now, and the sea grew feathery before it. Already the flames were licking the ship's interior.

David Decent and his wife Norma were in the Atlantic Bar when a steward leaned in and said, "Fire. Fire on board."

"I didn't think of anything," Decent said. "My wife cried, 'The baby,' and we took off. When we opened the door to leave the bar, I couldn't see a foot in front of me. With my wife holding on to my coat I made it by touch to our cabin where the baby was sleeping."

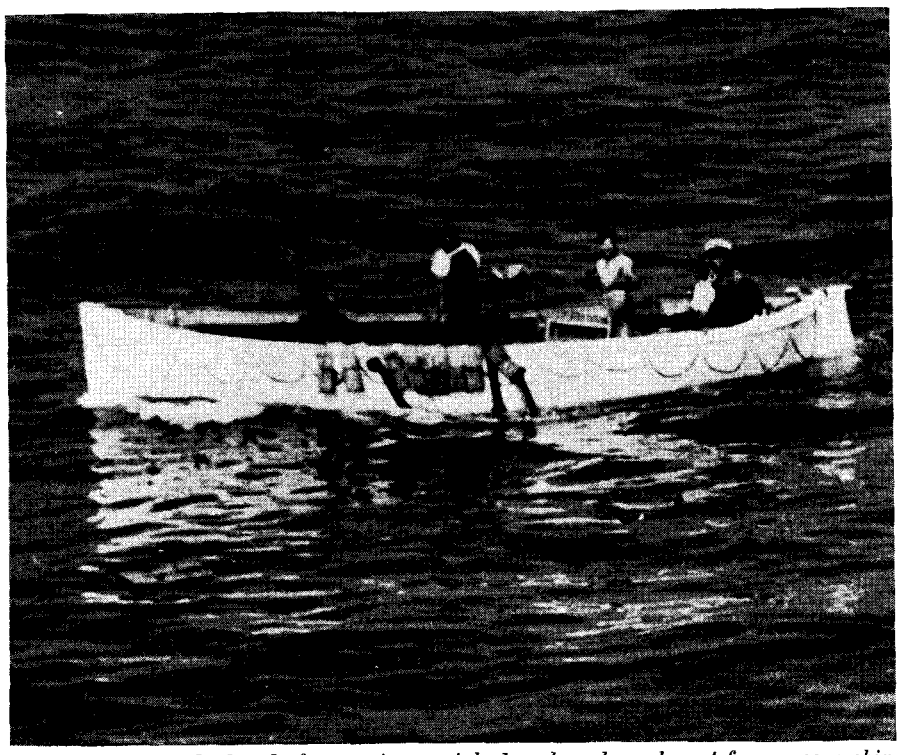
When they arrived, a small fire was burning, and the room was filled with thick black smoke. Mandy, the baby, was asleep but coughing. "We pulled her dressing gown and our coats from the hook on the door and went as fast as possible to the after part of the ship."

The fire had already spread from the hairdresser's in the main deck to the upper deck and was now lapping at the promenade deck. Meanwhile something besides fire was whipping through the blue-painted passageways of the *Lakonia*. Fear broke out in sweat on the faces of the passengers, and peered through the eyes of crew members. It sprang from the awful knowledge that each of them, more than 1,000 human beings, was at the mercy of the sea.

"When the alarm was given at about 11 P.M., I ran to the radio cabin, where the skipper joined me a few minutes later," said Dimitrio Zegenis, the 35-year-old radio operator of the *Lakonia*. "For an hour and a half we called for help." As Zegenis worked, the smoke billowed around him and the captain. S O S LAKONIA FIRE ON BOARD, the messages said. And as the smoke thickened, he and the captain wrapped handkerchiefs about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I was getting prepared for bed. I opened the door, and down the hall I



The night-long ordeal ends for survivors picked up by a launch sent from rescue ship.

their faces. Both were soon blinded. Zegenis hammered out his last radio message at 12:22:

S O S FROM LAKONIA LAST TIME. I CANNOT STAY ANY MORE IN THE WIRELESS STATION. WE ARE LEAVING THE SHIP. PLEASE IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE. PLEASE HELP.

When the smoke finally forced him from the cabin, Zegenis moved to the stern to send hand signals with an electric torch. "It was," he said later, "the longest night of my life."

Fear has two children, courage and panic, and the second is the ugly one. At about 12:30 the word was passed to abandon ship, and the ugly brother raced through the vessel. Worst of all, according to a number of extremely vocal survivors, he was in many cases wearing the uniform of the crew.

"The crew were terrible," said Willie Scott, who had risen from his sickbed after his wife had shouted the first warning. "If I'd had a gun, I'd have shot the lot of them."

What happened to the crew of the *Lakonia* during the early hours of December 23 may never be fully discovered. There were certainly heroes among them. There was Panayiotis Mantikos, a seaman who, along with other crew members, dangled above the sea on rope ladders to carry three elderly passengers to safety. "And what about John Raviolos?" said steward Charalambaus, who also saved a number of people who were staggering belowdecks in the smoke. "John ran back and forth to the cabins at least twenty times, bringing out old people and kids. When I last saw him, his face was burned and his eyebrows were falling off. What about him?"

But there were darker stories about the crew: stories of men shouting and screaming at one another, dashing into the bar to find liquid courage and cigarettes. There were stories of cabins being looted and of passengers who were forced out of lifeboats. Many such stories undoubtedly grew from the hysteria of the situation. (A company spokesman later declared that crew members seen in passenger cabins had not been looting but had been looking for extra life jackets.)

"You have to make distinctions," said Capt. Francis Kirk, the Southampton pilot who had worked with the *Lakonia* ever since it became a cruise ship. "There are seamen and there are waiters; the household staff should no more be expected to be good seamen than the waiter at the nearest pub. And you must remember, too, that there is a distinction between excitement and panic; I'm sure the British on board were excited too. They simply didn't show it as much as the Greeks did."

The decks of the *Lakonia* rapidly filled with confusion: The ship's officers seemed to be busy elsewhere, and at midnight, a half hour before the official abandon-ship order, the passengers moved on their own toward the boats. There were 24 lifeboats, each capable of holding 80 people, including 12 to 20 crew members.

Confusion brought with it an almost brutal will to escape. "A member of the crew pushed me into a hold as I was trying to get into a boat," said Mrs. Susan Scott (no relation to Mrs. Kitty Scott). "Other people came crashing down on top of me, and I found later I had broken three ribs. We lay there in the hold for three hours, screaming for help, with the smoke all around us."

Children for whom life preservers had not been issued went into the boats without them. Arthur Edson, 58, who was on the cruise with his wife Emma and their sons Kevin, 7, and Michael, 11, pushed his way through fire and smoke to his cabin for life preservers for his sons only to find that there were none. "I had to smash open a cabinet in the passageway to get at some." Men turned on fire hoses to help others escape from the below-decks cabins only to find that water pressure was so low that a stream went less than three feet. Some survivors claimed life belts disintegrated when they hit the water; at least one boat was launched with its drain hole unplugged, and sank. "When we went to our station to get into the boats," Edson said, "the crew had to bash at the davits to free the boat. The fittings were frozen in paint."

It seemed to some distraught passengers as if all the old laws of the sea were being broken as casually as a man lights a match. "I shall always remember," said 72-year-old Mrs. Matilda Woodward, "hearing the little children calling out." Mrs. Cathy McFarlane and her 10-year-old son Lawrence arrived at their assigned lifeboat and found it almost filled with crew members. Mrs. McFarlane and Lawrence, who was still dressed in the kilt and sporran he had worn to the fancy-dress ball, moved on down the deck to another boat.

But even in the boats there was no guarantee of safety. Reginald Fishenden, a 69-year-old retired real-estate man, watched a seaman hanging from a rope pull his 10-year-old son Nicholas from the porthole of their cabin, where he was trapped by smoke. The seaman then put the boy and Fishenden's wife Heather, 38, into a lifeboat. The boy had a life preserver on, but his mother had none. Fishenden handed her a cork-filled life buoy, and as the boat was lowered toward the dark sea, he said, "Good luck."

"I'm not going to leave my Daddy," the boy said. But there was no more room. Fishenden waved, and the boy and his mother smiled back at him. Then suddenly the forward davit gave way, the boat wobbled for a split second and then shot into the water like a stricken bird. "I saw my wife and son swept away into the darkness," Fishenden said. "I think they went under the stern." Later he would find that both were dead.

At one A.M. there was still hope that the fire might be contained, but all the lifeboats not destroyed by fire were gone, and there were still 200 people on board. They could not be blamed for taking their chances with the blazing ship: Some of the first boats launched had swamped when they touched down, presumably because the *Lakonia* was still moving forward. One came hurtling down and crashed into another directly below it. The scene had a kind of fury about it: wide-eyed men swinging axes at cables, children screaming, the electric torch in the hands of Zegenis blinking signals on the stern. Anything that might float was now raining into the sea: Chairs, tables, drums and crates fell into a black void. One box split open as it crashed into the water, scattering dolls intended as Christmas presents for the children.

Alone against the sea

And then a night wind began to blow. Waves lifted the lifeboats and dropped them, only to lift them again. By 2:45 the engines had stopped. People began jumping into the sea, some wearing life belts, others with nothing. Two young boys, traveling alone, dived with a bone-crushing thud onto a swamped lifeboat, and slid off broken into the sea. In the eddying water near the ship, a dead baby floated in a man-size life jacket.

Where was the captain? they asked. Where was the charming man who had stopped at their parties to shake hands, the amiable little man who was master of the great ship? One passenger said that he had seen Captain Zarbis "walking in a daze around the ship, crying." But other passengers described him in other ways. "He was a bloody hero," said 52-year-old textile executive David Bass. "He must have saved 50 lives in front of my eyes—and mine; he used ropes to lower people into dinghies, and got me to run along the side of the ship to maneuver others into dinghies. I would dearly love to shake his hand." It is clear now that in the stern, where Captain Zarbis eventually took station, there was no panic. But elsewhere, people were shouting: "Where is the captain?"

By now two ships had appeared in the distance, and some of the passengers still on board felt there was yet a chance of being rescued without having to brave the open sea.

When Dimitris Zegenis had started tapping out his first signals from the *Lakonia*, receiving stations had relayed them 4,000 miles away to the Third Coast Guard District in New York. In the headquarters were the computers of a system called AMVER—Atlantic Merchant Vessel Report. Ships of 61 nations report voluntarily to AMVER, detailing their course, speed and plotted positions. This is passed from punch cards onto magnetic tape. When the S O S arrived at 12:22 on Monday morning, AMVER was able to determine within minutes that five ships were in the vicinity of the *Lakonia*. First to arrive was the British cargo ship *Montcalm*, followed by the Argentine passenger liner *Salta*, and later by vessels of five other nations.

The fire, inching toward the stern, had passed the midship section by four A.M., and the rescuers in the distance seemed no closer. At five A.M., with fire ripping more swiftly through the ship, a heavy explosion threw passengers and crew to the decks. Ten minutes later, with no sign of boats approaching from the still distant rescue ships, the remaining passengers began clambering down rope ladders to the sea.

More than 50 people churned at the bottom of the ropes. People grabbed at the nearest thing afloat. Sometimes it was another human being, who was pushed under in the fight to stay above water. Waves smacked swimmers against the blistered hull of the *Lakonia*. "It was," said Fishenden, "like a scene out of Dante's *Inferno*."

Out on the sea, in the open boats, the only sound was that of the wind feathering the waves, and the soft creak of oars being dipped and pulled, dipped and pulled. "When we got into the lifeboat at 12:30 and away from the side of the *Lakonia*, two of the Greek crew members started rowing," said Decent, the photographer. "The rest stayed in the back of the boat. But the two who were rowing were pulling unevenly and we went round in circles for half an hour. We decided to take things over ourselves and told the two Greeks to get in the back of the boat. They went without resistance. Six of us, five men and a woman, took over as the rowing crew." There were 80 people in the lifeboat. The sea was tossing, and seemed vaster than ever imagined. Seven hours after leaving the *Lakonia*, they finally saw a ship. A Greek seaman then came forward and tried to take over the oars. "I gave him the devil," Decent said, "and he whimpered back to the rear of the boat."

AMVER had also notified the 57th Air Rescue Squadron of the U.S. Air Force in the Azores. Four C-54's flew

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

saw little fingers of flame."

to the scene, and as daylight grew they dropped 42 rafts capable of holding 600 persons. The crews of the planes brought back chilling reports. "There was an old lady lying on her back alone in the ocean," said Capt. Don Spencer, a 33-year-old Texan. "She was wearing a life jacket and as we flew over her she feebly waved both arms at us. We dropped a 20-man life raft next to her, but she was too weak to get to it."

Later Captain Zarbis complained that many more people would have been saved if the rescue ships had only come in closer. But Capt. Edward Kempton, 29-year-old master of the 4,999-ton *Montcalm*, which rescued 273 people, explained his actions: "There was a five-mile line of bobbing heads being carried from the *Lakonia* by a strong current. I decided I could not move in any closer at first for fear of killing people in the water with my propeller blades. So we started at one end of the long line and picked up everyone we could. Eventually we got within 150 feet of her."

On the *Montcalm* a scene took place that was repeated on almost every other rescue ship. An old woman, her frail body shaking and wet, stepped aboard the *Montcalm* and fell to the deck. "Thank God," she said. "Oh, thank God, thank God, thank God."

Finally Captain Zarbis was alone on the stern. Zegenis had left at 6:30 A.M. to swim five miles to safety. And now the captain looked down at broken crates bobbing in the water, shredded clothing, unused life jackets, and occasionally, face down, a body. A way off were the rescue ships, still working. The sea was calmer as the captain got ready to leave. He had given his life jacket to a British woman named Violet Pearn, but he lowered himself on a rope and swam to a red-and-yellow Air Force raft. About an hour later he was picked up by a launch from the Belgian freighter *Charlesville*. In a few days he would be in Santa Cruz de Tenerife, and from there would fly home to Athens to face an official investigation. He would read in the newspapers that he had been incompetent, and that he had been very brave. He would read that his crew had been disorganized, and that they had been heroic. He would read that nobody could be sure exactly how many had been lost, but that the Greek Line was estimating that there were 904 survivors, while 124 were dead or missing. "I saw many bad things," he would say, "which has made me feel very depressed."

But now, standing on the bridge of the *Charlesville*, Zarbis took one last look at his ship. It was listing to starboard, it was streaming smoke, its superstructure a blackened wilderness. And then, suddenly, Captain Zarbis began to cry.

On Sunday, December 29, as the *Lakonia* lumbered through the Atlantic, towed by salvage tugs, she gave it all up. At 2:30 P.M., 250 miles west of Gibraltar, she slid two-and-a-half miles to the bottom. The same day, survivors were arriving in England in borrowed clothes and haunted faces. Relatives of the missing called for news from the shipping company. In Madeira the sirocco was blowing from Africa, and they were eating tangerines in the Canaries. THE END

In mismatched shoes and borrowed robe, woman survivor arrives at London airport.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE THINGS GET DONE

One of the honored traditions surrounding the State of the Union address is that it doesn't really report the state of the union. A President points with pride to his many accomplishments, and promises that there will be more to come if his opponents will abandon their opposition. Lyndon Johnson's address inevitably was somewhat different. In one sense, it was Johnson's blueprint for the coming presidential campaign—yet it also bore the influences of a predecessor whose death left a nation troubled, uncertain, conscious of the need for change.

Beginning with a call for immediate congressional action on civil rights, a tax cut, unemployment and other major unfinished business, President Johnson showed himself determined to carry on the spirit as well as the policies of the past Administration. But he showed, too, that he is his own man, and no mere caretaker. It was Johnson's decision to cut back the federal budget for the next fiscal year by $500 million, largely through reductions in nonessential defense spending. It was his idea to cut back the production of nuclear explosives by 25 percent in an effort to help the atmosphere at the next disarmament talks at Geneva and possibly induce the Soviets to take similar steps.

One of the most encouraging things about the State of the Union message was its reflection of the slightly improved state of the world, of the relaxing tensions between the East and the West. Real peace may be no nearer, and there is certainly no lessening of our commitments abroad—yet it does seem that we have a chance now to give more attention to the problems of our own society.

The President, in fact, put first emphasis on domestic issues. Most notably, he proposed an assault on the roots of poverty, on the conditions that were described in a recent *Post* article [THE INVISIBLE AMERICANS, by Ben H. Bagdikian, Dec. 21–28], which keep a fifth of our population in deprivation even while the nation as a whole is enjoying record prosperity. Part of his program depends on direct federal action, including expansion of "area redevelopment," special legislation to help unemployed youth, a "domestic Peace Corps" to help train the economically handicapped, a special commission to study the painful, unavoidable problem of a society adjusting to automation. But just as much, and far more, depends on the will of consumers to spend, and of private business to invest and expand. In calling for a tax cut to put an extra $11 billion into the "private sector" next year—and in trimming Government spending to reduce the impact on the federal deficit—the President is giving the private economy its due. He is recognizing that jobs, in the long run, are created by businessmen's sales and businessmen's profits.

Some may detect election-year opportunism here—a tax cut and a reduction in spending to please "conservatives," a series of federal welfare programs to keep the "liberals" happy. We hope and trust it is something more meaningful. The nation has been bemused and divided too long by the arguments between those who consider balanced budgets as holy writ and those who consider them irrelevant, between those who damn all federal "meddling" as a threat to freedom and those who would sacrifice private incentive for "public" good. The conflict is illusory, we think. There are many tasks to be done that only government can do, and we should delegate them willingly. There is a strength in a free economy that no government can provide, and we should have the wisdom to make use of it.

By reputation, the "middle of the road" is a static place. The President's message suggests it may be just the place to get things done.

THE JOURNEY OF POPE PAUL VI

The journey of Pope Paul VI to the Holy Land was indeed an extraordinary event. For the first time a Pope has visited the familiar Biblical places and retraced the steps of Christ.

There were many unforgettable vignettes along the way: The Pope blessing the waters of the Jordan; the great throng surging around him and blocking the way before the Damascus Gate, and the Jordanians swinging their rifle butts to clear a passage; the Pope unable to kneel at a Station of the Cross because the crowd pressed so close around him; the Mass celebrated at the tomb of Jesus; and the visit to the Garden of Gethsemane with a bazooka-bearing Jordanian clearing the way.

The visit to Israel and the joint call with President Shazar for a moral revival and for peace among men, together with the harmonious contact among three great religions—Christianity, Judaism and Islam—have given the world a new impetus toward the settlement of its differences.

No doubt the most significant specific event, however, was the meeting with Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras I of Constantinople, the first encounter between the heads of the Roman and Eastern Orthodox Churches in more than 500 years. The prospects for Christian unity have been enhanced. "The door of the fold is open," the Pope said. "We wait, all of us, with sincere hearts. Our desire is strong and patient. There is room for all."

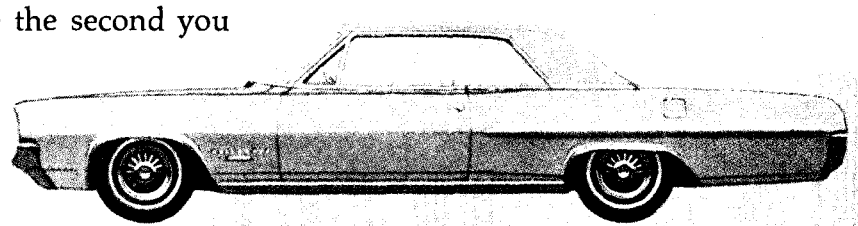
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

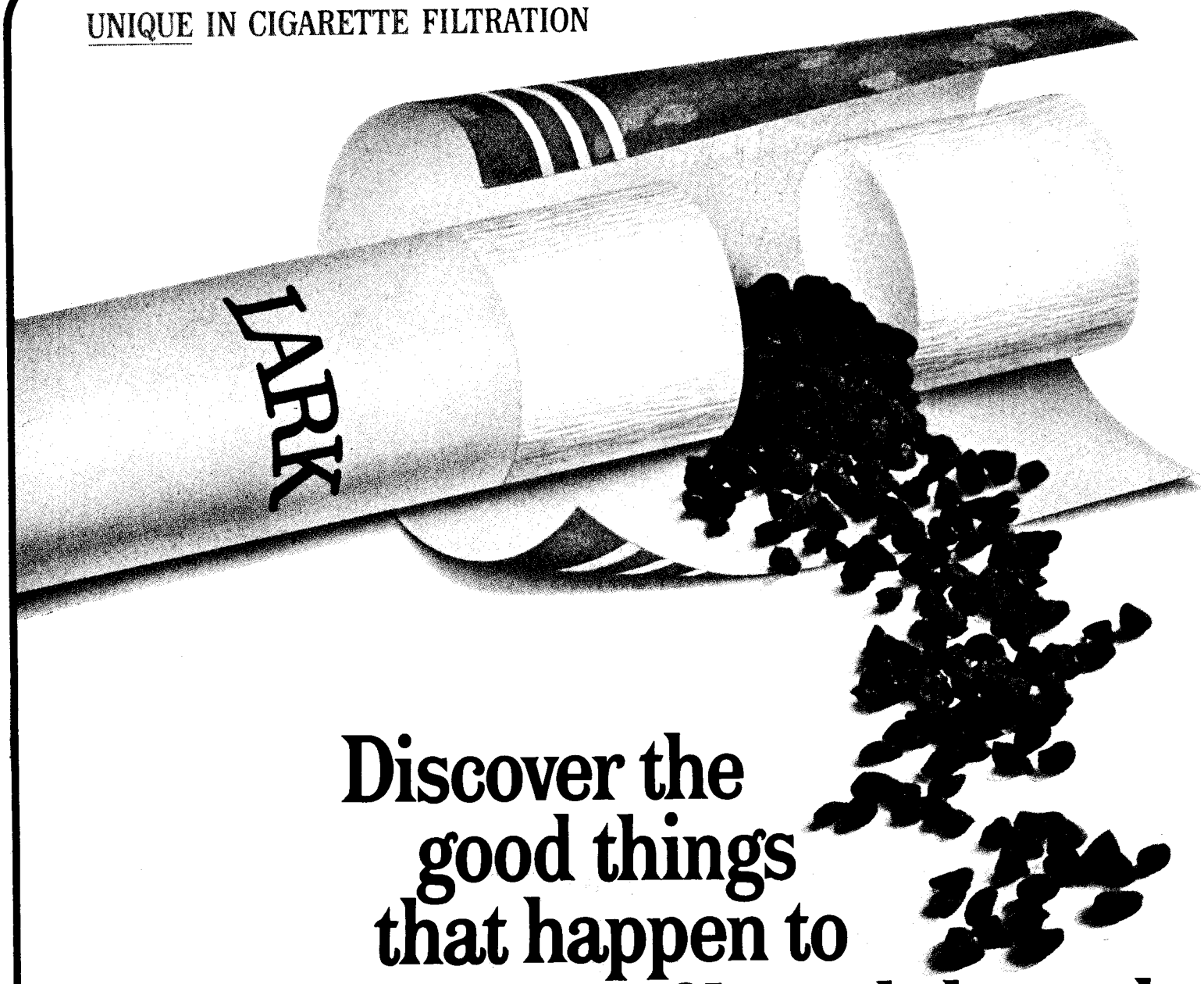
What's as handsome as a Grand Prix's outside? A Grand Prix's inside, that's what.

If you can ignore for a moment the crisply sculptured styling that's exclusively Grand Prix, consider what's inside. Ummmm-uh! Bucket seats are standard. So's the center console, sporting a tachometer or vacuum gauge to tell you the goings-on in our 389-cu. in. rophy V-8 engine. There's carpeting door-to-door and right on up the kick panels. Plush. Same goes everywhere you turn. (Underneath it all is Wide-Track, which you can't see but certainly do notice the second you stop admiring and start driving.) Now, what looks even better inside a GP than a GP's inside? You. Leave the rest to your Pontiac Dealer.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

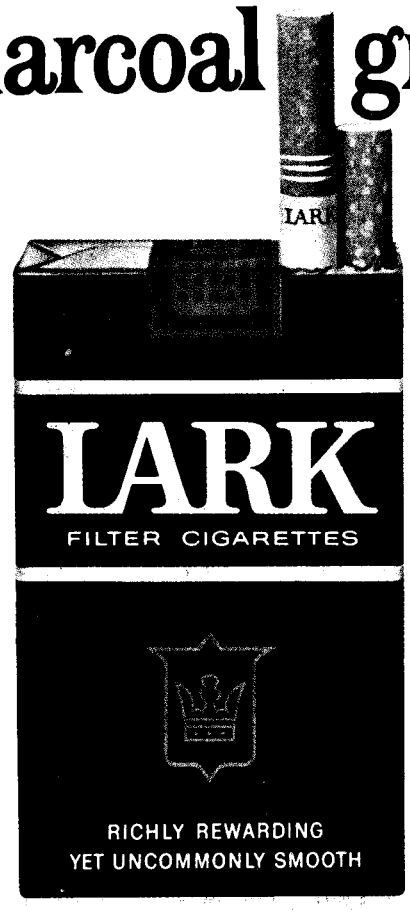
UNIQUE IN CIGARETTE FILTRATION



Discover the good things that happen to smoke filtered through charcoal granules

Flavor, the rich rewarding flavor of fine tobaccos made to taste even better because the smoke is filtered through charcoal granules.

Smoothness, a new kind of smoothness made possible by charcoal granules not only activated but specially fortified in **LARK**'s exclusive Keith filter.



LARK
WITH THE
3-PIECE KEITH FILTER*
unique in cigarette filtration
LARK contains two modern outer filters plus an inner filter of charcoal granules —a basic material science uses to purify air.
These granules, not only activated but specially fortified, filter smoke selectively to make LARK's fine tobaccos taste richly rewarding yet uncommonly smooth.
*U.S. PAT. PEND.

Read the back of new **LARK**'s pack and try them today. You too will find **LARK**...

RICHLY REWARDING yet **UNCOMMONLY SMOOTH**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED